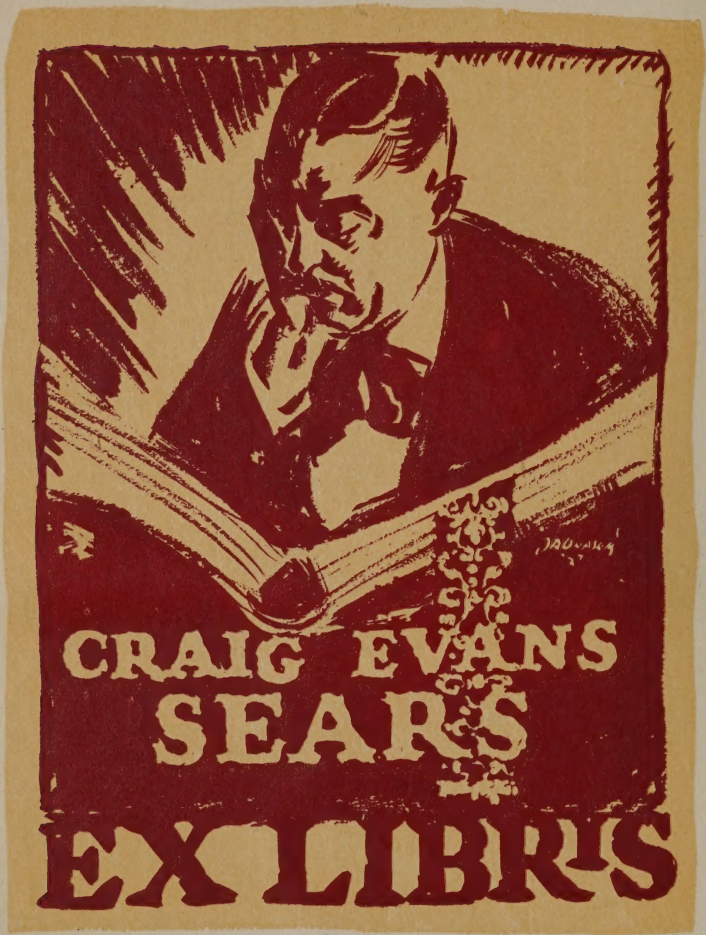
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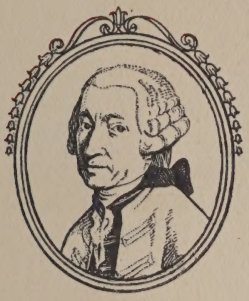

Designed & Etched by G. Cruikshank

Humphry's Introduction to the Bramble Family

HUMPHRY CLINKER, Vol. I. *Frontispiece*

The Expedition of HUMPHRY CLINKER

By Tobias Smollett

Volume the First

——*Quorsum hæc tam putida tendunt,*
Furcifer? ad te, inquam——

HORACE

Boston & New York: Houghton Mifflin Company

Printed at the Shakespeare Head Press
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THE EXPEDITION OF HUMPHRY CLINKER, *the last of* Smollett's *novels to be written, was printed for the first time in* 1771. *In September of the same year* Smollett *died at* Monte Novo, *near* Leghorn, *aged fifty years.*

A note on the early editions, from which the present text has been prepared, will be found at the end of the second volume, as well as a key to some of Smollett's *allusions to contemporary persons and events.*

Cruikshank's *etchings, reproduced in the present edition, were first published in* Roscoe's *edition of* 1831.

A LIST OF THE PLATES REPRODUCED FROM THE ETCHINGS BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK

In the first Volume:

Humphry's Introduction to the Bramble Family — *Frontispiece*

Humphry's Disaster — *To face page* 120

Humphry's Zeal for his Master — *To face page* 256

In the second Volume:

Lismahago's Retaliation — *Frontispiece*

To Mr. HENRY DAVIS, *Bookseller, in London.*

Abergavenny, Aug. 4.

RESPECTED SIR,

I HAVE received your esteemed favour of the 13th ultimo, whereby it appeareth, that you have perused those same Letters, the which were delivered unto you by my friend the reverend Mr. Hugo Behn; and I am pleased to find you think they may be printed with a good prospect of success; in as much as the objections you mention, I humbly conceive, are such as may be red-argued, if not entirely removed—And, first, in the first place, as touching what prosecutions may arise from printing the private correspondence of persons still living, give me leave, with all due submission, to observe, that the Letters in question were not written and sent under the seal of secrecy; that they have no tendency to the *mala fama*, or prejudice of any person whatsoever; but rather to the information and edification of mankind; so that it becometh a sort of duty to promulgate them *in usum publicum*. Besides, I have consulted Mr. Davy Higgins, an eminent attorney of this place, who, after due inspection and consideration, declareth, That he doth not think the said Letters contain any matter which will be held actionable in the eye of the law.

Finally, if you and I should come to a right understanding, I do declare *in verbo sacerdotis*, that, in case of any such prosecution, I will take the whole upon my own shoulders, even *quoad* fine and imprisonment, though, I must confess, I should not care to undergo flagellation: *Tam ad turpitudinem, quam ad amaritudinem pœna spectans* —Secondly, concerning the personal resentment of Mr. Justice Lismahago, I may say, *non flocci facio*—I would not willingly vilipend any Christian, if, peradventure, he deserveth that epithet: albeit, I am much surprised that more care is not taken to exclude from the commission all such vagrant foreigners as may be justly suspected of disaffection to our happy constitution, in church and state—God forbid that I should be so uncharitable, as to affirm positively, that the said Lismahago is no better than a Jesuit in disguise; but this I will assert and maintain, *totis viribus*, that, from the day he qualified, he has never been once seen *intra templi parietes*, that is to say, within the parish church.

Thirdly, with respect to what passed at Mr. Kendal's table, when the said Lismahago was so brutal in his reprehensions, I must inform you, my good sir, that I was obliged to retire, not by fear arising from his minatory reproaches, which, as I said above, I value not of a rush; but from the sudden effect produced by a barbel's row, which I had eaten at dinner, not knowing, that the said row is at certain seasons violently cathartic, as Galen observeth in his chapter περὶ ἰχθῦς.

Fourthly, and lastly, with reference to the manner in which I got possession of these Letters, it is a circumstance that concerns my own conscience only; sufficeth it to say, I have fully satisfied the parties in whose custody they were; and, by this time, I hope I have also

satisfied you in such ways, that the laſt hand may be put to our agreement, and the work proceed with all convenient expedition; in which hope I reſt,

reſpected sir,

your very humble servant,

JONATHAN DUSTWICH.

P. S. I purpose, *Deo volente*, to have the pleasure of seeing you in the great city, towards All-hallowtide, when I shall be glad to treat with you concerning a parcel of MS. sermons, of a certain clergyman deceased; a cake of the right leaven, for the present taſte of the public. *Verbum sapienti, &c.*

J. D.

To the Revd. Mr. JONATHAN DUSTWICH, at ——

SIR,

I RECEIVED yours in course of poſt, and shall be glad to treat with you for the MS. which I have delivered to your friend Mr. Behn; but can by no means comply with the terms proposed. Those things are so uncertain—Writing is all a lottery—I have been a loser by the works of the greateſt men of the age—I could mention particulars, and name names; but don't chuse it —The taſte of the town is so changeable. Then there have been so many letters upon travels lately published —What between Smollett's, Sharp's, Derrick's, Thickness's, Baltimore's and Baretti's, together with Shandy's Sentimental Travels, the public seems to be cloyed with

that kind of entertainment—Nevertheless, I will, if you please, run the risque of printing and publishing, and you shall have half the profits of the impression—You need not take the trouble to bring up your sermons on my account—No body reads sermons but Methodists and Dissenters—Besides, for my own part, I am quite a ſtranger to that ſort of reading; and the two persons, whose judgment I depended upon in these matters, are out of the way; one is gone abroad, carpenter of a man of war; and the other has been silly enough to abscond, in order to avoid a prosecution for blasphemy—I'm a great loser by his going off—He has left a manual of devotion half finished on my hands, after having received money for the whole copy—He was the ſoundeſt divine, and had the moſt orthodox pen of all my people; and I never knew his judgment fail, but in flying from his bread and butter on this occasion.

By owning you was not put in bodily fear by Lismahago, you preclude yourself from the benefit of a good plea, over and above the advantage of binding him over. In the late war, I inserted in my evening paper, a paragraph that came by the poſt, reflecting upon the behaviour of a certain regiment in battle. An officer of said regiment came to my shop, and, in the presence of my wife and journeyman, threatened to cut off my ears—As I exhibited marks of bodily fear, more ways than one, to the conviction of the byeſtanders, I bound him over; my action lay, and I recovered. As for flagellation, you have nothing to fear, and nothing to hope, on that head—There has been but one printer flogged at the cart's tail these thirty years; that was Charles Watson; and he assured me it was no more than a flea-bite. C— S— has been threatened several times by the House of L—; but it

came to nothing. If an information should be moved for, and granted againſt you, as the editor of those Letters, I hope you will have honeſty and wit enough to appear and take your trial—If you should be sentenced to the pillory, your fortune is made—As times go, that's a sure ſtep to honour and preferment. I shall think myself happy if I can lend you a lift; and am, very sincerely,

Yours,

London, Aug. 10th. HENRY DAVIS.

Please my kind service to your neighbour, my cousin Madoc—I have sent an Almanack and Court-kalendar, directed for him at Mr. Sutton's, bookseller, in Glouceſter, carriage paid, which he will please to accept as a small token of my regard. My wife, who is very fond of toaſted cheese, presents her compliments to him, and begs to know if there's any of that kind, which he was so good as to send us laſt Chriſtmas, to be sold in London.

H. D.

THE EXPEDITION OF HUMPHRY CLINKER

To Dr. LEWIS.

DOCTOR,

THE pills are good for nothing—I might as well swallow snow-balls to cool my reins—I have told you over and over, how hard I am to move; and at this time of day, I ought to know something of my own constitution. Why will you be so positive? Prithee send me another prescription—I am as lame and as much tortured in all my limbs as if I was broke upon the wheel: indeed, I am equally distressed in mind and body—As if I had not plagues enough of my own, those children of my sister are left me for a perpetual source of vexation—what business have people to get children to plague their neighbours? A ridiculous incident that happened yesterday to my niece Liddy, has disordered me in such a manner, that I expect to be laid up with another fit of the gout—perhaps, I may explain myself in my next. I shall set out to-morrow morning for the Hot Well at Bristol, where I am afraid I shall stay longer than I could wish. On the receipt of this, send Williams thither with my saddle-horse and the *demi pique*. Tell Barns to thresh out the two old ricks, and send the corn to market, and

sell it off to the poor at a shilling a bushel under market price.—I have received a sniveling letter from Griffin, offering to make a public submission and pay costs. I want none of his submissions; neither will I pocket any of his money—The fellow is a bad neighbour, and I desire to have nothing to do with him: but as he is purse-proud, he shall pay for his insolence: let him give five pounds to the poor of the parish, and I'll withdraw my action; and in the mean time you may tell Prig to stop proceedings.—Let Morgan's widow have the Alderney cow, and forty shillings to clothe her children: but don't say a syllable of the matter to any living soul—I'll make her pay when she is able. I desire you will lock up all my drawers, and keep the keys till meeting; and be sure you take the iron chest with my papers into your own custody —Forgive all this trouble from,

Dear Lewis,

Your affectionate

Gloucester, April 2. M. BRAMBLE.

To Mrs. GWYLLIM, *house-keeper at Brambleton-hall.*

MRS. GWYLLIM,

WHEN this cums to hand, be sure to pack up in the trunk male that stands in my closet, to be sent me in the Bristol waggon without loss of time, the following articles, viz. my rose collard neglejay, with green robins, my yellow damask, and my black velvet suit, with the short hoop; my bloo quilted petticot, my green manteel, my laced apron, my French commode, Macklin head and lappets, and the litel box

with my jowls. Williams may bring over my bum-daffee, and the viol with the easings of Dr. Hill's dock-water, and Chowder's lacksitif. The poor creature has been terribly constuprated ever since we left huom. Pray take particular care of the house while the family is absent. Let there be a fire constantly kept in my brother's chamber and mine. The maids, having nothing to do, may be sat a spinning. I desire you'll clap a pad-luck on the wind-seller, and let none of the men have excess to the strong bear—don't forget to have the gate shit every evening before dark.—The gardnir and the hind may lie below in the landry, to partake the house, with the blunderbuss and the great dog; and I hope you'll have a watchfull eye over the maids. I know that hussy, Mary Jones, loves to be rumping with the men. Let me know if Alderney's calf be sould yet, and what he fought—if the ould goose be sitting; and if the cobler has cut Dicky, and how the pore anemil bore the operation.—No more at present, but rests,

Yours,

Glostar, April 2. TABITHA BRAMBLE.

To Mrs. MARY JONES, *at Brambleton-hall.*

DEAR MOLLY,

HEAVING this importunity, I send my love to you and Saul, being in good health, and hoping to hear the same from you; and that you and Saul will take my poor kitten to bed with you this cold weather.—We have been all in a sad taking here at Glostar—Miss Liddy had like to have run away with a player-man, and young master and he would adone themselves a mischief; but

the squire applied to the mare, and they were bound over.—Mistress bid me not speak a word of the matter to any Christian soul—no more I shall: for, we servints should see all and say nothing—But what was worse than all this, Chowder has had the misfortune to be worried by a butcher's dog, and came home in a terrible pickle—Mistriss was taken with the asterisks, but they soon went off. The docter was sent for to Chowder, and he subscribed a repository, which did him great service —thank God he's now in a fair way to do well—pray take care of my box and the pillyber, and put them under your own bed; for, I do suppose, madam Gwyllim will be a prying into my secrets, now my back is turned. John Thomas is in good health, but sulky. The squire gave away an ould coat to a poor man; and John says as how tis robbing him of his parquisites—I told him, by his agreement he was to receive no vails; but he says as how there's a difference betwixt vails and parquisites; and so there is for sartain. We are all going to the Hot Well, where I shall drink your health in a glass of water, being,

Dear Molly,

Your humble servant to command,

Glostar, April 2d. WIN. JENKINS.

To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, *Bart. of Jesus college, Oxon.*

DEAR PHILLIPS,

AS I have nothing more at heart than to convince you I am incapable of forgetting, or neglecting the friendship I made at college, I now begin that correspon-

dence by letters, which you and I agreed, at parting, to cultivate. I begin it sooner than I intended, that you may have it in your power to refute any idle reports which may be circulated to my prejudice at Oxford, touching a foolish quarrel, in which I have been involved on account of my ſiſter, who had been some time settled here in a boarding-school.—When I came hither with my uncle and aunt (who are our guardians) to fetch her away, I found her a fine, tall girl, of seventeen, with an agreeable person; but remarkably simple, and quite ignorant of the world. This disposition, and want of experience, had exposed her to the addresses of a person—I know not what to call him, who had seen her at a play; and, with a confidence and dexterity peculiar to himself, found means to be recommended to her acquaintance. It was by the greateſt accident I intercepted one of his letters; as it was my duty to ſtifle this correspondence in its birth, I made it my business to find him out, and tell him very freely my sentiments of the matter. The spark did not like the ſtile I used, and behaved with abundance of mettle. Though his rank in life (which, by the bye, I am ashamed to declare) did not entitle him to much deference; yet as his behaviour was remarkably spirited, I admitted him to the privilege of a gentleman, and something might have happened, had not we been prevented. —In short, the business took air, I know not how, and made abundance of noise—recourse was had to juſtice—I was obliged to give my word and honour, *&c.* and tomorrow morning we set out for Briſtol Wells, where I expect to hear from you by the return of the poſt.—I have got into a family of originals, whom I may one day attempt to describe for your amusement. My aunt, Mrs. Tabitha Bramble, is a maiden of forty-five, exceedingly

ſtarched, vain, and ridiculous.—My uncle is an odd kind of humoriſt, always on the fret, and ſo unpleaſant in his manner, that rather than be obliged to keep him company, I'd reſign all claim to the inheritance of his eſtate. Indeed his being tortured by the gout may have ſoured his temper, and, perhaps, I may like him better on further acquaintance: certain it is, all his ſervants and neighbours in the country, are fond of him, even to a degree of enthuſiasm, the reaſon of which I cannot as yet comprehend. Remember me to Griffy Price, Gwyn, Manſel, Baſſet, and all the reſt of my old Cambrian companions.—Salute the bed-maker in my name—give my ſervice to the cook, and pray take care of poor Ponto, for the ſake of his old maſter, who is, and ever will be,

Dear Phillips,

Your affectionate friend,

and humble ſervant,

Glouceſter, April 2. JER. MELFORD.

To Mrs. JERMYN, *at her houſe in Glouceſter.*

DEAR MADAM,

HAVING no mother of my own, I hope you will give me leave to diſburthen my poor heart to you, who have always acted the part of a kind parent to me, ever ſince I was put under your care.—Indeed, and indeed, my worthy governeſs may believe me, when I aſſure her, that I never harboured a thought that was otherwiſe than virtuous; and, if God will give me grace, I ſhall never behave ſo as to caſt a reflection on the care

you have taken in my education. I confess I have given just cause of offence by my want of prudence and experience. I ought not to have listened to what the young man said; and it was my duty to have told you all that passed, but I was ashamed to mention it; and then he behaved so modest and respectful, and seemed to be so melancholy and timorous, that I could not find in my heart to do any thing that should make him miserable and desperate. As for familiarities, I do declare, I never once allowed him the favour of a salute; and as to the few letters that passed between us, they are all in my uncle's hands, and I hope they contain nothing contrary to innocence and honour.—I am still persuaded that he is not what he appears to be: but time will discover—mean while I will endeavour to forget a connexion, which is so displeasing to my family. I have cried without ceasing, and have not tasted any thing but tea, since I was hurried away from you; nor did I once close my eyes for three nights running.—My aunt continues to chide me severely when we are by ourselves; but I hope to soften her in time, by humility and submission.—My uncle, who was so dreadfully passionate in the beginning, has been moved by my tears and distress; and is now all tenderness and compassion; and my brother is reconciled to me, on my promise to break off all correspondence with that unfortunate youth: but, notwithstanding all their indulgence, I shall have no peace of mind 'till I know my dear and ever honoured governess has forgiven her poor, disconsolate, forlorn,

Affectionate humble servant,
till death,

Clifton, April 6. LYDIA MELFORD.

To Miss LÆTITIA WILLIS, *at Gloucester.*

MY DEAREST LETTY,

I AM in such a fright, lest this should not come safe to hand by the conveyance of Jarvis the carrier, that I beg you will write me, on the receipt of it, directing to me, under cover, to Mrs. Winifred Jenkins, my aunt's maid, who is a good girl, and has been so kind to me in my affliction, that I have made her my confidant; as for Jarvis, he was very shy of taking charge of my letter and the little parcel, because his sister Sally had like to have lost her place on my account: indeed I cannot blame the man for his caution; but I have made it worth his while. —My dear companion and bed-fellow, it is a grievous addition to my other misfortunes, that I am deprived of your agreeable company and conversation, at a time when I need so much the comfort of your good humour and good sense; but, I hope, the friendship we contracted at the boarding-school, will last for life—I doubt not but on my side it will daily increase and improve, as I gain experience, and learn to know the value of a true friend.—O, my dear Letty! what shall I say about poor Mr. Wilson? I have promised to break off all correspondence, and, if possible, to forget him: but, alas! I begin to perceive that will not be in my power. As it is by no means proper that the picture should remain in my hands, lest it should be the occasion of more mischief, I have sent it to you by this opportunity, begging you will either keep it safe till better times, or return it to Mr. Wilson himself, who, I suppose, will make it his business to see you at the usual place. If he should be low-spirited at my sending back his picture, you may tell him

I have no occasion for a picture, while the original continues engraved on my—But no; I would not have you tell him that neither; because there must be an end of our correspondence—I wish he may forget me, for the sake of his own peace; and yet if he should, he must be a barbarous—But 'tis impossible—poor Wilson cannot be false and inconstant: I beseech him not to write to me, nor attempt to see me for some time; for, considering the resentment and passionate temper of my brother Jery, such an attempt might be attended with consequences which would make us all miserable for life—let us trust to time and the chapter of accidents; or rather to that Providence which will not fail, sooner or later, to reward those that walk in the paths of honour and virtue.—I would offer my love to the young ladies; but it is not fit that any of them should know you have received this letter.—If we go to Bath, I shall send you my simple remarks upon that famous center of polite amusement, and every other place we may chance to visit; and I flatter myself that my dear Miss Willis will be punctual in answering the letters of her affectionate,

Clifton, April 6. LYDIA MELFORD.

To Dr. LEWIS.

DEAR LEWIS,

I HAVE followed your directions with some success, and might have been upon my legs by this time, had the weather permitted me to use my saddle-horse. I rode out upon the Downs last Tuesday, in the forenoon, when the sky, as far as the visible horizon, was without a cloud; but before I had gone a full mile, I was overtaken in-

ſtantaneously by a ſtorm of rain that wet me to the skin in three minutes—whence it came the devil knows; but it has laid me up (I suppose) for one fortnight. It makes me ſick to hear people talk of the fine air upon Clifton-Downs: how can the air be either agreeable or salutary, where the dæmon of vapours descends in a perpetual drizzle? My confinement is the more intolerable, as I am surrounded with domeſtic vexations.—My niece has had a dangerous fit of illness, occaſioned by that curſed incident at Glouceſter, which I mentioned in my laſt.—She is a poor good-natured simpleton, as ſoft as butter, and as easily melted—not that she's a fool—the girl's parts are not despicable, and her education has not been neglected; that is to say, she can write and spell, and speak French, and play upon the harpsichord; then she dances finely, has a good figure,. and is very well inclined; but, she's deficient in spirit, and so susceptible—and so tender forsooth!—truly, she has got a languishing eye, and reads romances—Then there's her brother, 'squire Jery, a pert jackanapes, full of college-petulance and self-conceit: proud as a German count, and as hot and haſty as a Welch mountaineer. As for that fantaſtical animal, my ſiſter Tabby, you are no ſtranger to her qualifications—I vow to God, she is sometimes so intolerable, that I almoſt think she's the devil incarnate come to torment me for my sins; and yet I am conscious of no sins that ought to entail such family-plagues upon me—why the devil should not I shake off these torments at once? I an't married to Tabby, thank Heaven! nor did I beget the other two: let them choose another guardian: for my part, I an't in a condition to take care of myself; much less to superintend the conduct of giddy-headed boys and girls. You

earneſtly desire to know the particulars of our adventure at Glouceſter, which are briefly these, and I hope they will go no further:—Liddy had been ſo long cooped up in a boarding-school, which, next to a nunnery, is the worſt kind of seminary that ever was contrived for young women, that she became as inflammable as touch-wood; and going to a play in holiday-time,—'sdeath, I'm aſhamed to tell you! she fell in love with one of the actors —a handsome young fellow that goes by the name of Wilson. The rascal soon perceived the impression he had made, and managed matters so as to see her at a house where she went to drink tea with her governess. —This was the beginning of a correspondence, which they kept up by means of a jade of a milliner, who made and dreſſed caps for the girls at the boarding-school. When we arrived at Glouceſter, Liddy came to ſtay at lodgings with her aunt, and Wilson bribed the maid to deliver a letter into her own hands; but it seems Jery had already acquired so much credit with the maid, (by what means he beſt knows), that she carried the letter to him, and so the whole plot was discovered. The rash boy, without saying a word of the matter to me, went immediately in search of Wilson; and, I suppose, treated him with insolence enough. The theatrical hero was too far gone in romance to brook such usage: he replied in blank verse, and a formal challenge ensued. They agreed to meet early next morning and decide the dispute with sword and pistol. I heard nothing at all of the affair, 'till Mr. Morley came to my bed-side in the morning, and told me he was afraid my nephew was going to fight, as he had been over-heard talking very loud and vehement with Wilson at the young man's lodgings the night before, and afterwards went and bought powder and ball at

a shop in the neighbourhood. I got up immediately, and upon inquiry found he had just gone out. I begged Morley to knock up the mayor, that he might interpose as a magistrate, and in the mean time I hobbled after the squire, whom I saw at a distance walking at a great pace towards the city gate—in spite of all my efforts, I could not come up 'till our two combatants had taken their ground, and were priming their pistols. An old house luckily screened me from their view; so that I rushed upon them at once, before I was perceived. They were both confounded, and attempted to make their escape different ways; but Morley coming up with constables at that instant, took Wilson into custody, and Jery followed him quietly to the mayor's house. All this time I was ignorant of what had passed the preceding day; and neither of the parties would discover a tittle of the matter. The mayor observed that it was great presumption in Wilson, who was a stroller, to proceed to such extremities with a gentleman of family and fortune; and threatened to commit him on the vagrant act.—The young fellow bustled up with great spirit, declaring he was a gentleman, and would be treated as such; but he refused to explain himself further. The master of the company being sent for, and examined, touching the said Wilson, said the young man had engaged with him at Birmingham about six months ago; but never would take his salary; that he had behaved so well in his private character, as to acquire the respect and good-will of all his acquaintance, and that the public owned his merit, as an actor, was altogether extraordinary.—After all, I fancy, he will turn out to be a run-away prentice from London.—The manager offered to bail him for any sum,

provided he would give his word and honour that he would keep the peace; but the young gentleman was on his high ropes, and would by no means lay himself under any reſtrictions: on the other hand, Hopeful was equally obſtinate; till at length the mayor declared, that if they both refused to be bound over, he would immediately commit Wilson as a vagrant to hard labour. I own I was much pleased with Jery's behaviour on this occasion: he said, that rather than Mr. Wilson should be treated in such an ignominious manner, he would give his word and honour to proſecute the affair no further while they remained at Glouceſter—Wilson thanked him for his generous manner of proceeding, and was discharged. On our return to our lodgings, my nephew explained the whole myſtery; and I own I was exceedingly incenſed.—Liddy being queſtioned on the subject, and very severely reproached by that wild-cat my ſiſter Tabby, firſt swooned away, then dissolving in a flood of tears, confessed all the particulars of the correspondence, at the same time giving up three letters, which were all she had received from her admirer. The laſt, which Jery intercepted, I send you inclosed, and when you have read it, I dare say you won't wonder at the progress the writer had made in the heart of a simple girl, utterly unacquainted with the characters of mankind. Thinking it was high time to remove her from such a dangerous connexion, I carried her off the very next day to Briſtol; but the poor creature was so frightened and fluttered, by our threats and expoſtulations, that she fell sick the fourth day after our arrival at Clifton, and continued so ill for a whole week, that her life was despaired of. It was not till yeſterday that Dr. Rigge declared her out of danger.

You cannot imagine what I have suffered, partly from the indiscretion of this poor child, but much more from the fear of losing her entirely. This air is intolerably cold, and the place quite solitary—I never go down to the well without returning low-spirited; for there I meet with half a dozen poor emaciated creatures, with ghostly looks, in the last stage of a consumption, who have made shift to linger through the winter, like so many exotic plants languishing in a hot-house; but, in all appearance, will drop into their graves before the sun has warmth enough to mitigate the rigour of this ungenial spring.—If you think the Bath water will be of any service to me, I will go thither as soon as my niece can bear the motion of the coach.—Tell Barns I am obliged to him for his advice; but don't choose to follow it. If Davis voluntarily offers to give up the farm, the other shall have it; but I will not begin at this time of day to distress my tenants, because they are unfortunate, and cannot make regular payments: I wonder that Barns should think me capable of such oppression—As for Higgins, the fellow is a notorious poacher, to be sure; and an impudent rascal to set his snares in my own paddock; but, I suppose, he thought he had some right (especially in my absence) to partake of what nature seems to have intended for common use—you may threaten him in my name, as much as you please, and if he repeats the offence, let me know it before you have recourse to justice.—I know you are a great sportsman, and oblige many of your friends: I need not tell you to make use of my grounds; but it may be necessary to hint, that I'm more afraid of my fowling piece than of my game. When you can spare two or three brace of partridges, send them over by the stage coach, and tell Gwyllim that she forgot to pack up my flannels

and wide shoes in the trunk-mail—I shall trouble you as usual, from time to time, 'till at last I suppose you will be tired of corresponding with

Your assured friend,

Clifton, April 17. M. BRAMBLE.

To Miss LYDIA MELFORD.

MISS WILLIS has pronounced my doom—you are going away, dear Miss Melford!—you are going to be removed, I know not whither! what shall I do? which way shall I turn for consolation? I know not what I say—all night long have I been tossed in a sea of doubts and fears, uncertainty and distraction, without being able to connect my thoughts, much less to form any consistent plan of conduct—I was even tempted to wish that I had never seen you; or that you had been less amiable, or less compassionate to your poor Wilson; and yet it would be detestable ingratitude in me to form such a wish, considering how much I am indebted to your goodness, and the ineffable pleasure I have derived from your indulgence and approbation—Good God! I never heard your name mentioned without emotion! the most distant prospect of being admitted to your company, filled my whole soul with a kind of pleasing alarm! as the time approached, my heart beat with redoubled force, and every nerve thrilled with a transport of expectation; but, when I found myself actually in your presence;—when I heard you speak;—when I saw you smile; when I beheld your charming eyes turned favourably upon me; my breast was filled with such tumults of delight, as

wholly deprived me of the power of utterance, and wrapt me in a delirium of joy!—encouraged by your sweetness of temper and affability, I ventured to describe the feelings of my heart—even then you did not check my presumption—you pitied my sufferings, and gave me leave to hope—you put a favourable—perhaps too favourable a construction, on my appearance—certain it is, I am no player in love—I speak the language of my own heart; and have no prompter but nature.—Yet there is something in this heart, which I have not yet disclosed—I flattered myself—But, I will not—I must not proceed—Dear Miss Liddy! for Heaven's sake, contrive, if possible, some means of letting me speak to you before you leave Glouceſter; otherwise, I know not what will—But I begin to rave again—I will endeavour to bear this trial with fortitude—while I am capable of reflecting upon your tenderness and truth, I surely have no cause to despair—yet I am ſtrangely affected. The sun seems to deny me light—a cloud hangs over me, and there is a dreadful weight upon my spirits! While you ſtay in this place, I shall continually hover about your lodgings, as the parted soul is said to linger about the grave where its mortal consort lies.—I know, if it is in your power, you will task your humanity—your compassion—shall I add, your affection?—in order to assuage the almoſt intolerable disquiet that torments the heart of your afflicted,

Glouceſter, March 31. WILSON.

To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, *of Jesus college, Oxon.*

Hot Well, April 18.

DEAR PHILLIPS,

I GIVE Mansel credit for his invention, in propagating the report that I had a quarrel with a mountebank's merry Andrew at Gloucester: but I have too much respect for every appendage of wit, to quarrel even with the lowest buffoonery; and therefore I hope Mansel and I shall always be good friends. I cannot, however, approve of his drowning my poor dog Ponto, on purpose to convert Ovid's pleonasm into a punning epitaph—*deerant quoque Littora Ponto:* for, that he threw him into the Isis, when it was so high and impetuous, with no other view than to kill the fleas, is an excuse that will not hold water—But I leave poor Ponto to his fate, and hope Providence will take care to accommodate Mansel with a drier death.

As there is nothing that can be called company at the Well, I am here in a state of absolute rustication: This, however, gives me leisure to observe the singularities in my uncle's character, which seems to have interested your curiosity. The truth is, his disposition and mine, which, like oil and vinegar, repelled one another at first, have now begun to mix by dint of being beat up together. I was once apt to believe him a complete Cynic; and that nothing but the necessity of his occasions could compel him to get within the pale of society—I am now of another opinion. I think his peevishness arises partly from bodily pain, and partly from a natural excess of mental sensibility; for, I suppose, the mind as

well as the body, is in some cases endued with a morbid excess of sensation.

I was t'other day much diverted with a conversation that passed in the Pump-room, betwixt him and the famous Dr. L——n, who is come to ply at the Well for patients. My uncle was complaining of the ſtink, occaſioned by the vaſt quantity of mud and ſlime, which the river leaves at low ebb under the windows of the Pump-room. He obſerved, that the exhalations arising from ſuch a nuiſance, could not but be prejudicial to the weak lungs of many conſumptive patients, who came to drink the water. The Doctor overhearing this remark, made up to him, and aſſured him he was miſtaken. He ſaid, people in general were ſo miſled by vulgar prejudices, that philoſophy was hardly ſufficient to undeceive them. Then humming thrice, he aſſumed a moſt ridiculous ſolemnity of aſpect, and entered into a learned inveſtigation of the nature of ſtink. He obſerved, that ſtink, or ſtench, meant no more than a ſtrong impreſſion on the olfactory nerves; and might be applied to ſubſtances of the moſt oppoſite qualities; that in the Dutch language, *ſtinken* ſignified the moſt agreeable perfume, as well as the moſt fetid odour, as appears in Van Vloudel's tranſlation of Horace, in that beautiful ode, *Quis multa gracilis*, &c.—The words *liquidis perfusus odoribus*, he tranſlates *van civet & moſchata geſtinken:* that individuals differed *toto cælo* in their opinion of ſmells, which, indeed, was altogether as arbitrary as the opinion of beauty; that the French were pleaſed with the putrid effluvia of animal food; and ſo were the Hottentots in Africa, and the Savages in Greenland; and that the Negroes on the coaſt of Senegal would not touch fiſh till it was rotten; ſtrong preſumptions in favour of what is generally called *ſtink*,

as those nations are in a ſtate of nature, undebauched by luxury, unſeduced by whim and caprice: that he had reaſon to believe the ſtercoraceous flavour, condemned by prejudice as a ſtink, was, in fact, moſt agreeable to the organs of smelling; for, that every person who pretended to nauseate the smell of another's excretions, snuffed up his own with particular complacency; for the truth of which he appealed to all the ladies and gentlemen then present: he said, the inhabitants of Madrid and Edinburgh found particular ſatisfaction in breathing their own atmosphere, which was always impregnated with ſtercoraceous effluvia: that the learned Dr B—, in his treatiſe on the Four Digeſtions, explains in what manner the volatile effluvia from the inteſtines, ſtimulate and promote the operations of the animal oeconomy: he affirmed, the laſt Grand Duke of Tuscany, of the *Medicis* family, who refined upon sensuality with the spirit of a philosopher, was ſo delighted with that odour, that he caused the essence of ordure to be extracted, and used it as the moſt delicious perfume: that he himself, (the doctor), when he happened to be low-spirited, or fatigued with business, found immediate relief and uncommon ſatisfaction from hanging over the ſtale contents of a close-ſtole, while his servant ſtirred it about under his nose; nor was this effect to be wondered at, when we consider that this subſtance abounds with the self-same volatile salts that are ſo greedily smelled to by the moſt delicate invalids, after they have been extracted and sublimed by the chemiſts.—By this time the company began to hold their noses; but the doctor, without taking the leaſt notice of this signal, proceeded to ſhew, that many fetid subſtances were not only agreeable but salutary; such as *aſſafetida*, and other medicinal gums, resins,

roots, and vegetables, over and above burnt feathers, tan-pits, candle-snuffs, *&c.* In short, he used many learned arguments to persuade his audience out of their senses; and from *ſtench* made a transition to *filth*, which he affirmed was also a miſtaken idea, in as much as objects ſo called, were no other than certain modifications of matter, conſiſting of the ſame principles that enter into the compoſition of all created eſſences, whatever they may be: that in the filthieſt production of nature, a philoſopher conſidered nothing but the earth, water, ſalt, and air of which it was compounded; that, for his own part, he had no more objection to drinking the dirtieſt ditch water, than he had to a glaſs of water from the Hot Well, provided he was aſſured there was nothing poiſonous in the concrete. Then addreſſing himſelf to my uncle, "Sir, (ſaid he), you ſeem to be of a dropſical habit, and probably will ſoon have a confirmed *aſcites:* if I ſhould be preſent when you are tapped, I will give you a convincing proof of what I aſſert, by drinking without heſitation the water that comes out of your abdomen."—The ladies made wry faces at this declaration, and my uncle, changing colour, told him he did not deſire any ſuch proof of his philoſophy: "But I ſhould be glad to know (ſaid he) what makes you think I am of a dropſical habit?" "Sir, I beg pardon, (replied the doctor), I perceive your ankles are ſwelled, and you ſeem to have the *facies leucophlegmatica*. Perhaps, indeed, your diſorder may be *oedematous*, or gouty, or it may be the *lues venerea:* If you have any reaſon to flatter yourſelf it is this laſt, ſir, I will undertake to cure you with three ſmall pills, even if the diſeaſe ſhould have attained its utmoſt inveteracy. Sir, it is an arcanum which I have diſcovered, and prepared with infinite labour.—Sir, I

have lately cured a woman in Briſtol—a common proſtitute, sir, who had got all the worſt symptoms of the disorder; such as *nodi*, *tophi*, and *gummata*, *verrucæ*, *cristæ Galli*, and a *serpiginous* eruption, or rather a pocky itch all over her body.—By that time she had taken the second pill, sir, by Heaven! she was as smooth as my hand, and the third made her as sound and as fresh as a new born infant." "Sir, (cried my uncle peevishly), I have no reason to flatter myself that my disorder comes within the efficacy of your noſtrum. But, this patient you talk of, may not be so sound at bottom as you imagine." "I can't possibly be mistaken, (rejoined the philosopher): for I have had communication with her three times—I always ascertain my cures in that manner." At this remark, all the ladies retired to another corner of the room, and some of them began to spit.—As to my uncle, though he was ruffled at firſt by the doctor's saying he was dropsical, he could not help smiling at this ridiculous confession, and, I suppose, with a view to punish this original, told him there was a wart upon his nose, that looked a little suspicious. "I don't pretend to be a judge of those matters, (said he); but I underſtand that warts are often produced by the diſtemper; and that one upon your nose seems to have taken possession of the very keyſtone of the bridge, which I hope is in no danger of falling." L——n seemed a little confounded at this remark, and assured him it was nothing but a common excrescence of the cuticula, but that the bones were all sound below; for the truth of this assertion he appealed to the touch, desiring he would feel the part. My uncle said it was a matter of such delicacy to meddle with a gentleman's nose, that he declined the office—upon which, the Doctor turning to me, intreated me to do him that

favour. I complied with his request, and handled it so roughly, that he sneezed, and the tears ran down his cheeks, to the no small entertainment of the company, and particularly of my uncle, who burst out a-laughing for the first time since I have been with him; and took notice, that the part seemed to be very tender. "Sir, (cried the Doctor), it is naturally a tender part; but to remove all possibility of doubt, I will take off the wart this very night."

So saying, he bowed with great solemnity all round, and retired to his own lodgings, where he applied a caustic to the wart; but it spread in such a manner as to produce a considerable inflammation, attended with an enormous swelling; so that when he next appeared, his whole face was overshadowed by this tremendous nozzle; and the rueful eagerness with which he explained this unlucky accident, was ludicrous beyond all description. —I was much pleased with meeting the original of a character, which you and I have often laughed at in description; and what surprizes me very much, I find the features in the picture, which has been drawn for him, rather softened than over-charged.—

As I have something else to say; and this letter has run to an unconscionable length, I shall now give you a little respite, and trouble you again by the very first post. I wish you would take it in your head to retaliate these double strokes upon

Yours always,

J. MELFORD.

To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, *of Jesus college, Oxon.*

Hot Well, April 20.

DEAR KNIGHT,

I NOW sit down to execute the threat in the tail of my last. The truth is, I am big with the secret, and long to be delivered. It relates to my guardian, who, you know, is at present our principal object in view.

T'other day, I thought I had detected him in such a state of frailty, as would but ill become his years and character. There is a decent sort of a woman, not disagreeable in her person, that comes to the Well, with a poor emaciated child, far gone in a consumption. I had caught my uncle's eyes several times directed to this person, with a very suspicious expression in them, and every time he saw himself observed, he hastily withdrew them, with evident marks of confusion—I resolved to watch him more narrowly, and saw him speaking to her privately in a corner of the walk. At length, going down to the Well one day, I met her half way up the hill to Clifton, and could not help suspecting she was going to our lodgings by appointment, as it was about one o'clock, the hour when my sister and I are generally at the Pump-room.—This notion exciting my curiosity, I returned by a back way, and got unperceived into my own chamber, which is contiguous to my uncle's apartment. Sure enough, the woman was introduced, but not into his bed-chamber; he gave her audience in a parlour; so that I was obliged to shift my station to another room, where, however, there was a small chink in the partition, through which I could perceive what passed.—My

uncle, though a little lame, rose up when she came in, and setting a chair for her, desired she would sit down: then he asked if she would take a dish of chocolate, which she declined, with much acknowledgment. After a short pause, he said, in a croaking tone of voice, which confounded me not a little, "Madam, I am truly concerned for your misfortunes; and if this trifle can be of any service to you, I beg you will accept it without ceremony." So saying, he put a bit of paper into her hand, which she opening with great trepidation, exclaimed in an extacy, "Twenty pounds! O, sir!" and sinking down upon a settee, fainted away—Frightened at this fit, and, I suppose, afraid of calling for assistance, lest her situation should give rise to unfavourable conjectures, he ran about the room in distraction, making frightful grimaces; and, at length, had recollection enough to throw a little water in her face; by which application she was brought to herself: but, then her feeling took another turn. She shed a flood of tears, and cried aloud, "I know not who you are; but, sure—worthy sir!—generous sir! —the distress of me and my poor dying child—Oh! if the widow's prayers—if the orphan's tears of gratitude can ought avail—gracious Providence!—Blessings! shower down eternal blessings—" Here she was interrupted by my uncle, who muttered in a voice still more and more discordant, "For Heaven's sake be quiet, madam—consider—the people of the house—'sdeath! can't you—" All this time she was struggling to throw herself on her knees, while he seizing her by the wrists, endeavoured to seat her upon the settee, saying, "Pr'ythee—good now—hold your tongue—" At that instant, who should burst into the room but our aunt Tabby! of all antiquated maidens the most diabolically

capricious—Ever prying into other people's affairs, she had seen the woman enter, and followed her to the door, where she ſtood liſtening, but probably could hear nothing diſtinctly, except my uncle's laſt exclamation; at which she bounced into the parlour in a violent rage, that dyed the tip of her nose of a purple hue,—"Fy upon you, Matt! (cried she) what doings are these, to disgrace your own character, and disparage your family?" —Then, snatching the bank-note out of the ſtranger's hand, she went on—"How now, twenty pounds!—here is temptation with a witneſs!—Good-woman, go about your buſineſs—Brother, brother, I know not which moſt to admire; your concupiſſins, or your extravagance!—" "Good God, (exclaimed the poor woman), ſhall a worthy gentleman's character ſuffer for an action, that does honour to humanity?" By this time, uncle's indignation was effectually roused. His face grew pale, his teeth chattered, and his eyes flashed—"Siſter, (cried he, in a voice like thunder), I vow to God, your impertinence is exceedingly provoking." With these words, he took her by the hand, and, opening the door of communication, thruſt her into the chamber where I ſtood, ſo affected by the ſcene, that the tears ran down my cheeks. Obſerving theſe marks of emotion, "I don't wonder (ſaid ſhe) to ſee you concerned at the backſlidings of ſo near a relation; a man of his years and infirmities: These are fine doings, truly—This is a rare example, ſet by a guardian, for the benefit of his pupils, —Monſtrous! incongruous! ſophiſtical!"—I thought it was but an act of juſtice to ſet her to rights; and therefore explained the myſtery—But ſhe would not be undeceived. "What! (ſaid ſhe) would you go for to offer, for to arguefy me out of my ſenſes! Did'n't I hear him

whispering to her to hold her tongue? Did'n't I see her in tears? Did'n't I see him ſtruggling to throw her upon the couch? O filthy! hideous! abominable! Child, child, talk not to me of charity.—Who gives twenty pounds in charity?—But you are a ſtripling—You know nothing of the world—Beſides, charity begins at home—Twenty pounds would buy me a complete ſuit of flowered ſilk, trimmings and all—" In ſhort, I quitted the room, my contempt for her, and my reſpect for her brother, being increaſed in the ſame proportion. I have ſince been informed, that the perſon, whom my uncle ſo generouſly relieved, is the widow of an enſign, who has nothing to depend upon but the penſion of fifteen pounds a-year. The people of the Well-houſe give her an excellent character. She lodges in a garret, and works very hard at plain-work, to ſupport her daughter, who is dying of a conſumption. I muſt own, to my ſhame, I feel a ſtrong inclination to follow my uncle's example, in relieving this poor widow; but, betwixt friends, I am afraid of being detected in a weakneſs, that might entail the ridicule of the company upon,

Dear Phillips,

Yours always,

J. MELFORD.

Direct your next to me at Bath; and remember me to all our fellow-jeſuits.

To Dr. LEWIS.

Hot Well, April 20.

I UNDERSTAND your hint. There are mysteries in physick, as well as in religion; which we of the profane have no right to inveſtigate—A man muſt not presume to use his reason, unless he has ſtudied the categories, and can chop logic by mode and figure—Between friends, I think, every man of tolerable parts ought, at my time of day, to be both physician and lawyer, as far as his own conſtitution and property are concerned. For my own part, I have had an hospital these fourteen years within myself, and ſtudied my own case with the moſt painful attention; consequently may be supposed to know something of the matter, although I have not taken regular courses of physiology *et cetera et cetera*.—In short, I have for some time been of opinion, (no offence, dear Doctor), that the sum of all your medical discoveries amounts to this, that the more you ſtudy the less you know.—I have read all that has been written on the Hot Wells, and what I can collect from the whole, is, that the water contains nothing but a little salt, and calcarious earth, mixed in such inconsiderable proportion, as can have very little, if any, effect on the animal oeconomy. This being the case, I think, the man deserves to be fitted with a cap and bells, who, for such a paltry advantage as this spring affords, sacrifices his precious time, which might be employed in taking more effectual remedies, and exposes himself to the dirt, the ſtench, the chilling blaſts, and perpetual rains, that render this place to me intolerable. If these waters, from a

small degree of aſtringency, are of some service in the *diabetes*, *diarrhæa*, and *night sweats*, when the secretions are too much increased, muſt not they do harm in the same proportion, where the humours are obſtructed, as in the *aſthma*, *scurvy*, *gout*, and *dropsy?*—Now we talk of the *dropsy*, here is a ſtrange, fantaſtical oddity, one of your brethren, who harangues every day in the Pump-room, as if he was hired to give lectures on all subjects whatsoever—I know not what to make of him—Sometimes he makes shrewd remarks; at other times, he talks like the greateſt simpleton in nature—He has read a great deal; but without method or judgment, and digeſted nothing. He believes every thing he has read; especially if it has any thing of the marvelous in it; and his conversation is a surprizing hotch-potch of erudition and extravagance.—He told me t'other day, with great confidence, that my case was dropsical; or, as he called it, *leucophlegmatic:* A sure sign, that his want of experience is equal to his presumption; for, you know, there is nothing analogous to the dropsy in my disorder—I wish those impertinent fellows, with their ricketty underſtandings, would keep their advice for those that ask it—*Dropsy*, indeed! Sure I have not lived to the age of fifty-five, and had such experience of my own disorder, and consulted you and other eminent physicians, so often, and so long, to be undeceived by such a—But, without all doubt, the man is mad; and, therefore, what he says is of no consequence. I had, yeſterday, a visit from Higgins, who came hither under the terror of your threats, and brought me in a present a brace of hares; which he owned he took in my ground; and I could not persuade the fellow that he did wrong, or that I would ever prosecute him for poaching—I muſt desire you will wink hard at

the practices of this rascallion; otherwise I shall be plagued with his presents; which cost me more than they are worth.—If I could wonder at any thing Fitzowen does, I should be surprized at his assurance, in desiring you to solicit my vote for him, at the next election for the county: for him, who opposed me on the like occasion, with the most illiberal competition—You may tell him civilly, that I beg to be excused. Direct your next for me at Bath, whither I propose to remove to-morrow; not only on my own account, but for the sake of my niece, Liddy, who is like to relapse. The poor creature fell into a fit yesterday, while I was cheapening a pair of spectacles, with a Jew-pedlar.—I am afraid there is something still lurking in that little heart of hers; which I hope a change of objects will remove. Let me know what you think of this half-witted Doctor's impertinent, ridiculous, and absurd notion of my disorder—So far from being dropsical, I am as lank in the belly as a grey-hound; and, by measuring my ancle with a pack-thread, I find the swelling subsides every day—From such doctors, good Lord deliver us!—I have not yet taken any lodgings in Bath; because there we can be accommodated at a minute's warning, and I shall choose for myself—I need not say your directions for drinking and bathing will be agreeable to,

Dear Lewis,

Yours ever,

MAT. BRAMBLE.

P.S. I forgot to tell you, that my right ancle pits, a symptom, as I take it, of its being *oedematous*, not *leucophlegmatic*.

To Miss LETTY WILLIS, *at Glouceſter.*

Hot Well, April 21.

MY DEAR LETTY,

I DID not intend to trouble you again, till we should be ſettled at Bath; but having the occaſion of Jarvis, I could not let it ſlip, eſpecially as I have ſomething extraordinary to communicate—O, my dear companion! What ſhall I tell you? for ſeveral days paſt there was a Jew-looking man, that plied at the Wells with a box of ſpectacles; and he always eyed me ſo earneſtly, that I began to be very uneaſy. At laſt, he came to our lodgings at Clifton, and lingered about the door, as if he wanted to ſpeak to ſomebody—I was ſeized with an odd kind of fluttering, and begged Win to throw herſelf in his way: but the poor girl has weak nerves, and was afraid of his beard. My uncle, having occaſion for new glaſſes, called him up ſtairs, and was trying a pair of ſpectacles, when the man, advancing to me, ſaid, in a whiſper—O gracious! what d'ye think he ſaid?—"I am Wilſon!" His features ſtruck me that very moment—it was Wilſon, ſure enough! but ſo diſguiſed, that it would have been impoſſible to know him, if my heart had not aſſiſted in the diſcovery. I was ſo ſurpriſed, and ſo frightened, that I fainted away; but ſoon recovered; and found myſelf ſupported by him on the chair, while my uncle was running about the room, with the ſpectacles on his noſe, calling for help. I had no opportunity to ſpeak to him; but our looks were ſufficiently expreſſive. He was paid for his glaſſes, and went away. Then I told Win who he was, and ſent her after him to the Pump-room; where ſhe ſpoke to him, and begged him in my

name to withdraw from the place, that he might not incur the suspicion of my uncle or my brother, if he did not want to see me die of terror and vexation. The poor youth declared, with tears in his eyes, that he had something extraordinary to communicate; and asked, if she would deliver a letter to me: but this she absolutely refused, by my order.—Finding her obstinate in her refusal, he desired she would tell me, that he was no longer a player, but a gentleman; in which character he would very soon avow his passion for me, without fear of censure or reproach—Nay, he even discovered his name and family; which, to my great grief, the simple girl forgot, in the confusion occasioned by her being seen talking to him by my brother; who stopt her on the road, and asked what business she had with that rascally Jew —She pretended she was cheapening a stay-hook; but was thrown into such a quandary, that she forgot the most material part of the information; and when she came home, went into an hysteric fit of laughing. This transaction happened three days ago, during which he has not appeared; so that I suppose he is gone. Dear Letty! you see how Fortune takes pleasure in persecuting your poor friend. If you should see him at Gloucester—or if you have seen him, and know his real name and family, pray keep me no longer in suspence—And yet, if he is under no obligation to keep himself longer concealed, and has a real affection for me, I should hope he will, in a little time, declare himself to my relations. Sure, if there is nothing unsuitable in the match, they won't be so cruel as to thwart my inclinations—O what happiness would then be my portion! I can't help indulging the thought, and pleasing my fancy with such agreeable ideas; which, after all, perhaps, will never be realised

—But, why should I despair! who knows what will happen?—We set out for Bath to-morrow, and I am almoſt sorry for it; as I begin to be in love with solitude, and this is a charming romantic place. The air is so pure; the Downs are so agreeable; the furze in full blossom; the ground enamelled with daisies, and primroses, and cowslips; all the trees burſting into leaves, and the hedges already clothed with their vernal livery; the mountains covered with flocks of sheep, and tender bleating wanton lambkins playing, frisking and skipping from side to side; the groves resound with the notes of black-bird, thrush, and linnet; and all night long sweet Philomel pours forth her ravishingly delightful song. Then, for variety, we go down to the *nymph of Briſtol spring*, where the company is assembled before dinner; so good-natured, so free, so easy; and there we drink the water so clear, so pure, so mild, so charmingly maukish. There the sun is so chearful and reviving; the weather so soft; the walk so agreeable; the proſpect so amusing; and the ships and boats going up and down the river, close under the windows of the Pump-room, afford such an enchanting variety of moving pictures, as require a much abler pen than mine to describe. To make this place a perfect paradise to me, nothing is wanting but an agreeable companion and sincere friend; such as my dear miss Willis hath been, and I hope ſtill will be, to her ever faithful

LYDIA MELFORD.

Direct for me, ſtill under cover, to Win: and Jarvis will take care to convey it safe. Adieu.

To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, *of Jesus college, Oxon.*

Bath, April 24.

DEAR PHILLIPS,

YOU have, indeed, reason to be surprised, that I should have concealed my correspondence with miss Blackerby from you, to whom I disclosed all my other connexions of that nature; but the truth is, I never dreamed of any such commerce, till your last informed me, that it had produced something which could not be much longer concealed. It is a lucky circumstance, however, that her reputation will not suffer any detriment, but rather derive advantage from the discovery; which will prove, as least, that it is not quite so rotten, as most people imagined—For my own part, I declare to you, in all the sincerity of friendship, that, far from having any amorous intercourse with the object in question, I never had the least acquaintance with her person; but, if she is really in the condition you describe, I suspect Mansel to be at the bottom of the whole. His visits to that shrine were no secret; and this attachment, added to some good offices, which you know he has done me, since I left *Alma-mater*, give me a right to believe him capable of saddling me with this scandal, when my back was turned —Nevertheless, if my name can be of any service to him, he is welcome to make use of it; and if the woman should be abandoned enough to swear his bantling to me, I must beg the favour of you to compound with the parish: I shall pay the penalty without repining; and you will be so good as to draw upon me immediately for the sum required—On this occasion, I act by the advice of my uncle; who says, I shall have good-luck if I pass through

life without being obliged to make many more compositions of the same kind. The old gentleman told me last night, with great good-humour, that betwixt the age of twenty and forty, he had been obliged to provide for nine bastards, sworn to him by women whom he never saw —Mr. Bramble's character, which seems to interest you greatly, opens and improves upon me every day.—His singularities afford a rich mine of entertainment: his understanding, so far as I can judge, is well cultivated: his observations on life are equally just, pertinent, and uncommon. He affects misanthropy, in order to conceal the sensibility of a heart, which is tender, even to a degree of weakness. This delicacy of feeling, or soreness of the mind, makes him timorous and fearful; but then he is afraid of nothing so much as of dishonour; and although he is exceedingly cautious of giving offence, he will fire at the least hint of insolence or ill-breeding.—Respectable as he is, upon the whole, I can't help being sometimes diverted by his little distresses; which provoke him to let fly the shafts of his satire, keen and penetrating as the arrows of Teucer—Our aunt, Tabitha, acts upon him as a perpetual grind-stone—She is, in all respects, a striking contrast to her brother—But I reserve her portrait for another occasion.

Three days ago we came hither from the Hot Well, and took possession of the first floor of a lodging-house, on the South Parade; a situation which my uncle chose, for its being near the Bath, and remote from the noise of carriages. He was scarce warm in the lodgings when he called for his night cap, his wide shoes, and flannel; and declared himself invested with the gout in his right foot; though, I believe, it had as yet reached no farther than his imagination. It was not long before he had reason to

repent his premature declaration; for our aunt Tabitha found means to make such a clamour and confusion, before the flannels could be produced from the trunk, that one would have imagined the house was on fire. All this time, uncle sat boiling with impatience, biting his fingers, throwing up his eyes, and muttering ejaculations; at length he burſt into a kind of convulsive laugh, after which he hummed a song; and when the hurricane was over, exclaimed, "Blessed be God for all things!" This, however, was but the beginning of his troubles. Mrs. Tabitha's favourite dog Chowder, having paid his compliments to a female turnspit, of his own species, in the kitchen, involved himself in a quarrel with no fewer than five rivals, who set upon him at once, and drove him upſtairs to the dining-room door, with hideous noise: there our aunt and her woman, taking arms in his defence, joined the concert; which became truly diabolical. This fray being with difficulty suppressed, by the intervention of our own foot-man and the cook-maid of the house, the 'squire had juſt opened his mouth, to expoſtulate with Tabby, when the town-waits, in the passage below, ſtruck up their musick, (if musick it may be called), with such a sudden burſt of sound, as made him ſtart and ſtare, with marks of indignation and disquiet. He had recollection enough to send his servant with some money to silence those noisy intruders; and they were immediately dismissed, though not without some opposition on the part of Tabitha, who thought it but reasonable that he should have more musick for his money. Scarce had he settled this knotty point, when a ſtrange kind of thumping and bouncing was heard right overhead, in the second ſtory, so loud and violent as to shake the whole building. I own I was

exceedingly provoked at this new alarm; and before my uncle had time to express himself on the ſubject, I ran up ſtairs, to see what was the matter. Finding the room-door open, I entered without ceremony, and perceived an object, which I cannot now recollect without laughing to excess—It was a dancing-maſter, with his scholar, in the act of teaching. The maſter was blind of one eye, and lame of one foot, and led about the room his pupil; who seemed to be about the age of three-score, ſtooped mortally, was tall, raw-boned, hard-favoured, with a woollen night-cap on his head; and he had ſtript off his coat, that he might be more nimble in his motions—Finding himself intruded upon, by a person he did not know, he forthwith girded himself with a long iron sword, and advancing to me,with a peremptory air, pronounced, in a true Hibernian accent,"Miſter What d'ye callum, by my saoul and conscience, I am very glad to sea you, if you are after coming in the way of friendship; and indeed, and indeed now, I believe you are my friend sure enough, gra; though I never had the honour to sea your face before, my dear; for becaase you come like a friend, without any ceremony at all, at all—" I told him the nature of my visit would not admit of ceremony; that I was come to desire he would make less noise,as there was a sick gentleman below, whom he had no right to diſturb with such preposterous doings."Why, look-ye now, young gentleman, (replied this original), perhaps, upon another occasion, I might shivilly requeſt you to explain the maining of that hard word, *prepaſterous:* but there's a time for all things, honey—" So saying, he passed me with great agility, and, running down ſtairs, found our foot-man at the dining-room door, of which he demanded admittance, to pay his

respects to the stranger. As the fellow did not think proper to refuse the request of such a formidable figure, he was immediately introduced, and addressed himself to my uncle in these words: "Your humble servant, good sir—I'm not so *prepasterous*, as your son calls it, but I know the rules of shivility—I'm a poor knight of Ireland, my name is sir Ulic Mackilligut, of the county of Galway; being your fellow-lodger, I'm come to pay my respects, and to welcome you to the South Parade, and to offer my best services to you, and your good lady, and your pretty daughter; and even to the young gentleman your son, though he thinks me a *prepasterous* fellow—You must know I am to have the honour to open a ball next door to-morrow with lady Mac Manus; and being rusted in my dancing, I was refreshing my memory with a little exercise: but if I had known there was a sick person below, by Christ! I would have sooner danced a hornpipe upon my own head, than walk the softest minuet over yours."—My uncle, who was not a little startled at his first appearance, received his compliment with great complacency, insisted upon his being seated, thanked him for the honour of his visit, and reprimanded me for my abrupt expostulation with a gentleman of his rank and character. Thus tutored, I asked pardon of the knight, who, forthwith starting up, embraced me so close, that I could hardly breathe; and assured me, he loved me as his own soul. At length, recollecting his night-cap, he pulled it off in some confusion; and, with his bald-pate uncovered, made a thousand apologies to the ladies, as he retired—At that instant, the Abbey bells began to ring so loud, that we could not hear one another speak; and this peal, as we afterwards learned, was for the honour of Mr. Bullock,

an eminent cow-keeper of Tottenham, who had juſt arrived at Bath, to drink the waters for indigeſtion. Mr. Bramble had not time to make his remarks upon the agreeable nature of this ſerenade, before his ears were ſaluted with another concert that intereſted him more nearly. Two negroes, belonging to a Creole gentleman, who lodged in the ſame houſe, taking their ſtation at a window in the ſtair-caſe, about ten feet from our dining-room door, began to practiſe upon the French-horn; and being in the very firſt rudiments of execution, produced ſuch diſcordant ſounds, as might have diſcompoſed the organs of an aſs—You may gueſs what effect they had upon the irritable nerves of uncle; who, with the moſt admirable expreſſion of ſplenetic ſurprize in his countenance, ſent his man to ſilence thoſe dreadful blaſts, and deſire the muſicians to practiſe in ſome other place, as they had no right to ſtand there and diſturb all the lodgers in the houſe. Thoſe ſable performers, far from taking the hint, and withdrawing, treated the meſſenger with great inſolence, bidding him carry his compliments to their maſter, colonel Rigworm, who would give him a proper anſwer, and a good drubbing into the bargain; in the mean time they continued their noiſe, and even endeavoured to make it more diſagreeable; laughing between whiles, at the thoughts of being able to torment their betters with impunity. Our 'ſquire, incenſed at the additional inſult, immediately diſpatched the ſervant, with his compliments to colonel Rigworm; requeſting that he would order his blacks to be quiet, as the noiſe they made was altogether intolerable—To this meſſage, the Creole colonel replied, that his horns had a right to ſound on a common ſtaircaſe; that there they ſhould play for his diverſion; and that thoſe who did not like

the noiſe, might look for lodgings elſe-where. Mr. Bramble no ſooner received this reply, than his eyes began to gliſten, his face grew pale, and his teeth chattered. After a moment's pauſe, he ſlipt on his ſhoes, without ſpeaking a word, or ſeeming to feel any further diſturbance from the gout in his toes. Then, ſnatching his cane, he opened the door and proceeded to the place where the black trumpeters were poſted. There, without further heſitation, he began to belabour them both; and exerted himſelf with ſuch aſtoniſhing vigour and agility, that both their heads and horns were broken in a twinkling, and they ran howling down ſtairs to their maſter's parlour-door. The 'ſquire, following them half way, called aloud, that the colonel might hear him, "Go, raſcals, and tell your maſter what I have done; if he thinks himſelf injured, he knows where to come for ſatisfaction. As for you, this is but an earneſt of what you ſhall receive, if ever you preſume to blow a horn again here, while I ſtay in the houſe." So ſaying, he retired to his apartment, in expectation of hearing from the Weſt Indian; but the colonel prudently declined any farther proſecution of the diſpute. My ſiſter Liddy was frighted into a fit, from which ſhe was no ſooner recovered, than Mrs. Tabitha began a lecture upon patience; which her brother interrupted with a moſt ſignificant grin, exclaiming, "True, ſiſter, God increaſe my patience and your diſcretion. I wonder (added he) what ſort of ſonata we are to expect from this overture, in which the devil, that preſides over horrid ſounds, hath given us ſuch variations of diſcord—The trampling of porters, the creaking and craſhing of trunks, the ſnarling of curs, the ſcolding of women, the ſqueaking and ſqualling of fiddles and hautboys out of tune, the bouncing

of the Irish baronet overhead, and the burſting, belching, and brattling of the French horns in the passage (not to mention the harmonious peal that ſtill thunders from the Abbey ſteeple) succeeding one another without interruption, like the different parts of the same concert, have given me such an idea of what a poor invalid has to expect in this temple, dedicated to Silence and Repose, that I shall certainly shift my quarters tomorrow, and endeavour to effectuate my retreat before Sir Ulic opens the ball with my lady Mac Manus; a conjunction that bodes me no good." This intimation was by no means agreeable to Mrs. Tabitha, whose ears were not quite so delicate as those of her brother—She said it would be great folly to move from such agreeable lodgings, the moment they were comfortably settled. She wondered he should be such an enemy to musick and mirth. She heard no noise but of his own making: it was impossible to manage a family in dumb-shew. He might harp as long as he pleased upon her scolding; but she never scolded, except for his advantage; but he would never be satisfied, even tho'f she should sweat blood and water in his service—I have a great notion that our aunt, who is now declining into the moſt desperate ſtate of celibacy, had formed some design upon the heart of Sir Ulic Mackilligut, which she feared might be fruſtrated by our abrupt departure from these lodgings. Her brother, eyeing her askance, "Pardon me, ſiſter, (said he), I should be a savage, indeed, were I insensible of my own felicity, in having such a mild, complaisant, good-humoured, and considerate companion and house-keeper; but as I have got a weak head, and my sense of hearing is painfully acute, before I have recourse to plugs of wool and cotton, I'll try whether I can't find another lodging,

where I shall have more quiet and less musick." He accordingly dispatched his man upon this service; and next day he found a small house in Milsham-ſtreet, which he hires by the week. Here, at leaſt, we enjoy convenience and quiet within doors, as much as Tabby's temper will allow; but the 'squire ſtill complains of flying pains in the ſtomach and head, for which he bathes and drinks the waters. He is not ſo bad, however, but that he goes in person to the pump, the rooms, and the coffee-houses; where he picks up continual food for ridicule and satire. If I can glean any thing for your amuſement, either from his observation or my own, you ſhall have it freely, though I am afraid it will poorly compenſate the trouble of reading these tedious inſipid letters of,

Dear Phillips,

Yours always,

J. MELFORD.

To Dr. LEWIS.

Bath, April 23.

DEAR DOCTOR,

IF I did not know that the exercise of your profeſsion has habituated you to the hearing of complaints, I ſhould make a conſcience of troubling you with my correſpondence, which may be truly called *the lamentations of Matthew Bramble*. Yet I cannot help thinking, I have ſome right to diſcharge the overflowings of my ſpleen upon you, whoſe province it is to remove thoſe diſorders that occaſioned it; and let me tell you, it is no ſmall alleviation of my grievances, that I have a ſenſible friend, to whom I can communicate my cruſty humours,

which, by retention, would grow intolerably acrimonious.

You must know, I find nothing but disappointment at Bath; which is so altered, that I can scarce believe it is the same place that I frequented about thirty years ago. Methinks I hear you say, "Altered it is, without all doubt; but then it is altered for the better; a truth which, perhaps, you would own without hesitation, if you yourself was not altered for the worse." The reflection may, for aught I know, be just. The inconveniences which I overlooked in the high-day of health, will naturally strike with exaggerated impression on the irritable nerves of an invalid, surprised by premature old age, and shattered with long-suffering—But, I believe, you will not deny, that this place, which Nature and Providence seem to have intended as a resource from distemper and disquiet, is become the very center of racket and dissipation. Instead of that peace, tranquility and ease, so necessary to those who labour under bad health, weak nerves, and irregular spirits; here we have nothing but noise, tumult, and hurry; with the fatigue and slavery of maintaining a ceremonial, more stiff, formal, and oppressive than the etiquette of a German elector. A national hospital it may be; but one would imagine, that none but lunatics are admitted; and, truly, I will give you leave to call me so, if I stay much longer at Bath.—But I shall take another opportunity to explain my sentiments at greater length on this subject—I was impatient to see the boasted improvements in architecture, for which the upper parts of the town have been so much celebrated, and t'other day I made a circuit of all the new buildings. The Square, though irregular, is, on the whole, pretty well laid out, spacious, open, and airy; and, in my opinion, by far the most wholesome and

agreeable situation in Bath, especially the upper side of it; but the avenues to it are mean, dirty, dangerous, and indirect. Its communication with the Baths, is through the yard of an inn, where the poor trembling valetudinarian is carried in a chair, betwixt the heels of a double row of horses, wincing under the curry-combs of grooms and postilions, over and above the hazard of being obstructed, or overturned by the carriages which are continually making their exit or their entrance—I suppose after some chairmen shall have been maimed, and a few lives lost by those accidents, the corporation will think, in earnest, about providing a more safe and commodious passage. The Circus is a pretty bauble; contrived for shew, and looks like Vespasian's amphitheatre turned outside in. If we consider it in point of magnificence, the great number of small doors belonging to the separate houses, the inconsiderable height of the different orders, the affected ornaments of the architrave, which are both childish and misplaced, and the areas projecting into the street, surrounded with iron rails, destroy a good part of its effect upon the eye; and, perhaps, we shall find it still more defective, if we view it in the light of convenience. The figure of each separate dwelling-house, being the segment of a circle, must spoil the symmetry of the rooms, by contracting them towards the street windows, and leaving a larger sweep in the space behind. If, instead of the areas and iron rails, which seem to be of very little use, there had been a corridore with arcades all round, as in Covent-Garden, the appearance of the whole would have been more magnificent and striking; those arcades would have afforded an agreeable covered walk, and sheltered the poor chairmen and their carriages from the rain, which is here almost perpetual.

At present, the chairs ſtand ſoaking in the open ſtreet, from morning to night, till they become ſo many boxes of wet leather, for the benefit of the gouty and rheumatic, who are tranſported in them from place to place. Indeed this is a ſhocking inconvenience that extends over the whole city; and, I am perſuaded, it produces infinite miſchief to the delicate and infirm; even the cloſe chairs contrived for the ſick, by ſtanding in the open air, have their frize linings impregnated, like ſo many ſpunges, with the moiſture of the atmoſphere, and thoſe caſes of cold vapour muſt give a charming check to the perſpiration of a patient, piping hot from the Bath, with all his pores wide open.

But, to return to the Circus: it is inconvenient from its ſituation, at ſo great a diſtance from all the markets, baths, and places of public entertainment. The only entrance to it, through Gay-ſtreet, is ſo difficult, ſteep, and ſlippery, that, in wet weather, it muſt be exceedingly dangerous, both for thoſe that ride in carriages, and thoſe that walk a-foot; and when the ſtreet is covered with ſnow, as it was for fifteen days ſucceſſively this very winter, I don't ſee how any individual could go either up or down, without the moſt imminent hazard of broken bones. In blowing weather, I am told, moſt of the houſes in this hill are ſmothered with ſmoke, forced down the chimneys, by the guſts of wind reverberated from the hill behind, which (I apprehend likewiſe) muſt render the atmoſphere here more humid and unwholeſome than it is in the ſquare below; for the clouds, formed by the conſtant evaporation from the baths and rivers in the bottom, will, in their aſcent this way, be firſt attracted and detained by the hill that riſes cloſe behind the Circus, and load the air with a perpetual ſuc-

ceſſion of vapours: this point, however, may be eaſily aſcertained by means of an hygrometer, or a paper of ſalt of tartar expoſed to the action of the atmoſphere. The ſame artiſt, who planned the Circus, has likewiſe projected a Crescent; when that is finiſhed, we ſhall probably have a Star; and thoſe who are living thirty years hence, may, perhaps, ſee all the ſigns of the Zodiac exhibited in architecture at Bath. These, however fantaſtical, are ſtill deſigns that denote ſome ingenuity and knowledge in the architect; but the rage of building has laid hold on ſuch a number of adventurers, that one ſees new houſes ſtarting up in every out-let and every corner of Bath; contrived without judgment, executed without ſolidity, and ſtuck together, with ſo little regard to plan and propriety, that the different lines of the new rows and buildings interfere with, and interſect one another in every different angle of conjunction. They look like the wreck of ſtreets and ſquares diſjointed by an earthquake, which hath broken the ground into a variety of holes and hillocks; or, as if ſome Gothic devil had ſtuffed them altogether in a bag,and left them to ſtand higgledy piggledy, juſt as chance directed. What ſort of a monſter Bath will become in a few years, with thoſe growing excreſcences, may be eaſily conceived: but the want of beauty and proportion is not the worſt effect of theſe new manſions; they are built ſo ſlight, with the ſoft crumbling ſtone found in this neighbourhood, that I ſhould never ſleep quietly in one of them, when it blowed (as the ſailors ſay) a cap-full of wind; and, I am perſuaded, that my hind, Roger Williams, or any man of equal ſtrength, would be able to puſh his foot through the ſtrongeſt part of their walls, without any great exertion of his muſcles. All theſe abſurdities ariſe from the

general tide of luxury, which hath overspread the nation and swept away all, even the very dregs of the people. Every upstart of fortune, harnessed in the trappings of the mode, presents himself at Bath, as in the very focus of observation—Clerks and factors from the East Indies, loaded with the spoil of plundered provinces; planters, negro-drivers, and hucksters, from our American plantations, enriched they know not how; agents, commissaries, and contractors, who have fattened, in two successive wars, on the blood of the nation; usurers, brokers, and jobbers of every kind; men of low birth, and no breeding, have found themselves suddenly translated into a state of affluence, unknown to former ages; and no wonder that their brains should be intoxicated with pride, vanity, and presumption. Knowing no other criterion of greatness, but the ostentation of wealth, they discharge their affluence without taste or conduct, through every channel of the most absurd extravagance; and all of them hurry to Bath, because here, without any further qualification, they can mingle with the princes and nobles of the land. Even the wives and daughters of low tradesmen, who, like shovel-nosed sharks, prey upon the blubber of those uncouth whales of fortune, are infected with the same rage of displaying their importance; and the slightest indisposition serves them for a pretext to insist upon being conveyed to Bath, where they may hobble country-dances and cotillons among lordlings, 'squires, counsellors, and clergy. These delicate creatures from Bedfordbury, Butcher-row, Crutched-Friers, and Botolph-lane, cannot breathe in the gross air of the Lower Town, or conform to the vulgar rules of a common lodging-house; the husband, therefore, must pro-

vide an entire house, or elegant apartments in the new buildings. Such is the composition of what is called the fashionable company at Bath; where a very inconsiderable proportion of genteel people are loſt in a mob of impudent plebeians, who have neither underſtanding nor judgment, nor the leaſt idea of propriety and decorum; and ſeem to enjoy nothing ſo much as an opportunity of inſulting their betters.

Thus the number of people, and the number of houſes continue to increaſe; and this will ever be the caſe, till the ſtreams that ſwell this irreſiſtible torrent of folly and extravagance, ſhall either be exhauſted, or turned into other channels, by incidents and events which I do not pretend to foreſee. This, I own, is a ſubject on which I cannot write with any degree of patience; for the mob is a monſter I never could abide, either in its head, tail, midriff, or members: I deteſt the whole of it, as a maſs of ignorance, preſumption, malice, and brutality; and, in this term of reprobation, I include, without reſpect of rank, ſtation, or quality, all thoſe of both ſexes, who affect its manners, and court its ſociety.

But I have written till my fingers are crampt, and my naſea begins to return—By your advice, I ſent to London a few days ago for half a pound of Gengzeng; though I doubt much, whether that which comes from America is equally efficacious with what is brought from the Eaſt Indies. Some years ago, a friend of mine paid ſixteen guineas for two ounces of it; and, in ſix months after, it was ſold in the ſame ſhop for five ſhillings the pound. In ſhort, we live in a vile world of fraud and ſophiſtication; ſo that I know nothing of equal value with the genuine friendſhip of a ſenſible man; a rare

jewel! which I cannot help thinking myself in poſſeſſion of, while I repeat the old declaration, that I am, as uſual,

Dear Lewis,

Your affectionate

M. BRAMBLE.

After having been agitated in a ſhort hurricane, on my firſt arrival, I have taken a ſmall houſe in Milſham-ſtreet, where I am tolerably well lodged, for five guineas a week. I was yeſterday at the Pump-room, and drank about a pint of the water, which ſeems to agree with my ſtomach; and to-morrow morning I ſhall bathe, for the firſt time; ſo that in a few poſts you may expect farther trouble; mean while, I am glad to find that the inoculation has ſucceeded ſo well with poor Joyce, and that her face will be but little marked —If my friend Sir Thomas was a ſingle man, I would not truſt ſuch a handſome wench in his family; but as I have recommended her, in a particular manner, to the protection of lady G——, who is one of the beſt women in the world, ſhe may go thither without heſitation, as ſoon as ſhe is quite recovered, and fit for ſervice—Let her mother have money to provide her with neceſſaries, and ſhe may ride behind her brother on Bucks; but you muſt lay ſtrong injunctions on Jack to take particular care of the truſty old veteran, who has faithfully earned his preſent eaſe, by his paſt ſervices.

To Miss WILLIS, *at Gloucester.*

Bath, April 26.

MY DEAREST COMPANION,

THE pleasure I received from yours, which came to hand yesterday, is not to be expressed. Love and friendship are, without doubt, charming passions; which absence serves only to heighten and improve. Your kind present of the garnet bracelets, I shall keep as carefully as I preserve my own life; and I beg you will accept, in return, of my heart-housewife, with the tortoise-shell memorandum-book, as a trifling pledge of my unalterable affection.

Bath is to me a new world—All is gayety, good-humour, and diversion. The eye is continually entertained with the splendour of dress and equipage; and the ear with the sound of coaches, chaises, chairs, and other carriages. *The merry bells ring round*, from morn till night. Then we are welcomed by the city-waits in our own lodgings: we have musick in the Pump-room every morning, cotillons every fore-noon in the Rooms, balls twice a week, and concerts every other night, besides private assemblies and parties without number—As soon as we were settled in lodgings, we were visited by the Master of the Ceremonies; a pretty little gentleman, so sweet, so fine, so civil, and polite, that in our country he might pass for the prince of Wales; then he talks so charmingly, both in verse and prose, that you would be delighted to hear him discourse; for you must know he is a great writer, and has got five tragedies ready for the stage. He did us the favour to dine with us, by my uncle's invitation; and next day 'squired my aunt and me

to every part of Bath; which, to be sure, is an earthly paradise. The Square, the Circus, and the Parades, put you in mind of the sumptuous palaces represented in prints and pictures; and the new buildings, such as Princes-row, Harlequin's-row, Bladud's-row, and twenty other rows, look like so many enchanted caſtles, raised on hanging terraces.

At eight in the morning, we go in dishabille to the Pump-room; which is crowded like a Welsh fair; and there you see the higheſt quality, and the loweſt trades folks, joſtling each other, without ceremony, hail-fellow well-met. The noise of the musick playing in the gallery, the heat and flavour of such a crowd, and the hum and buz of their conversation, gave me the head-ach and vertigo the firſt day; but, afterwards, all these things became familiar, and even agreeable.—Right under the Pump-room windows is the King's Bath; a huge ciſtern, where you see the patients up to their necks in hot water. The ladies wear jackets and petticoats of brown linen, with chip hats, in which they fix their handkerchiefs to wipe the sweat from their faces; but, truly, whether it is owing to the ſteam that surrounds them, or the heat of the water, or the nature of the dress, or to all these causes together, they look so flushed, and so frightful, that I always turn my eyes another way—My aunt, who says every person of fashion should make her appearance in the bath, as well as in the abbey church, contrived a cap with cherry-coloured ribbons to suit her complexion, and obliged Win to attend her yeſterday morning in the water. But, really, her eyes were so red, that they made mine water as I viewed her from the Pump-room; and as for poor Win, who wore a hat trimmed with blue, what betwixt her wan complexion and her fear, she looked

like the ghoſt of some pale maiden, who had drowned herself for love. When she came out of the bath, she took assafœtida drops, and was fluttered all day; so that we could hardly keep her from going into hyſterics: but her miſtress says it will do her good; and poor Win curtsies, with the tears in her eyes. For my part, I content myself with drinking about half a pint of the water every morning.

The pumper, with his wife and servant, attend within a bar; and the glasses, of different sizes, ſtand ranged in order before them, so you have nothing to do but to point at that which you choose, and it is filled immediately, hot and sparkling from the pump. It is the only hot water I could ever drink, without being sick—Far from having that effect, it is rather agreeable to the taſte, grateful to the ſtomach, and reviving to the spirits. You cannot imagine what wonderful cures it performs—My uncle began with it the other day; but he made wry faces in drinking, and I'm afraid he will leave it off—The firſt day we came to Bath, he fell into a violent passion; beat two black-a-moors, and I was afraid he would have fought with their maſter; but the ſtranger proved a peaceable man. To be sure, the gout had got into his head, as my aunt observed: but, I believe, his passion drove it away; for he has been remarkably well ever since. It is a thousand pities he should ever be troubled with that ugly diſtemper; for, when he is free from pain, he is the beſt-tempered man upon earth; so gentle, so generous, so charitable, that every body loves him; and so good to me, in particular, that I shall never be able to show the deep sense I have of his tenderness and affection.

Hard by the Pump-room, is a coffee-house for the

ladies; but my aunt says, young girls are not admitted, inasmuch as the conversation turns upon politics, scandal, philosophy, and other subjects above our capacity; but we are allowed to accompany them to the booksellers' shops, which are charming places of resort; where we read novels, plays, pamphlets, and news-papers, for so small a subscription as a crown a quarter; and in these offices of intelligence, (as my brother calls them), all the reports of the day, and all the private transactions of the Bath, are first entered and discussed. From the bookseller's shop, we make a tour through the milliners and toy-men; and commonly stop at Mr. Gill's the pastry-cook, to take a jelly, a tart, or a small bason of vermicelli. There is, moreover, another place of entertainment on the other side of the water, opposite to the Grove; to which the company cross over in a boat—It is called Spring Garden; a sweet retreat, laid out in walks and ponds, and parterres of flowers; and there is a long-room for breakfasting and dancing. As the situation is low and damp, and the season has been remarkably wet, my uncle won't suffer me to go thither, lest I should catch cold: but my aunt says it is all a vulgar prejudice; and, to be sure, a great many gentlemen and ladies of Ireland frequent the place, without seeming to be the worse for it. They say, dancing at Spring Gardens, when the air is moist, is recommended to them as an excellent cure for the rheumatism. I have been twice at the play; where, notwithstanding the excellence of the performers, the gayety of the company, and the decorations of the theatre, which are very fine, I could not help reflecting, with a sigh, upon our poor homely representations at Glocester—But this, in confidence to my dear Willis —You know my heart, and will excuse its weakness.—

After all, the great scenes of entertainment at Bath, are the two public rooms; where the company meet alternately every evening—They are spacious, lofty, and, when lighted up, appear very ſtriking. They are generally crowded with well-dreſſed people, who drink tea in ſeparate parties, play at cards, walk, or ſit and chat together, juſt as they are diſpoſed. Twice a-week there is a ball; the expence of which is defrayed by a voluntary ſubſcription among the gentlemen; and every ſubſcriber has three tickets. I was there Friday laſt with my aunt, under the care of my brother, who is a ſubſcriber; and Sir Ulic Mackilligut recommended his nephew, captain O Donaghan, to me as a partner; but Jery excuſed himſelf, by ſaying I had got the head-ach; and, indeed, it was really ſo, though I can't imagine how he knew it. The place was ſo hot, and the ſmell ſo different from what we are uſed to in the country, that I was quite feveriſh when we came away. Aunt ſays it is the effect of a vulgar conſtitution, reared among woods and mountains; and, that as I become accuſtomed to genteel company, it will wear off.—Sir Ulic was very complaiſant; made her a great many high-flown compliments; and, when we retired, handed her with great ceremony to her chair. The captain, I believe, would have done me the ſame favour; but my brother, ſeeing him advance, took me under his arm, and wiſhed him good-night. The Captain is a pretty man, to be ſure; tall and ſtrait, and well made; with light-grey eyes, and a Roman noſe; but there is a certain boldneſs in his look and manner, that puts one out of countenance—But I am afraid I have put you out of all patience with this long unconnected ſcrawl; which I ſhall therefore conclude, with aſſuring you, that neither Bath nor London, nor all the diverſions

of life, shall ever be able to efface the idea of my dear Letty, from the heart of her ever affectionate

LYDIA MELFORD.

To Mrs. MARY JONES, *at Brambleton-hall.*

DEAR MOLLY JONES,

HEAVING got a frank, I now return your fever, which I received by Mr. Higgins, at the Hot Well, together with the ſtockings, which his wife footed for me; but now they are of no survice. No body wears such things in this place—O Molly! you that live in the country have no deception of our doings at Bath. Here is such dressing, and fidling, and dancing, and gadding, and courting, and plotting—O gracious! if God had not given me a good ſtock of discretion, what a power of things might not I reveal, consarning old miſtress and young miſtress; Jews with beards, that were no Jews; but handsome Chriſtians, without a hair upon their sin, ſtrolling with spectacles, to get speech of Miss Liddy. But she's a dear sweet soul, as innocent as the child unborn. She has tould me all her inward thoughts, and disclosed her passion for Mr. Wilson; and that's not his name neither; and thof he acted among the player-men, he is meat for their maſters; and she has gi'en me her yallow trollopea; which Mrs. Drab, the manty-maker, says will look very well when it is scowred and smoaked with silfur—You knows as how, yallow fitts my fizzogmony. God he knows what havock I shall make among the mail sex, when I make my firſt appearance in this killing collar, with a full sut of gaze, as good as new, that I bought laſt Friday of madam Friponeau, the French mullaner—Dear girl, I have seen all the fine

shews of Bath; the Prades, the Squires, and the Circlis, the Crashit, the Hottogon, and Bloody Buildings, and Harry King's row; and I have been twice in the Bath with miſtress, and na'r a smoak upon our backs, hussy —The firſt time I was mortally afraid, and fluſtered all day; and afterwards made believe that I had got the heddick; but miſtress said, if I didn't go, I should take a dose of bumtaffy; and so remembring how it worked Mrs. Gwyllim a pennorth, I chose rather to go again with her into the Bath, and then I met with an axident. I dropt my petticoat, and could not get it up from the bottom—But what did that signify? they mought laff, but they could see nothing; for I was up to the sin in water. To be sure, it threw me into such a gumbuſtion, that I know not what I said, nor what I did, nor how they got me out, and rapt me in a blanket—Mrs. Tabitha scoulded a little when we got home; but she knows as I know what's what—Ah Laud help you!—There is Sir Yury Micligut, of Balnaclinch, in the cunty of Kalloway—I took down the name from his gentleman, Mr. O Frizzle, and he has got an eſtate of fifteen hundred a year—I am sure he is both rich and generous—But you nose, Molly, I was always famous for keeping secrets; and so he was very safe in truſting me with his flegm for miſtress; which, to be sure, is very honourable; for Mr. O Frizzle assures me, he values not her portion a brass varthing—And, indeed, what's poor ten thousand pounds to a Baron Knight of his fortune? and, truly, I told Mr. O Frizzle, that was all she had to truſt to—As for John Thomas, he's a morass fellor—I vow, I thought he would a fit with Mr. O Frizzle, because he axed me to dance with him at Spring Garden—But God he knows I have no thoughts eyther of wan or t'other.

As for house news, the worſt is, Chowder has fallen off greatly from his ſtomick.—He eats nothing but white meats, and not much of that; and wheezes, and seems to be much bloated. The doctors think he is threatened with a dropsy—Parson Marrofat, who has got the same disorder, finds great benefit from the waters; but Chowder seems to like them no better than the squire; and miſtress says, if his case don't take a favourable turn, she will sartinly carry him to Aberga'nny, to drink goat's-whey—To be sure, the poor dear honymil is loſt for want of axercise; for which reason, she intends to give him an airing once a-day upon the Downs, in a poſt-chaise—I have already made very creditable correxions in this here place; where to be sure, we have the very squintasense of satiety—Mrs. Patcher, my lady Kilmacullock's woman, and I are sworn ſiſters. She has shewn me all her secrets, and learned me to wash gaze, and refrash ruſty silks and bumbeseens, by boiling them with winegar, chamberlye, and ſtale beer. My short sack and apron luck as good as new from the shop, and my pumpydoor as fresh as a rose, by the help of turtle-water —But this is all Greek and Latten to you, Molly—If we should come to Aberga'ny, you'll be within a day's ride of us; and then we shall see wan another, please God—If not, remember me in your prayers, as I shall do by you in mine; and take care of my kitten, and give my kind sarvice to Sall; and this is all at present, from your beloved friend and sarvent,

Bath, April 26. WINIFRED JENKINS.

To Mrs. GWYLLIM, *house-keeper at Brambleton-hall.*

I AM aſtonished, that Dr. Lewis should take upon him to give away Alderney, without my privity and concurrants—What signifies my brother's order? My brother is little better than Noncompush. He would give away the shirt off his back, and the teeth out of his head; nay, as for that matter, he would have ruinated the family with his ridiculous charities, if it had not been for my four quarters—What between his willfullness and his waſte, his trumps, and his frenzy, I lead the life of an indented slave. Alderney gave four gallons a-day, ever since the calf was sent to market. There is so much milk out of my dairy, and the press muſt ſtand ſtill: but I won't lose a cheese paring; and the milk shall be made good, if the sarvents should go without butter. If they muſt needs have butter, let them make it of sheep's milk; but then my wool will suffer from want of grace; so that I muſt be a loser on all sides—Well, patience is like a ſtout Welsh poney; it bears a great deal, and trots a great way; but it will tire at the long run. Before its long, perhaps I may shew Matt, that I was not born to be the household drudge to my dying day—Gwyn rites from Crickhowel, that the price of flannel is fallen three-farthings an ell; and that's another good penny out of my pocket—When I go to market to sell, my commodity ſtinks; but when I want to buy the commoneſt thing, the owner pricks it up under my nose; and it can't be had for love nor money—I think everything runs cross at Brambleton-hall—You say the gander has broke the eggs; which is a phinumenon I don't underſtand: for when the fox carried off the old goose laſt year, he took her place,

and hatched the eggs, and partected the goslings like a tender parent—Then you tell me the thunder has soured two barrels of beer in the seller. But how the thunder should get there, when the seller was double-locked, I can't comprehend. Howsomever, I won't have the beer thrown out, till I see it with my own eyes. Perhaps, it will recover—At leaſt it will serve for vinegar to the sarvents. You may leave off the fires in my brother's chamber and mine, as it is unsartain when we return.—I hope, Gwyllim, you'll take care there is no waſte; and have an eye to the maids, and keep them to their spinning. I think they may go very well without beer in hot weather—It serves only to inflame the blood, and set them a-gog after the men. Water will make them fair, and keep them cool and tamperit. Don't forget to put up in the portmantel, that cums with Williams, along with my riding-habit, hat, and feather, the viol of purl water, and the tincktur for my ſtomach; being as how I am much troubled with flutterencies. This is all at present, from

Yours,

Bath, April 26. TABITHA BRAMBLE.

To Dr. LEWIS.

DEAR DICK,

I HAVE done with the waters; therefore your advice comes a day too late—I grant that physick is no myſtery of your making. I know it is a myſtery in its own nature; and, like other myſteries, requires a ſtrong gulp of faith to make it go down—Two days ago, I went into the King's Bath, by the advice of our friend Ch——, in order to clear the ſtrainer of the skin, for the benefit of a

free perspiration; and the first object that saluted my eye, was a child full of scrophulous ulcers, carried in the arms of one of the guides, under the very noses of the bathers. I was so shocked at the sight, that I retired immediately with indignation and disgust—Suppose the matter of those ulcers, floating on the water, comes in contact with my skin, when the pores are all open, I would ask you what must be the consequence?—Good Heaven, the very thought makes my blood run cold! we know not what sores may be running into the water while we are bathing, and what sort of matter we may thus imbibe; the king's evil, the scurvy, the cancer, and the pox; and, no doubt, the heat will render the *virus* the more volatile and penetrating. To purify myself from all such contamination, I went to the duke of Kingston's private Bath, and there I was almost suffocated for want of free air; the place was so small, and the steam so stifling.

After all, if the intention is no more than to wash the skin, I am convinced that simple element is more effectual than any water impregnated with salt and iron; which, being astringent, will certainly contract the pores, and leave a kind of crust upon the surface of the body. But I am now as much afraid of drinking, as of bathing; for, after a long conversation with the Doctor, about the construction of the pump and the cistern, it is very far from being clear with me, that the patients in the Pump-room don't swallow the scourings of the bathers. I can't help suspecting, that there is, or may be, some regurgitation from the bath into the cistern of the pump. In that case, what a delicate beveridge is every day quaffed by the drinkers; medicated with the sweat, and dirt, and dandriff, and the abominable discharges of various kinds,

from twenty different diseased bodies, parboiling in the kettle below. In order to avoid this filthy composition, I had recourse to the spring that supplies the private baths on the Abbey-green; but I at once perceived something extraordinary in the taſte and smell; and, upon inquiry, I find that the Roman baths in this quarter, were found covered by an old burying ground, belonging to the Abbey; thro' which, in all probability, the water drains in its passage: so that as we drink the decoction of living bodies at the Pump-room, we swallow the ſtrainings of rotten bones and carcasses at the private bath—I vow to God, the very idea turns my ſtomach!—Determined, as I am, againſt any farther use of the Bath waters, this consideration would give me little diſturbance, if I could find any thing more pure, or less pernicious, to quench my thirſt; but, although the natural springs of excellent water are seen gushing spontaneous on every side, from the hills that surround us, the inhabitants, in general, make use of well-water, so impregnated with nitre, or alum, or some other villainous mineral, that it is equally ungrateful to the taſte, and mischievous to the conſtitution. It muſt be owned, indeed, that here, in Milsham-ſtreet, we have a precarious and scanty supply from the hill; which is collected in an open bason in the Circus, liable to be defiled with dead dogs, cats, rats, and every species of naſtiness, which the rascally populace may throw into it, from mere wantonness and brutality.

Well, there is no nation that drinks so hoggishly as the English—What passes for wine among us, is not the juice of the grape. It is an adulterous mixture, brewed up of nauseous ingredients, by dunces, who are bunglers in the art of poison-making; and yet we, and our forefathers, are and have been poisoned by this cursed drench, with-

out taſte or flavour—The only genuine and wholsome beveridge in England, is London porter, and Dorcheſter table-beer; but as for your ale and your gin, your cyder, and your perry, and all the trashy family of made wines, I deteſt them as infernal compositions, contrived for the deſtruction of the human species—But what have I to do with the human species? except a very few friends, I care not if the whole was ——.

Heark ye, Lewis, my misanthropy increases every day—The longer I live, I find the folly and the fraud of mankind grow more and more intolerable—I wish I had not come from Brambleton-hall; after having lived in solitude so long, I cannot bear the hurry and impertinence of the multitude; besides, every thing is sophiſticated in these crowded places. Snares are laid for our lives in every thing we eat or drink: the very air we breathe, is loaded with contagion. We cannot even sleep, without risque of infection. I say, infection—This place is the rendezvous of the diseased—You won't deny, that many diseases are infectious; even the consumption itself, is highly infectious. When a person dies of it in Italy, the bed and bedding are deſtroyed; the other furniture is exposed to the weather, and the apartment white-washed, before it is occupied by any other living soul. You'll allow, that nothing receives infection sooner, or retains it longer, than blankets, feather-beds, and matrasses—'Sdeath! how do I know what miserable objects have been ſtewing in the bed where I now lie!—I wonder, Dick, you did not put me in mind of sending for my own matrasses—But, if I had not been an ass, I should not have needed a remembrancer—There is always some plaguy reflection that rises up in judgment againſt me, and ruffles my spirits—Therefore, let us change the subject—

I have other reasons for abridging my ſtay at Bath—You know ſiſter Tabby's complexion—If Mrs. Tabitha Bramble had been of any other race, I ſhould certainly have looked upon her as the moſt—But, the truth is, ſhe has found means to intereſt my affection; or, rather, ſhe is beholden to the force of prejudice, commonly called the ties of blood. Well, this amiable maiden has actually commenced a flirting correſpondence with an Iriſh baronet of ſixty-five. His name is Sir Ulic Mackilligut. He is ſaid to be much out at elbows; and, I believe, has received falſe intelligence with reſpect to her fortune. Be that as it may, the connexion is exceedingly ridiculous, and begins already to excite whiſpers. For my part, I have no intention to diſpute her free-agency; though I ſhall fall upon ſome expedient to undeceive her paramour, as to the point which he has principally in view. But I don't think her conduct is a proper example for Liddy, who has alſo attracted the notice of ſome coxcombs in the Rooms; and Jery tells me, he ſuſpects a ſtrapping fellow, the knight's nephew, of ſome deſign upon the girl's heart. I ſhall, therefore, keep a ſtrict eye over her aunt and her, and even ſhift the ſcene, if I find the matter grow more ſerious—You perceive what an agreeable taſk it muſt be, to a man of my kidney, to have the cure of ſuch ſouls as theſe—But, hold, you ſhall not have another peeviſh word (till the next occaſion) from

yours,

Bath, April 28. MATT. BRAMBLE.

To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, *of Jesus college, Oxon.*

DEAR KNIGHT,

I THINK those people are unreasonable, who complain that Bath is a contracted circle, in which the same dull scenes perpetually revolve, without variation —I am, on the contrary, amazed to find so small a place, so crowded with entertainment and variety. London itself can hardly exhibit one species of diversion, to which we have not something analogous at Bath, over and above those singular advantages that are peculiar to the place. Here, for example, a man has daily opportunities of seeing the most remarkable characters of the community. He sees them in their natural attitudes and true colours; descended from their pedestals, and divested of their formal draperies, undisguised by art and affectation —Here we have ministers of state, judges, generals, bishops, projectors, philosophers, wits, poets, players, *chemists*, *fiddlers*, and *buffoons*. If he makes any considerable stay in the place, he is sure of meeting with some particular friend, whom he did not expect to see; and to me there is nothing more agreeable, than such casual rencounters—Another entertainment, peculiar to Bath, arises from the general mixture of all degrees assembled in our public rooms, without distinction of rank or fortune. This is what my uncle reprobates, as a monstrous jumble of heterogeneous principles; a vile mob of noise and impertinence, without decency or subordination. But this chaos is to me a source of infinite amusement.

I was extremely diverted, last ball-night, to see the Master of the Ceremonies leading, with great solemnity, to the upper end of the room, an antiquated Abigail,

dressed in her lady's caſt-clothes; whom he (I suppose) miſtook for some countess juſt arrived at the Bath. The ball was opened by a Scotch lord, with a mulatto heiress from St. Chriſtopher's; and the gay colonel Tinsel danced all the evening with the daughter of an eminent tinman from the borough of Southwark—Yeſterday morning, at the Pump-room, I saw a broken-winded Wapping landlady squeeze through a circle of peers, to salute her brandy merchant, who ſtood by the window, prop'd upon crutches; and a paralytic attorney of Shoe-lane, in shuffling up to the bar, kicked the shins of the chancellor of England, while his lordship, in a cut bob, drank a glass of water at the pump. I cannot account for my being pleased with these incidents, any other way than by saying, they are truly ridiculous in their own nature, and serve to heighten the humour in the farce of life, which I am determined to enjoy as long as I can.—

Those follies, that move my uncle's spleen, excite my laughter. He is as tender as a man without a skin; who cannot bear the slighteſt touch without flinching. What tickles another would give him torment; and yet he has what we may call lucid intervals, when he is remarkably facetious—Indeed, I never knew a hypochondriac so apt to be infected with good-humour. He is the moſt risible misanthrope I ever met with. A lucky joke, or any ludicrous incident, will set him a-laughing immoderately, even in one of his moſt gloomy paroxysms; and, when the laugh is over, he will curse his own imbecillity. In conversing with ſtrangers, he betrays no marks of disquiet—He is splenetic with his familiars only; and not even with them, while they keep his attention employed; but when his spirits are not exerted externally, they seem to recoil and prey upon himself—He has re-

nounced the waters with execration; but he begins to find a more efficacious, and, certainly, a much more palatable remedy in the pleasures of society. He has discovered some old friends, among the invalids of Bath; and, in particular, renewed his acquaintance with the celebrated James Quin, who certainly did not come here to drink water. You cannot doubt, but that I had the ſtrongeſt curiosity to know this original; and it was gratified by Mr. Bramble, who has had him twice at our house to dinner.

So far as I am able to judge, Quin's character is rather more reſpectable than it has been generally represented. His *bons mots* are in every witling's mouth; but many of them have a rank flavour, which one would be apt to think was derived from a natural grossness of idea. I ſuſpect, however, that juſtice has not been done the author, by the collectors of those *Quiniana*; who have let the beſt of them slip through their fingers, and only retained such as are suited to the taſte and organs of the multitude. How far he may relax in his hours of jollity, I cannot pretend to say; but his general conversation is conducted by the niceſt rules of propriety; and Mr. James Quin is, certainly, one of the beſt bred men in the kingdom. He is not only a moſt agreeable companion; but (as I am credibly informed) a very honest man; highly susceptible of friendship, warm, ſteady, and even generous in his attachments; disdaining flattery, and incapable of meanness and dissimulation. Were I to judge, however, from Quin's eye alone, I should take him to be proud, insolent, and cruel. There is something remarkably severe and forbidding in his aſpect; and, I have been told, he was ever disposed to insult his inferiors and dependants.—Perhaps that report has influenced my

opinion of his looks—You know we are the fools of prejudice. Howsoever that may be, I have as yet seen nothing but his favourable side; and my uncle, who frequently confers with him in a corner, declares he is one of the moſt sensible men he ever knew—He seems to have a reciprocal regard for old Square-toes, whom he calls by the familiar name of Matthew, and often reminds of their old tavern-adventures: on the other hand, Matthew's eyes sparkle whenever Quin makes his appearance —Let him be never so jarring and discordant, Quin puts him in tune; and, like treble and bass in the same concert, they make excellent musick together—T'other day, the conversation turning upon Shakespeare, I could not help saying with some emotion, that I would give an hundred guineas to see Mr. Quin act the part of Falſtaff; upon which, turning to me with a smile, "And I would give a thousand, young gentleman, (said he), that I could gratify your longing." My uncle and he are perfectly agreed in their eſtimate of life; which, Quin says, would ſtink in his noſtrils, if he did not ſteep it in claret.

I want to see this phenomenon in his cups; and have almoſt prevailed upon uncle to give him a small turtle at the Bear. In the mean time, I muſt entertain you with an incident, that seems to confirm the judgment of those two cynic philosophers. I took the liberty to differ in opinion from Mr. Bramble, when he observed, that the mixture of people in the entertainments of this place was deſtructive of all order and urbanity; that it rendered the plebeians insufferably arrogant and troublesome, and vulgarized the deportment and sentiments of those who moved in the upper spheres of life. He said, such a preposterous coalition would bring us into contempt with all our neighbours; and was worse, in fact, than debas-

ing the gold coin of the nation. I argued, on the contrary, that those plebeians who discovered such eagerness to imitate the dress and equipage of their superiors, would likewise, in time, adopt their maxims and their manners, be polished by their conversation, and refined by their example; but when I appealed to Mr. Quin, and asked if he did not think that such an unreserved mixture would improve the whole mass?—"Yes, (said he), as a plate of marmalade would improve a pan of sirreverence."

I owned I was not much conversant in high-life, but I had seen what were called polite assemblies in London and elsewhere; that those of Bath seemed to be as decent as any; and that, upon the whole, the individuals that composed it, would not be found deficient in good manners and decorum. "But let us have recourse to experience, (said I)—Jack Holder, who was intended for a parson, has succeeded to an estate of two thousand a year, by the death of his elder brother. He is now at the Bath, driving about in a phaeton and four, with French horns. He has treated with turtle and claret at all the taverns in Bath and Bristol, till his guests are gorged with good chear: he has bought a dozen suits of fine clothes, by the advice of the Master of the Ceremonies, under whose tuition he has entered himself: he has lost some hundreds at billiards to sharpers, and taken one of the nymphs of Avon-street into keeping; but, finding all these channels insufficient to drain him of his current cash, his counsellor has engaged him to give a general tea-drinking to-morrow at Wiltshire's room. In order to give it the more eclat, every table is to be furnished with sweet-meats and nosegays; which, however, are not to be touched till notice is given by the ringing of a bell, and then the ladies may

help themselves without reſtriction. This will be no bad way of trying the company's breeding—"

"I will abide by that experiment, (cried my uncle), and if I could find a place to ſtand ſecure, without the vortex of the tumult, which I know will enſue, I would certainly go thither and enjoy the ſcene." Quin propoſed that we ſhould take our ſtation in the muſick-gallery; and we took his advice. Holder had got thither before us, with his horns perdue; but we were admitted. The tea-drinking paſſed as uſual; and the company having riſen from the tables, were ſauntering in groupes, in expectation of the ſignal for attack, when the bell beginning to ring, they flew with eagerneſs to the deſert, and the whole place was inſtantly in commotion. There was nothing but juſtling, ſcrambling, pulling, ſnatching, ſtruggling, ſcolding, and ſcreaming. The noſegays were torn from one another's hands and boſoms; the glaſſes and china went to wreck; the tables and floor were ſtrewed with comfits. Some cried; ſome ſwore; and the tropes and figures of Billingſgate were uſed without reſerve in all their native zeſt and flavour; nor were thoſe flowers of rhetoric unattended with ſignificant geſticulation. Some ſnapped their fingers; ſome forked them out; ſome clapped their hands, and ſome their back-ſides; at length, they fairly proceeded to pulling caps, and everything ſeemed to preſage a general battle; when Holder ordered his horns to ſound a charge, with a view to animate the combatants, and inflame the conteſt; but this manœuvre produced an effect quite contrary to what he expected. It was a note of reproach that roused them to an immediate ſenſe of their diſgraceful ſituation. They were aſhamed of their abſurd deportment, and ſuddenly

desisted. They gathered up their caps, ruffles, and handkerchiefs; and great part of them retired in silent mortification.

Quin laughed at this adventure; but my uncle's delicacy was hurt. He hung his head in manifest chagrin, and seemed to repine at the triumph of his judgment— Indeed, his victory was more complete than he imagined; for, as we afterwards learned, the two amazons who singularized themselves most in the action, did not come from the purlieus of Puddle-dock, but from the courtly neighbourhood of St. James's palace. One was a baroness, and the other, a wealthy knight's dowager— My uncle spoke not a word, till we had made our retreat good to the coffee-house; where, taking off his hat and wiping his forehead, "I bless God (said he) that Mrs. Tabitha Bramble did not take the field to-day!" "I would pit her for a cool hundred (cried Quin) against the best shake-bag of the whole main." The truth is, nothing could have kept her at home but the accident of her having taken physick before she knew the nature of the entertainment. She has been for some days furbishing up an old suit of black velvet, to make her appearance as Sir Ulic's partner at the next ball.

I have much to say of this amiable kinswoman; but she has not been properly introduced to your acquaintance. She is remarkably civil to Mr. Quin; of whose sarcastic humour she seems to stand in awe; but her caution is no match for her impertinence. "Mr. Gwynn, (said she the other day), I was once vastly entertained with your playing the Ghost of Gimlet at Drury-lane, when you rose up through the stage, with a white face and red eyes, and spoke of *quails upon the frightful por-*

cofine—Do, pray, spout a little the Ghoſt of Gimlet." "Madam, (said Quin, with a glance of ineffable disdain), the Ghoſt of Gimlet is laid, never to rise again—" Insensible of this check, she proceeded: "Well, to be sure, you looked and talked so like a real ghoſt; and then the cock crowed so natural. I wonder how you could teach him to crow so exact, in the very nick of time; but, I suppose, he's game—An't he game, Mr. Gwynn?" "Dunghill, Madam." "Well, dunghill, or not dunghill, he has got such a clear counter-tenor, that I wish I had such another at Brambleton-hall, to wake the maids of a morning. Do you know where I could find one of his brood?" "Probably in the work-house of St. Giles's parish, madam; but I proteſt I know not his particular mew." My uncle, frying with vexation, cried, "Good God, ſiſter, how you talk! I have told you twenty times, that this gentleman's name is not Gwynn.—" "Hoity toity, brother mine, (she replied), no offence, I hope—Gwynn is an honourable name, of true old British extraction—I thought the gentleman had been come of Mrs. Helen Gwynn, who was of his own profession; and if so be that were the case, he might be of king Charles's breed, and have royal blood in his veins—" "No, madam, (answered Quin, with great solemnity) my mother was not a whore of ſuch diſtinction —True it is, I am sometimes tempted to believe myself of royal descent; for my inclinations are often arbitrary —If I was an absolute prince, at this inſtant, I believe I should send for the head of your cook in a charger— She has committed felony, on the person of that John Dory; which is mangled in a cruel manner, and even presented without sauce—*O tempora! O mores!*"

This good-humoured sally turned the conversation into a less disagreeable channel—But, leſt you should

think my scribbling as tedious as Mrs. Tabby's clack, I shall not add another work, but that I am as usual

Yours,

Bath, April 30. J. MELFORD.

To Dr. LEWIS.

DEAR LEWIS,

I RECEIVED your bill upon Wiltshire, which was punctually honoured; but as I don't choose to keep so much cash by me in a common lodging-house, I have deposited 250*l.* in the bank of Bath, and shall take their bills for it in London, when I leave this place, where the season draws to an end—You must know, that now being a-foot, I am resolved to give Liddy a glimpse of London. She is one of the best hearted creatures I ever knew, and gains upon my affection every day—As for Tabby, I have dropt such hints to the Irish baronet, concerning her fortune, as, I make no doubt, will cool the ardour of his addresses. Then her pride will take the alarm; and the rancour of stale maidenhood being chafed, we shall hear nothing but slander and abuse of Sir Ulic Mackilligut—This rupture, I foresee, will facilitate our departure from Bath; where, at present, Tabby seems to enjoy herself with peculiar satisfaction. For my part, I detest it so much, that I should not have been able to stay so long in the place if I had not discovered some old friends; whose conversation alleviates my disgust—Going to the coffee-house one forenoon, I could not help contemplating the company, with equal surprize and compassion—We consisted of thirteen individuals; seven lamed by the gout, rheumatism, or palsy; three maimed

by accident; and the reſt either deaf or blind. One hobbled, another hopped, a third dragged his legs after him like a wounded snake, a fourth straddled betwixt a pair of long crutches, like the mummy of a felon hanging in chains; a fifth was bent into a horizontal position, like a mounted telescope, shoved in by a couple of chairmen; and a sixth was the buſt of a man, set upright in a wheel machine, which the waiter moved from place to place.

Being ſtruck with some of their faces, I consulted the subscription-book; and, perceiving the names of several old friends, began to consider the groupe with more attention. At length I discovered rear-admiral Balderick, the companion of my youth, whom I had not seen since he was appointed lieutenant of the Severn. He was metamorphosed into an old man, with a wooden leg and a weatherbeaten face; which appeared the more antient from his grey locks, that were truly venerable —Sitting down at the table, where he was reading a news-paper, I gazed at him for some minutes, with a mixture of pleasure and regret, which made my heart gush with tenderness; then, taking him by the hand, "Ah, Sam, (said I), forty years ago I little thought—" I was too much moved to proceed. "An old friend, sure enough! (cried he, squeezing my hand, and surveying me eagerly thro' his glasses) I know the looming of the veſſel, though she has been hard strained since we parted; but I can't heave up the name—" The moment I told him who I was, he exclaimed, "Ha! Matt, my old fellow cruizer, ſtill afloat!" And, ſtarting up, hugged me in his arms. His transport, however, boded me no good; for, in saluting me, he thruſt the spring of his ſpectacles into my eye, and, at the same time, set his wooden ſtump upon my gouty toe; an attack that made

me shed tears in sad earneſt—After the hurry of our recognition was over, he pointed out two of our common friends in the room: the buſt was what remained of colonel Cockril, who had loſt the use of his limbs in making an American campaign; and the telescope proved to be my college chum, sir Reginald Bentley: who, with his new title, and unexpected inheritance, commenced fox-hunter, without having served his apprenticeship to the myſtery; and, in consequence of following the hounds through a river, was seized with an inflammation in his bowels, which has contracted him into his present attitude.

Our former correspondence was forthwith renewed, with the moſt hearty expressions of mutual good-will; and as we had met so unexpectedly, we agreed to dine together that very day at the tavern. My friend Quin, being luckily unengaged, obliged us with his company; and, truly, this was the moſt happy day I have passed these twenty years. You and I, Lewis, having been always together, never taſted friendship in this high goût, contracted from long absence. I cannot express the half of what I felt at this casual meeting of three or four companions, who had been so long separated, and so roughly treated by the ſtorms of life. It was a renovation of youth; a kind of resuscitation of the dead, that realized those intereſting dreams, in which we sometimes retrieve our antient friends from the grave. Perhaps my enjoyment was not the less pleasing for being mixed with a ſtrain of melancholy, produced by the remembrance of paſt scenes, that conjured up the ideas of some endearing connexions, which the hand of Death has actually dissolved.

The spirits and good-humour of the company seemed

to triumph over the wreck of their conſtitutions. They had even philosophy enough to joke upon their own calamities; such is the power of friendship, the sovereign cordial of life—I afterwards found, however, that they were not without their moments, and even hours of disquiet. Each of them apart, in succeeding conferences, expatiated upon his own particular grievances; and they were all malcontents at bottom—Over and above their personal diſaſters, they thought themselves unfortunate in the lottery of life. Balderick complained, that all the recompence he had received for his long and hard service, was the half-pay of a rear-admiral. The colonel was mortified to see himself over-topped by upſtart generals, some of whom he had once commanded; and, being a man of a liberal turn, could ill put up with a moderate annuity, for which he had sold his commission. As for the baronet, having run himself considerably in debt, on a conteſted election, he has been obliged to relinquish his seat in parliament, and his seat in the country at the same time, and put his eſtate to nurse; but his chagrin, which is the effect of his own misconduct, does not affect me half so much as that of the other two; who have acted honourable and distinguished parts on the great theatre, and are now reduced to lead a weary life in this ſtewpan of idleness and insignificance. They have long left off using the waters, after having experienced their inefficacy. The diversions of the place they are not in a condition to enjoy. How then do they make shift to pass their time? In the forenoon, they crawl out to the Rooms or the coffee-house, where they take a hand at whiſt, or descant upon the General Advertiser; and their evenings they murder in private parties, among peevish invalids, and insipid old women—This is the case with a good number

of individuals, whom nature seems to have intended for better purposes.

About a dozen years ago, many decent families, restricted to small fortunes, besides those that came hither on the score of health, were tempted to settle at Bath, where they could then live comfortably, and even make a genteel appearance, at a small expence: but the madness of the times has made the place too hot for them, and they are now obliged to think of other migrations—Some have already fled to the mountains of Wales, and others have retired to Exeter. Thither, no doubt, they will be followed by the flood of luxury and extravagance, which will drive them from place to place to the very Land's End; and there, I suppose, they will be obliged to ship themselves to some other country. Bath is become a mere sink of profligacy and extortion. Every article of house-keeping is raised to an enormous price; a circumstance no longer to be wondered at, when we know that every petty retainer of fortune piques himself upon keeping a table, and thinks 'tis for the honour of his character to wink at the knavery of his servants, who are in a confederacy with the market-people; and, of consequence, pay whatever they demand. Here is now a mushroom of opulence, who pays a cook seventy guineas a week for furnishing him with one meal a day. This portentous frenzy is become so contagious, that the very rabble and refuse of mankind are infected. I have known a negro-driver, from Jamaica, pay over-night to the master of one of the rooms, sixty-five guineas for tea and coffee to the company, and leave Bath next morning, in such obscurity, that not one of his guests had the slightest idea of his person, or even made the least inquiry about his name. Incidents of this kind are fre-

quent; and every day teems with fresh absurdities, which are too gross to make a thinking man merry.—But I feel the spleen creeping on me apace; and therefore will indulge you with a cessation, that you may have no unnecessary cause to curse your correspondence with,

Dear Dick,

yours ever,

Bath, May 5. MATT. BRAMBLE.

To Miss LÆTITIA WILLIS, *at Gloucester.*

MY DEAR LETTY,

I WROTE you at great length by the post, the twenty-sixth of last month, to which I refer you for an account of our proceedings at Bath; and I expect your answer with impatience. But, having this opportunity of a private hand, I send you two dozen of Bath rings; six of the best of which I desire you will keep for yourself, and distribute the rest among the young ladies, our common friends, as you shall think proper—I don't know how you will approve of the mottoes; some of them are not much to my own liking; but I was obliged to take such as I could find ready manufactured—I am vexed, that neither you nor I have received any further information of a certain person—Sure it can't be wilful neglect!—O my dear Willis! I begin to be visited by strange fancies, and to have some melancholy doubts; which, however, it would be ungenerous to harbour without further inquiry—My uncle, who has made me a present of a very fine set of garnets, talks of treating us with a jaunt to London; which, you may imagine, will be highly agreeable: but I like Bath so well, that I hope he won't

think of leaving it till the season is quite over; and yet, betwixt friends, something has happened to my aunt, which will probably shorten our ſtay in this place.

Yeſterday, in the forenoon, she went by herſelf to a breakfaſting in one of the Rooms; and, in half an hour, returned in great agitation, having Chowder along with her in the chair. I believe ſome accident muſt have happened to that unlucky animal, which is the great ſource of all her troubles. Dear Letty! what a pity it is, that a woman of her years and diſcretion, ſhould place her affection upon ſuch an ugly, ill-conditioned cur, that ſnarls and ſnaps at every body. I aſked John Thomas, the foot-man who attended her, what was the matter? and he did nothing but grin. A famous dog-doctor was ſent for, and undertook to cure the patient, provided he might carry him home to his own houſe; but his miſtreſs would not part with him out of her own ſight—She ordered the cook to warm cloths, which ſhe applied to his bowels, with her own hand. She gave up all thoughts of going to the ball in the evening; and when Sir Ulic came to drink tea, refuſed to be ſeen; ſo that he went away to look for another partner. My brother Jery whiſtles and dances. My uncle ſometimes ſhrugs up his ſhoulders, and ſometimes burſts out a-laughing. My aunt ſobs and ſcolds by turns; and her woman, Win Jenkins, ſtares and wonders with a fooliſh face of curioſity; and, for my part, I am as curious as ſhe, but aſhamed to aſk queſtions.

Perhaps time will diſcover the myſtery; for if it was any thing that happened in the Rooms, it can't be long concealed—All I know is, that laſt night at ſupper miſs Bramble ſpoke very diſdainfully of Sir Ulic Mackilligut, and aſked her brother if he intended to keep us ſwelter-

ing all the summer at Bath? "No, sister Tabitha, (said he, with an arch smile), we shall retreat before the Dog-days begin; though I make no doubt, that with a little temperance and discretion, our constitutions might be kept cool enough all the year, even at Bath." As I don't know the meaning of this insinuation, I won't pretend to make any remarks upon it at present: hereafter, perhaps, I may be able to explain it more to your satisfaction—In the mean time, I beg you will be punctual in your correspondence, and continue to love your ever faithful

Bath, May 6. LYDIA MELFORD.

To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, *of Jesus college, Oxon.*

SO then Mrs. Blackerby's affair has proved a false alarm, and I have saved my money? I wish, however, her declaration had not been so premature; for though my being thought capable of making her a mother, might have given me some credit, the reputation of an intrigue with such a cracked pitcher does me no honour at all—In my last I told you I had hopes of seeing Quin, in his hours of elevation at the tavern, which is the temple of mirth and good-fellowship; where he, as priest of Comus, utters the inspirations of wit and humour—I have had that satisfaction. I have dined with his club at the Three Tuns, and had the honour to sit him out. At half an hour past eight in the evening, he was carried home with six good bottles of claret under his belt; and it being then Friday, he gave orders, that he should not be disturbed till Sunday at noon—You must not imagine that this dose had any other effect upon his conversation,

but that of making it more extravagantly entertaining —He had loſt the use of his limbs, indeed, several hours before we parted, but he retained all his other faculties in perfection; and as he gave vent to every whimsical idea as it rose, I was really aſtonished at the brilliancy of his thoughts, and the force of his expression. Quin is a real voluptuary in the articles of eating and drinking; and so confirmed an epicure, in the common acceptation of the term, that he cannot put up with ordinary fare. This is a point of such importance with him, that he always takes upon himself the charge of catering; and a man admitted to his mess, is always sure of eating delicate victuals, and drinking excellent wine—He owns himself addicted to the delights of the ſtomach, and often jokes upon his own sensuality; but there is nothing selfish in this appetite—He finds that good chear unites good company; exhilerates the spirits, opens the heart, banishes all reſtraint from conversation, and promotes the happieſt purposes of social life.—But Mr. James Quin is not a subject to be discussed in the compass of one letter; I shall therefore, at present, leave him to his repose, and call another of a very different complexion.

You desire to have further acquaintance with the person of our aunt, and promise yourself much entertainment from her connexion with Sir Ulic Mackilligut: but in this hope you are baulked already; that connexion is dissolved. The Irish baronet is an old hound, that, finding her carrion, has quitted the scent—I have already told you, that Mrs. Tabitha Bramble is a maiden of forty-five. In her person, she is tall, raw-boned, aukward, flat-cheſted, and ſtooping; her complexion is sallow and freckled; her eyes are not grey, but greenish, like those of a cat, and generally inflamed; her hair is of

a sandy, or rather dusty hue; her forehead low; her nose long, sharp, and, towards the extremity, always red in cool weather; her lips skinny, her mouth extensive, her teeth straggling and loose, of various colours and conformation; and her long neck shrivelled into a thousand wrinkles—In her temper, she is proud, stiff, vain, imperious, prying, malicious, greedy, and uncharitable. In all likelihood, her natural austerity has been soured by disappointment in love; for her long celibacy is by no means owing to her dislike of matrimony: on the contrary, she has left no stone unturned to avoid the reproachful epithet of old maid.

Before I was born, she had gone such lengths in the way of flirting with a recruiting officer, that her reputation was a little singed. She afterwards made advances to the curate of the parish, who dropped some distant hints about the next presentation to the living, which was in her brother's gift; but finding that was already promised to another, he flew off at a tangent; and Mrs. Tabby, in revenge, found means to deprive him of his cure. Her next lover was lieutenant of a man of war, a relation of the family, who did not understand the refinements of the passion, and expressed no aversion to grapple with cousin Tabby in the way of marriage; but before matters could be properly adjusted, he went out on a cruise, and was killed in an engagement with a French frigate. Our aunt, though baffled so often, did not yet despair—She layed all her snares for Dr. Lewis, who is the *fidus Achates* of my uncle. She even fell sick upon the occasion, and prevailed with Matt to interpose in her behalf with his friend; but the Doctor, being a shy cock, would not be caught with chaff, and flatly rejected the proposal: so that Mrs. Tabitha was content to exert her patience once

more, after having endeavoured in vain to effect a rupture betwixt the two friends; and now she thinks proper to be very civil to Lewis, who is become necessary to her in the way of his profession.

These, however, are not the only efforts she has made towards a nearer conjunction with our sex. Her fortune was originally no more than a thousand pounds; but she gained an accession of five hundred by the death of a sister, and the lieutenant left her three hundred in his will. These sums she has more than doubled, by living free of all expence, in her brother's house; and dealing in cheese and Welsh flannel, the produce of his flocks and dairy. At present her capital is increased to about four thousand pounds; and her avarice seems to grow every day more and more rapacious: but even this is not so intolerable as the perverseness of her nature, which keeps the whole family in disquiet and uproar. She is one of those geniuses who find some diabolical enjoyment in becoming dreaded and detested by their fellow-creatures.

I once told my uncle, I was surprised that a man of his disposition could bear such a domestic plague, when it could be so easily removed—The remark made him sore, because it seemed to tax him with want of resolution—Wrinkling up his nose, and drawing down his eyebrows, "A young fellow, (said he), when he first thrusts his snout into the world, is apt to be surprised at many things, which a man of experience knows to be ordinary and unavoidable—This precious aunt of yours is become insensibly a part of my constitution—Damn her! She's a *noli me tangere* in my flesh, which I cannot bear to be touched or tampered with." I made no reply; but shifted the conversation. He really has an affection

for this original; which maintains its ground in defiance of common sense, and in despite of that contempt which he muſt certainly feel for her character and underſtanding. Nay, I am convinced, that she has likewise a moſt virulent attachment to his person; though her love never shews itself but in the shape of discontent; and she perſiſts in tormenting him out of sheer tenderness—The only object within doors upon which she beſtows any marks of affection, in the usual ſtile, is her dog Chowder; a filthy cur from Newfoundland, which she had in a present from the wife of a skipper in Swansey—One would imagine she had diſtinguished this beaſt with her favour on acount of his ugliness and ill-nature; if it was not, indeed, an inſtinctive sympathy between his disposition and her own. Certain it is, she caresses him without ceasing; and even harrasses the family in the service of this cursed animal, which, indeed, has proved the proximate cause of her breach with Sir Ulic Mackilligut.

You muſt know, she yeſterday wanted to ſteal a march of poor Liddy, and went to breakfaſt in the Room without any other companion than her dog, in expectation of meeting with the Baronet, who had agreed to dance with her in the evening—Chowder no sooner made his appearance in the Room, than the Maſter of the Ceremonies, incensed at his presumption, ran up to drive him away, and threatened him with his foot; but the other seemed to despise his authority, and displaying a formidable case of long, white, sharp teeth, kept the puny monarch at bay—While he ſtood under some trepidation, fronting his antagoniſt, and bawling to the waiter, Sir Ulic Mackilligut came to his aſſiſtance; and seeming ignorant of the connexion between this intru-

der and his mistress, gave the former such a kick in the jaws, as sent him howling to the door—Mrs. Tabitha, incensed at this outrage, ran after him, squalling in a tone equally disagreeable; while the Baronet followed her on one side, making apologies for his mistake; and Derrick on the other, making remonstrances upon the rules and regulations of the place.

Far from being satisfied with the Knight's excuses, she said she was sure he was no gentleman; and when the Master of the Ceremonies offered to hand her into the chair, she rapped him over the knuckles with her fan. My uncle's footman being still at the door, she and Chowder got into the same vehicle, and were carried off amidst the jokes of the chairmen and other populace—I had been riding out on Clerkendown, and happened to enter just as the *fracas* was over—The Baronet, coming up to me with an affected air of chagrin, recounted the adventure; at which I laughed heartily, and then his countenance cleared up. "My dear soul, (said he), when I saw a sort of a wild beast, snarling with open mouth at the Master of the Ceremonies, like the red cow going to devour Tom Thumb, I could do no less than go to the assistance of the little man; but I never dreamt the baist was one of Mrs. Bramble's attendants—O! if I had, he might have made his breakfast upon Derrick and welcome—but, you know, my dear friend, how natural it is for us Irishmen to blunder, and to take the wrong sow by the ear—However, I will confess judgment, and cry her mercy; and, 'tis to be hoped, a penitent sinner may be forgiven." I told him, that as the offence was not voluntary of his side, it was to be hoped he would not find her implacable.

But, in truth, all this concern was dissembled. In his

approaches of gallantry to Mrs. Tabitha, he had been misled by a miſtake of at least six thousand pounds, in the calculation of her fortune; and in this particular he was juſt undeceived. He, therefore, seized the firſt opportunity of incurring her displeasure decently, in such a manner as would certainly annihilate the correspondence; and he could not have taken a more effectual method, than that of beating her dog. When he presented himself at our door, to pay his reſpects to the offended fair, he was refused admittance; and given to underſtand, that he should never find her at home for the future. She was not so inaccessible to Derrick, who came to demand satisfaction for the insult she had offered to him, even in the verge of his own court. She knew it was convenient to be well with the Maſter of the Ceremonies, while she continued to frequent the Rooms, and, having heard he was a poet, began to be afraid of making her appearance in a ballad or lampoon.—She therefore made excuses for what she had done, imputing it to the flutter of her spirits; and subscribed handsomely for his poems: so that he was perfectly appeased, and overwhelmed her with a profusion of compliment. He even solicited a reconciliation with Chowder; which, however, the latter declined; and he declared, that if he could find a precedent in the annals of Bath, which he would carefully examine for that purpose, her favourite should be admitted to the next public breakfaſting—But, I believe, she will not expose herself or him to the risque of a second disgrace—Who will supply the place of Mackilligut in her affections, I cannot foresee; but nothing in the shape of man can come amiss. Though she is a violent churchwoman, of the moſt intolerant zeal, I believe in my conscience she would have no objection, at present, to treat

on the score of matrimony with an Anabaptiſt, Quaker, or Jew; and even ratify the treaty, at the expence of her own converſion. But, perhaps, I think too hardly of this kinswoman; who, I muſt own, is very little beholden to the good opinion of

Yours,

Bath, May 6. J. MELFORD.

To Dr. LEWIS.

YOU ask me, why I don't take the air a-horseback, during this fine weather?—In which of the avenues of this paradiſe would you have me take that exerciſe? Shall I commit myſelf to the high-roads of London or Briſtol, to be ſtifled with duſt, or preſſed to death in the midſt of poſt-chaiſes, flying-machines, waggons, and coal-horſes; beſides the troops of fine gentlemen that take to the high-way, to ſhew their horſemanſhip; and the coaches of fine ladies, who go hither to ſhew their equipages? Shall I attempt the Downs, and fatigue myſelf to death in climbing up an eternal aſcent, without any hopes of reaching the ſummit? Know then, I have made divers deſperate leaps at thoſe upper regions; but always fell backward into this vapour-pit, exhauſted and diſpirited by thoſe ineffectual efforts; and here we poor valetudinarians pant and ſtruggle, like ſo many Chineſe gudgeons, gaſping in the bottom of a punch-bowl. By Heaven, it is a kind of inchantment! If I do not ſpeedily break the ſpell, and eſcape, I may chance to give up the ghoſt in this nauſeous ſtew of corruption—It was but two nights ago, that I had like to have made my public exit, at a minute's warning. One of my greateſt weak-

nesses is that of suffering myself to be over-ruled by the opinion of people, whose judgment I despise—I own, with shame and confusion of face, that importunity of any kind I cannot resiſt. This want of courage and conſtancy is an original flaw in my nature, which you muſt have often observed with compassion, if not with contempt. I am afraid some of our boaſted virtues may be traced up to this defect.—

Without further preamble, I was persuaded to go to a ball, on purpose to see Liddy dance a minuet with a young petulant jackanapes, the only son of a wealthy undertaker from London, whose mother lodges in our neighbourhood, and has contracted an acquaintance with Tabby. I sat a couple of long hours, half ſtifled, in the midſt of a noisome crowd; and could not help wondering, that so many hundreds of those that rank as rational creatures, could find entertainment in seeing a succession of insipid animals, describing the same dull figure for a whole evening, on an area, not much bigger than a taylor's shop-board. If there had been any beauty, grace, activity, magnificent dress, or variety of any kind, howsoever absurd, to engage the attention, and amuse the fancy, I should not have been surprised; but there was no such object: it was a tiresome repetition of the same languid, frivolous scene, performed by actors that seemed to sleep in all their motions—the continual swimming of those phantoms before my eyes, gave me a swimming of the head; which was also affected by the fouled air, circulating through such a number of rotten human bellows—I therefore retreated towards the door, and ſtood in the passage to the next room, talking to my friend Quin; when an end being put to the minuets, the benches were removed to make way for the country-

dances; and the multitude rising at once, the whole atmosphere was put in commotion. Then, all of a sudden, came rushing upon me an Egyptian gale, so impregnated with peſtilential vapours, that my nerves were overpowered, and I dropt senseleſs upon the floor.

You may eaſily conceive what a clamour and confuſion this accident muſt have produced, in ſuch an aſſembly—I ſoon recovered, however, and found myſelf in an eaſy chair, ſupported by my own people—Siſter Tabby, in her great tenderneſs, had put me to the torture, ſqueezing my head under her arm and ſtuffing my noſe with ſpirit of hartſhorn, till the whole inſide was excoriated. I no ſooner got home, than I ſent for doctor Ch——, who aſſured me, I needed not be alarmed, for my ſwooning was entirely occaſioned by an accidental impreſſion of fetid effluvia upon nerves of uncommon ſenſibility. I know not how other people's nerves are conſtructed; but one would imagine they muſt be made of very coarſe materials, to ſtand the ſhock of ſuch a horrid aſſault. It was, indeed, *a compound of villainous ſmells*, in which the moſt violent ſtinks, and the moſt powerful perfumes, contended for the maſtery. Imagine to yourſelf a high exalted eſſence of mingled odours, ariſing from putrid gums, impoſthumated lungs, ſour flatulencies, rank arm-pits, ſweating feet, running ſores and iſſues, plaſters, ointments, and embrocations, hungary-water, ſpirit of lavender, aſſafœtida drops, muſk, hartſhorn, and ſal volatile; beſides a thouſand frowzy ſteams, which I could not analyſe. Such, O Dick! is the fragrant æther we breathe in the polite aſſemblies of Bath—Such is the atmoſphere I have exchanged for the pure, elaſtic, animating air of the Welſh mountains—*O Rus, quando te aſpiciam!*—I wonder what the devil poſſeſſed me—

But few words are beſt: I have taken my resolution—You may well suppose I don't intend to entertain the company with a second exhibition—I have promised, in an evil hour, to proceed to London, and that promise shall be performed; but my ſtay in the metropolis shall be brief. I have, for the benefit of my health, projected an expedition to the North, which, I hope, will afford some agreeable paſtime. I have never travelled farther that way than Scarborough; and, I think, it is a reproach upon me, as a British freeholder, to have lived so long without making an excursion to the other side of the Tweed. Besides, I have some relations settled in Yorkshire, to whom it may not be improper to introduce my nephew and his siſter—At present, I have nothing to add, but that Tabby is happily disentangled from the Irish Baronet; and that I will not fail to make you asquainted, from time to time, with the sequel of our adventures: a mark of consideration, which, perhaps, you would willingly dispense with in

Your humble servant,

Bath, May 8. MATT. BRAMBLE.

To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, *of Jesus college, Oxon.*

DEAR PHILLIPS,

A FEW days ago we were terribly alarmed by my uncle's fainting at the ball—He has been ever since cursing his own folly, for going thither at the requeſt of an impertinent woman. He declares, he will sooner visit a house infected with the plague, than truſt himself in such a nauseous spital for the future, for he swears the accident was occasioned by the ſtench of the crowd; and

that he would never desire a ſtronger proof of our being made of very gross materials, than our having withſtood the annoyance, by which he was ſo much diſcomposed. For my own part, I am very thankful for the coarseness of my organs, being in no danger of ever falling a sacrifice to the delicacy of my nose. Mr. Bramble is extravagantly delicate in all his sensations, both of soul and body. I was informed by Dr. Lewis, that he once fought a duel with an officer of the horse-guards, for turning a-side to the Park wall, on a necessary occasion, when he was passing with a lady under his protection. His blood rises at every inſtance of insolence and cruelty, even where he himself is no way concerned; and ingratitude makes his teeth chatter. On the other hand, the recital of a generous, humane, or grateful action, never fails to draw from him tears of approbation, which he is often greatly distressed to conceal.

Yeſterday, one Paunceford gave tea, on particular invitation—This man, after having been long buffetted by adverſity, went abroad; and Fortune, resolved to make him amends for her former coyness, set him all at once up to the very ears in affluence. He has now emerged from obscurity, and blazes out in all the tinsel of the times. I don't find that he is charged with any practices that the law deems diſhoneſt, or that his wealth has made him arrogant and inaccessible; on the contrary, he takes great pains to appear affable and gracious. But they say, he is remarkable for shrinking from his former friendships, which were generally too plain and home-spun to appear amidſt his present brilliant connexions; and that he seems uneasy at sight of some old benefactors, whom a man of honour would take pleasure to acknowledge—Be that as it may, he had so effectually engaged the com-

pany at Bath, that when I went with my uncle to the coffee-house in the evening, there was not a soul in the room but one person, seemingly in years, who sat by the fire, reading one of the papers. Mr. Bramble, taking his ſtation close by him, "There is such a crowd and confuſion of chairs in the passage to Simpson's, (said he), that that we could hardly get along—I wish those minions of fortune would fall upon more laudable ways of spending their money.—I suppose, sir, you like this entertainment as little as I do?" "I can't say, I have any great relish for such entertainments," answered the other, without taking his eyes off the paper—"Mr. Serle, (resumed my uncle), I beg pardon for interrupting you; but I can't reſiſt the curiosity I have to know if you received a card on this occasion?"

The man seemed surprised at this address, and made some pause, as doubtful what answer he should make. "I know my curiosity is impertinent, (added my uncle), but I have a particular reason for asking the favour." "If that be the case, (replied Mr. Serle), I shall gratify you without hesitation, by owning, that I have had no card. But, give me leave, sir, to ask in my turn, what reason you think I have to expect such an invitation from the gentleman who gives tea?" "I have my own reasons (cried Mr. Bramble, with some emotion); and am convinced, more than ever, that this Paunceford is a contemptible fellow." "Sir, (said the other, laying down the paper), I have not the honour to know you; but your discourse is a little myſterious, and seems to require some explanation. The person you are pleased to treat so cavalierly, is a gentleman of some consequence in the community; and, for aught you know, I may also have my particular reasons for defending his character—" "If

I was not convinced of the contrary, (observed the other), I should not have gone so far—" "Let me tell you, sir, (said the ſtranger, raiſing his voice), you have gone too far, in hazarding ſuch reflections—"

Here he was interrupted by my uncle; who aſked peevishly, if he was Don Quixote enough, at this time of day, to throw down his gauntlet as champion for a man who had neglected him with ſuch ungrateful neglect. "For my part (added he), I ſhall never quarrel with you again upon this ſubject; and what I have ſaid now, has been ſuggeſted as much by my regard for you, as by my contempt of him—" Mr. Serle, then pulling off his ſpectacles, eyed uncle very earneſtly, ſaying, in a mitigated tone, "Surely I am much obliged—Ah, Mr. Bramble! I now recollect your features, though I have not ſeen you theſe many years." "We might have been leſs ſtrangers to one another, (anſwered the 'ſquire), if our correſpondence had not been interrupted, in conſequence of a miſunderſtanding, occaſioned by this very——,but no matter—Mr. Serle,I eſteem your character; and my friendſhip, ſuch as it is, you may freely command." "The offer is too agreeable to be declined, (ſaid he); I embrace it very cordially; and, as the firſt fruits of it, requeſt that you will change this ſubject, which, with me, is a matter of peculiar delicacy."

My uncle owned he was in the right, and the diſcourſe took a more general turn. Mr. Serle paſſed the evening with us at our lodgings; and appeared to be intelligent, and even entertaining; but his diſpoſition was rather of a melancholy hue. My uncle ſays he is a man of uncommon parts, and unqueſtioned probity: that his fortune, which was originally ſmall, has been greatly hurt by a romantic ſpirit of generoſity, which he has

often displayed, even at the expence of his discretion, in favour of worthless individuals—That he had rescued Paunceford from the loweſt diſtress, when he was bankrupt, both in means and reputation—That he had espoused his intereſts with a degree of enthusiasm, broke with several friends, and even drawn his sword againſt my uncle, who had particular reasons for queſtioning the moral character of the said Paunceford: that, without Serle's countenance and aſſiſtance, the other never could have embraced the opportunity, which has raised him to this pinnacle of wealth: that Paunceford, in the firſt transports of his success, had written, from abroad, letters to different correspondents, owning his obligations to Mr. Serle, in the warmeſt terms of acknowledgment, and declaring he considered himself only as a factor for the occasions of his beſt friend: that, without doubt, he had made declarations of the same nature to his benefactor himself, though this laſt was always silent and reserved on the subject; but for some years, those tropes and figures of rhetoric had been disused: that, upon his return to England, he had been lavish in his caresses to Mr. Serle, invited him to his house, and pressed him to make it his own: that he had overwhelmed him with general professions, and affected to express the warmeſt regard for him, in company of their common acquaintance; so that every body believed his gratitude was as liberal as his fortune; and some went so far as to congratulate Mr. Serle on both.

All this time Paunceford carefully and artfully avoided particular discussions with his old patron, who had too much spirit to drop the moſt diſtant hint of balancing the account of obligation: that, nevertheless, a man of his feelings could not but resent this shocking return

for all his kindness; and, therefore, he withdrew himself from the connexion, without coming to the leaſt explanation, or speaking a syllable on the subject to any living soul; so that now their correspondence is reduced to a slight salute with the hat, when they chance to meet in any public place; an accident that rarely happens, for their walks lie different ways. Mr. Paunceford lives in a palace, feeds upon dainties, is arrayed in sumptuous apparel, appears in all the pomp of equipage, and passes his time among the nobles of the land. Serle lodges in Stall-ſtreet, up two pair of ſtairs backwards, walks a-foot in a Bath-rug, eats for twelve shillings a-week, and drinks water as a preservative againſt the gout and gravel—Mark the vicissitude. Paunceford once resided in a garret; where he subsiſted upon sheeps'-trotters and cow-heel, from which commons he was translated to the table of Serle, that ever abounded with good-chear; until want of oeconomy and retention, reduced him to a slender annuity in his decline of years, that scarce affords the bare necessaries of life—Paunceford, however, does him the honour to speak of him ſtill, with uncommon regard; and to declare what pleasure it would give him to contribute in any shape to his convenience: "But you know, (he never fails to add), he's a shy kind of a man—And then such a perfect philosopher, that he looks upon all superfluities with the moſt sovereign contempt."

Having given you this sketch of 'squire Paunceford, I need not make any comment on his character, but leave it at the mercy of your own reflection; from which, I dare say, it will meet with as little quarter as it has found with

Yours always,

Bath, May 10. J. MELFORD.

To Mrs. MARY JONES, *at Brambleton-hall.*

DEAR MOLLY,

WE are all upon the ving—Hey for London, girl!—Fecks! we have been long enough here; for we're all turned tipsy turvy—Mistress has excarded Sir Ulic for kicking of Chowder; and I have sent O Frizzle away, with a flea in his ear—I've shewn him how little I minded his tinsy and his long tail—A fellor, who would think for to go, for to offer, to take up with a dirty trollop under my nose—I ketched him in the very fact, coming out of the house-maids' garret.—But I have gi'en the dirty slut a siserary. O Molly! the sarvants at Bath are devils in garnet—They lite the candle at both ends—Here's nothing but ginketting, and wasting, and thieving, and tricking, and trigging; and then they are never content—They won't suffer the 'squire and mistress to stay any longer; because they have been already above three weeks in the house; and they look for a couple of ginneys apiece at our going away; and this is a parquisite they expect every month in the season; being as how no family has a right to stay longer than four weeks in the same lodgings; and so the cuck swears, she will pin the dish-clout to mistress's tail; and the house-maid vows, she'll put cowitch in master's bed, if so be he don't discamp without furder ado—I don't blame them for making the most of their market, in the way of vails and parquisites; and I defy the devil to say I am a tail-carrier, or ever brought a poor sarvant into trouble—But then they oft to have some conscience, in vronging those that be sarvants like themselves—For you must no, Molly, I missed three-quarters of blond lace, and a remnant of

muslin, and my silver thimble; which was the gift of true love: they were all in my work-basket, that I left upon the table in the sarvants-hall, when miſtresses bell rung; but if they had been under lock and kay, 'twould have been all the same; for there are double keys to all the locks in Bath; and they say as how the very teeth an't safe in your head, if you sleep with your mouth open—And so says I to myself, *them things could not go without hands; and so I'll watch their waters:* and so I did with a vitness; for then it was I found Bet consarned with O Frizzle. And as the cuck had thrown her slush at me, because I had taken part with Chowder, when he fit with the turnspit, I resolved to make a clear kitchen, and throw some of her fat into the fire. I ketched the charewoman going out with her load in the morning, before she thought I was up, and brought her to miſtress with her whole cargo—Marry, what do'ſt think she had got in the name of God? Her buckets were foaming full of our beſt bear, and her lap was ſtuffed with a cold tongue; part of a buttock of beef, half a turkey, and a swinging lump of butter, and the matter of ten mould kandles, that had scarce ever been lit. The cuck brazened it out, and said it was her rite to rummage the pantry; and she was ready for to go before the mare: that he had been her potticary many years, and would never think of hurting a poor sarvant, for giving away the scraps of the kitchen—I went another way to work with madam Betty, because she had been saucy, and called me skandelus names; and said O Frizzle couldn't abide me, and twenty other odorous falsehoods. I got a varrant from the mare; and her box being sarched by the conſtable, my things came out sure enuff; besides a full pound of vax candles, and a nite-cap of miſtress, that I could sware to

on my cruperal oaf—O! then madam Mopstick came upon her merry bones; and as the 'squire would'nt hare of a pursecution, she 'scaped a skewering: but the longest day she has to live, she'll remember your

humble sarvant,

Bath, May 15. WINIFRED JENKINS.

If the hind should come again, before we be gone, pray send me the shift and apron, with the vite gallow manky shoes; which you'll find in my pillober—Sarvice to Saul—

To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, *Bart., of Jesus college, Oxon.*

YOU are in the right, dear Phillips; I don't expect regular answers to every letter—I know a college-life is too circumscribed to afford materials for such quick returns of communication. For my part, I am continually shifting the scene, and surrounded with new objects; some of which are striking enough. I shall therefore conclude my journal for your amusement; and though, in all appearance, it will not treat of very important or interesting particulars, it may prove, perhaps, not altogether uninstructive and unentertaining.

The musick and entertainments of Bath are over for this season; and all our gay birds of passage have taken their flight to Bristol-well, Tunbridge, Brighthelmstone, Scarborough, Harrowgate, *&c.* Not a soul is seen in this place, but a few broken-winded parsons, waddling like so many crows along the North Parade. There is always a great shew of the clergy at Bath: none of your

thin, puny, yellow, hectic figures, exhausted with abstinence and hard study, labouring under the *morbi eruditorum*; but great overgrown dignitaries and rectors, with rubicund noses and gouty ancles, or broad bloated faces, dragging along great swag bellies; the emblems of sloth and indigestion—

Now we are upon the subject of parsons, I must tell you a ludicrous adventure, which was atchieved the other day by Tom Eastgate, whom you may remember on the foundation of Queen's. He had been very assiduous to pin himself upon George Prankley, who was a gentleman-commoner of Christ-church, knowing the said Prankley was heir to a considerable estate, and would have the advowson of a good living, the incumbent of which was very old and infirm. He studied his passions, and flattered them so effectually, as to become his companion and counsellor; and, at last, obtained of him a promise of the presentation, when the living should fall. Prankley, on his uncle's death, quitted Oxford, and made his first appearance in the fashionable world at London; from whence he came lately to Bath, where he has been exhibiting himself among the bucks and gamesters of the place. Eastgate followed him hither; but he should not have quitted him for a moment, at his first emerging into life. He ought to have known he was a fantastic, foolish, fickle fellow, who would forget his college-attachments the moment they ceased appealing to his senses. Tom met with a cold reception from his old friend; and was, moreover, informed, that he had promised the living to another man, who had a vote in the county, where he proposed to offer himself a candidate at the next general election. He now remembered nothing of Eastgate, but the freedoms he had used to take

with him, while Tom had quietly ſtood his butt, with an eye to the benefice; and those freedoms he began to repeat in common-place ſarcasms on his perſon and his cloth, which he uttered in the public coffee-houſe, for the entertainment of the company. But he was egregiouſly miſtaken in giving his own wit credit for that tameneſs of Eaſtgate, which had been entirely owing to prudential conſiderations. These being now removed, he retorted his repartee with intereſt, and found no great difficulty in turning the laugh upon the aggreſſor; who, loſing his temper, called him names, and aſked, *If he knew whom he talked to?* After much altercation, Prankley, ſhaking his cane, bid him hold his tongue, otherwiſe he would duſt his caſſock for him. "I have no pretenſions to ſuch a valet, (ſaid Tom); but if you ſhould do me that office, and overheat yourſelf, I have here a good oaken towel at your ſervice."

Prankley was equally incenſed and confounded at this reply. After a moment's pauſe, he took him aſide towards the window, and, pointing to the clump of firs on Clerken-down, aſked in a whiſper, if he had ſpirit enough to meet him there, with a caſe of piſtols, at ſix o'clock to-morrow morning. Eaſtgate anſwered in the affirmative; and, with a ſteady countenance, aſſured him, he would not fail to give him the rendezvous at the hour he mentioned. So ſaying, he retired; and the challenger ſtayed ſome time in manifeſt agitation. In the morning, Eaſtgate, who knew his man, and had taken his reſolution, went to Prankley's lodgings, and roused him by five o'clock—

The 'ſquire, in all probability, curſed his punctuality in his heart, but he affected to talk big; and having prepared his artillery over-night, they croſſed the water at

the end of the South Parade. In their progress up the hill, Prankley often eyed the parson, in hopes of perceiving some reluctance in his countenance; but as no such marks appeared, he attempted to intimidate him by word of mouth. "If these flints do their office, (said he), I'll do thy business in a few minutes." "I desire you will do your best (replied the other); for my part, I come not here to trifle. Our lives are in the hands of God; and one of us already totters on the brink of eternity—" This remark seemed to make some impression upon the 'squire, who changed countenance, and with a faultering accent observed, "That it ill became a clergyman to be concerned in quarrels and blood-shed—" "Your insolence to me (said Eastgate) I should have borne with patience, had not you cast the most infamous reflections upon my order, the honour of which I think myself in duty bound to maintain, even at the expence of my heart's blood; and surely it can be no crime to put out of the world a profligate wretch, without any sense of principle, morality, or religion—" "Thou may'st take away my life, (cried Prankley, in great perturbation), but don't go to murder my character.—What! has't got no conscience?" "My conscience is perfectly quiet, (replied the other); and now, sir, we are upon the spot —Take your ground as near as you please; prime your pistol; and the Lord, of his infinite mercy, have compassion upon your miserable soul!"

This ejaculation he pronounced in a loud solemn tone, with his hat off, and his eyes lifted up, then drawing a large horse pistol, he presented, and put himself in a posture of action. Prankley took his distance, and endeavoured to prime, but his hand shook with such violence, that he found this operation impracticable—His

antagonist, seeing how it was with him, offered his assistance, and advanced for that purpose; when the poor 'squire, exceedingly alarmed at what he had heard and seen, desired the action might be deferred till next day, as he had not settled his affairs. "I ha'n't made my will, (said he); my sisters are not provided for; and I just now recollect an old promise, which my conscience tells me I ought to perform—I'll first convince thee, that I'm not a wretch without principle, and then thou shalt have an opportunity to take my life, which thou seem'st to thirst after so eagerly—"

Eastgate understood the hint; and told him, that one day should break no squares; adding, "God forbid that I should be the means of hindering you from acting the part of an honest man and a dutiful brother—" By virtue of this cessation, they returned peaceably together. Prankley forthwith made out the presentation of the living, and delivered it to Eastgate, telling him at the same time, he had now settled his affairs, and was ready to attend him to the Fir-grove; but Tom declared he could not think of lifting his hand against the life of so great a benefactor—He did more: when they next met at the coffee-house, he asked pardon of Mr. Prankley, if in his passion he had said any thing to give him offence; and the 'squire was so gracious as to forgive him with a cordial shake of the hand, declaring that he did not like to be at variance with an old college-companion—Next day, however, he left Bath abruptly; and then Eastgate told me all these particulars, not a little pleased with the effects of his own sagacity, by which he has secured a living worth 160*l. per annum*.

Of my uncle, I have nothing at present to say; but that we set out to-morrow for London *en famille*. He and

the ladies, with the maid and Chowder in a coach; I and the man-servant a-horseback. The particulars of our journey you shall have in my next, provided no accident happens to prevent,

Yours ever,

Bath, May 17. J. MELFORD.

To Dr. LEWIS.

DEAR DICK,

I SHALL to-morrow set out for London, where I have bespoke lodgings, at Mrs. Norton's in Golden-square. Although I am no admirer of Bath, I shall leave it with regret; because I must part with some old friends, whom, in all probability, I shall never see again. In the course of coffee-house conversation, I had often heard very extraordinary encomiums passed on the performances of Mr. T——, a gentleman residing in this place, who paints landscapes for his amusement. As I have no great confidence in the taste and judgment of coffee-house connoisseurs, and never received much pleasure from this branch of the art, those general praises made no impression at all on my curiosity; but, at the request of a particular friend, I went yesterday to see the pieces, which had been so warmly commended—I must own I am no judge of painting, though very fond of pictures. I don't imagine that my senses would play me so false, as to betray me into admiration of any thing that was very bad; but, true it is, I have often over-looked capital beauties, in pieces of extraordinary merit.—If I am not totally devoid of taste, however, this young gentleman of Bath is the best landscape painter now living: I was struck with

his performances in such a manner, as I had never been by painting before. His trees not only have a richness of foliage and warmth of colouring, which delights the view; but also a certain magnificence in the disposition, and spirit in the expression, which I cannot describe. His management of the *chiaro oscuro*, or light and shadow, especially gleams of sun-shine, is altogether wonderful, both in the contrivance and execution; and he is so happy in his perspective, and marking his distances at sea, by a progressive series of ships, vessels, capes, and promontories, that I could not help thinking, I had a distant view of thirty leagues upon the back-ground of the picture. If there is any taste for ingenuity left in a degenerate age, fast sinking into barbarism, this artist, I apprehend, will make a capital figure, as soon as his works are known—

Two days ago, I was favoured with a visit by Mr. Fitz-owen; who, with great formality, solicited my vote and interest at the general election. I ought not to have been shocked at the confidence of this man; though it was remarkable, considering what had passed between him and me on a former occasion—These visits are mere matter of form, which a candidate makes to every elector; even to those who, he knows, are engaged in the interest of his competitor, lest he should expose himself to the imputation of pride, at a time when it is expected he should appear humble. Indeed, I know nothing so abject as the behaviour of a man canvassing for a seat in parliament—This mean prostration, (to borough-electors especially), has, I imagine, contributed in a great measure to raise that spirit of insolence among the vulgar; which, like the devil, will be found very difficult to lay. Be that as it may, I was in some confusion at the effron-

tery of Fitz-owen; but I soon recollected myself, and told him, I had not yet determined for whom I should give my vote, nor whether I should give it for any.—The truth is, I look upon both candidates in the same light; and should think myself a traitor to the constitution of my country, if I voted for either. If every elector would bring the same consideration home to his conscience, we should not have such reason to exclaim against the venality of p——ts. But we are all a pack of venal and corrupted rascals; so lost to all sense of honesty, and all tenderness of character, that, in a little time, I am fully persuaded, nothing will be infamous but virtue and public-spirit.

G. H——, who is really an enthusiast in patriotism, and represented the capital in several successive parliaments, declared to me t'other day, with the tears in his eyes, that he had lived above thirty years in the city of London, and dealt in the way of commerce with all the citizens of note in their turns; but that, as he should answer to God, he had never, in the whole course of his life, found above three or four whom he could call thoroughly honest: a declaration, which was rather mortifying than surprising to me; who have found so few men of worth in the course of my acquaintance, that they serve only as exceptions; which, in the grammarian's phrase, confirm and prove a general canon—I know you will say, G. H—— saw imperfectly through the mist of prejudice, and I am rankled by the spleen—Perhaps, you are partly in the right; for I have perceived that my opinion of mankind, like mercury in the thermometer, rises and falls according to the variations of the weather.

Pray settle accompts with Barns; take what money of mine is in his hands, and give him acquittance. If you

think Davis has ſtock or credit enough to do juſtice to the farm, give him a diſcharge for the rent that is due; this will animate his induſtry; for I know that nothing is ſo diſcouraging to a farmer, as the thoughts of being in arrears with his landlord. He becomes diſpirited, and neglects his labour; and ſo the farm goes to wreck. Tabby has been clamouring for ſome days about the lamb's ſkin, which Williams, the hind, begged of me, when he was laſt at Bath. Pr'ythee take it back, paying the fellow the full value of it, that I may have ſome peace in my own houſe; and let him keep his own counſel, if he means to keep his place—O! I ſhall never preſume to deſpiſe or cenſure any poor man, for ſuffering himſelf to be hen-pecked; conſcious how I myſelf am obliged to truckle to a domeſtic dæmon; even though (bleſſed be God) ſhe is not yoked with me for life, in the matrimonial waggon—She has quarrelled with the ſervants of the houſe about vails; and ſuch intolerable ſcolding enſued on both ſides, that I have been fain to appeaſe the cook and chamber-maid by ſtealth. Can't you find ſome poor gentleman of Wales, to take this precious commodity off the hands of

yours,

Bath, May 19. M. BRAMBLE.

To Dr. LEWIS.

DOCTER LEWS,

GIVE me leaf to tell you, methinks you mought employ your talons better, than to encourage ſervants to pillage their maſters—I find by Gwyllim, that Villiams has got my ſkin; for which he is an impotent

rascal. He has not only got my skin, but, moreover, my butter-milk to fatten his pigs; and, I suppose, the next thing he gets, will be my pad to carry his daughter to church and fair: Roger gets this, and Roger gets that; but I'd have you to know, I won't be rogered at this rate by any ragmatical fellow in the kingdom—And I am surprised, doctor Lews, you would offer to put my affairs in composition with the refuge and skim of the hearth. I have toiled and moyled to a good purpuss, for the advantage of Matt's family, if I can't safe as much owl as will make me an under petticoat. As for the butter-milk, ne'er a pig in the parish shall thurst his snout in it, with my good-will. There's a famous physician at the Hot Well, that prescribes it to his patience, when the case is consumptive; and the Scots and Irish have begun to drink it already, in such quantities, that there is not a drop left for the hogs in the whole neighbourhood of Bristol. I'll have our butter-milk barrelled up, and sent twice a-week to Aberginny, where it may be sold for a halfpenny the quart; and so Roger may carry his pigs to another market—I hope, Docter, you will not go to put any more such phims in my brother's head, to the prejudice of my pockat; but rather give me some raisins (which hitherto you have not done) to subscribe myself

Your humble servant,

Bath, May 19. TAB. BRAMBLE.

To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, *of Jesus college, Oxon.*

DEAR PHILLIPS,

WITHOUT waiting for your answer to my laſt, I proceed to give you an account of our journey to London, which has not been wholly barren of adventure. Tuesday laſt, the 'squire took his place in a hired coach and four, accompanied by his ſiſter and mine, and Mrs. Tabby's maid, Winifrid Jenkins, whose province it was to support Chowder on a cushion in her lap. I could scarce refrain from laughing, when I looked into the vehicle, and saw that animal sitting opposite to my uncle, like any other passenger. The 'squire, ashamed of his situation, blushed to the eyes: and, calling to the poſtilions to drive on, pulled the glass up in my face. I, and his servant John Thomas, attended them on horseback.

Nothing worth mentioning occurred, till we arrived on the edge of Marlborough Downs. There one of the fore horses fell, in going down hill at a round trot; and the poſtilion behind, endeavouring to ſtop the carriage, pulled it on one side into a deep rut, where it was fairly overturned. I had rode on about two hundred yards before; but, hearing a loud scream, galloped back and dismounted, to give what aſſiſtance was in my power. When I looked into the coach, I could see nothing diſtinctly, but the nether end of Jenkins, who was kicking her heels and squalling with great vociferation. All of a sudden my uncle thurſt up his bare pate, and bolted through the window, as nimbly as a grasshopper, having made use of poor Win's poſteriors as a ſtep to rise in his ascent—The man (who had likewise quitted his

horse) dragged this forlorn damsel, more dead than alive, through the same opening. Then Mr. Bramble, pulling the door off its hinges with a jerk, laid hold on Liddy's arm, and brought her to the light; very much frighted, but little hurt. It fell to my share to deliver our aunt Tabitha, who had loſt her cap in the ſtruggle; and being rather more than half frantic, with rage and terror, was no bad repreſentation of one of the ſiſter Furies that guard the gates of hell—She expreſſed no ſort of concern for her brother, who ran about in the cold, without his periwig, and worked with the moſt aſtoniſhing agility, in helping to diſentangle the horſes from the carriage: but ſhe cried in a tone of diſtraction, "Chowder! Chowder! my dear Chowder! my poor Chowder is certainly killed!"

This was not the caſe—Chowder, after having tore my uncle's leg in the confuſion of the fall, had retreated under the ſeat, and from thence the footman drew him by the neck; for which good office, he bit his fingers to the bone. The fellow, who is naturally ſurly, was ſo provoked at this aſſault, that he ſaluted his ribs with a hearty kick, exclaiming, "Damn the naſty ſon of a bitch, and them he belongs to!" A benediction, which was by no means loſt upon the implacable virago his miſtreſs—Her brother, however, prevailed upon her to retire into a peaſant's houſe, near the ſcene of action, where his head and hers were covered, and poor Jenkins had a fit—Our next care was to apply ſome ſticking plaſter to the wound in his leg, which exhibited the impreſſion of Chowder's teeth; but he never opened his lips againſt the delinquent—Mrs. Tabby, alarmed at this ſcene, "You ſay nothing, Matt (cried ſhe); but I know your

mind—I know the spite you have to that poor unfortunate animal! I know you intend to take his life away!" "You are mistaken, upon my honour! (replied the 'squire, with a sarcastic smile), I should be incapable of harbouring any such cruel design against an object so amiable and inoffensive; even if he had not the happiness to be your favourite."

John Thomas was not so delicate. The fellow, whether really alarmed for his life, or instigated by the desire of revenge, came in, and bluntly demanded, that the dog should be put to death; on the supposition, that if ever he should run mad hereafter, he, who had been bit by him, would be infected—My uncle calmly argued upon the absurdity of his opinion, observing, that he himself was in the same predicament, and would certainly take the precaution he proposed, if he was not sure he ran no risk of infection. Nevertheless, Thomas continued obstinate; and, at length declared, that if the dog was not shot immediately, he himself would be his executioner—This declaration opened the flood-gates of Tabby's eloquence, which would have shamed the first-rate oratress of Billingsgate. The footman retorted in the same stile; and the 'squire dismissed him from his service, after having prevented me from giving him a good horse-whipping for his insolence.

The coach being adjusted, another difficulty occurred —Mrs. Tabitha absolutely refused to enter it again, unless another driver could be found to take the place of the postilion; who, she affirmed, had overturned the carriage from malice aforethought—After much dispute, the man resigned his place to a shabby country fellow, who undertook to go as far as Marlborough, where they could be better provided; and at that place we arrived

about one o'clock, without farther impediment. Mrs. Bramble, however, found new matter of offence; which, indeed, she had a particular genius for extracting at will from almoſt every incident in life. We had scarce entered the room at Marlborough, where we ſtayed to dine, when she exhibited a formal complaint againſt the poor fellow who had superseded the poſtilion. She said, he was such a beggarly rascal, that he had ne'er a shirt to his back; and had the impudence to shock her sight by shewing his bare poſteriors, for which act of indelicacy he deserved to be set in the ſtocks. Mrs. Winifred Jenkins confirmed the assertion, with reſpect to his nakedness, observing, at the same time, that he had a skin as fair as alabaſter.

"This is a heinous offence, indeed, (cried my uncle); let us hear what the fellow has to say in his own vindication." He was accordingly summoned, and made his appearance, which was equally queer and pathetic. He seemed to be about twenty years of age, of a middling size, with bandy legs, ſtooping shoulders, high forehead, sandy locks, pinking eyes, flat nose, and long chin—but his complexion was of a sickly yellow: his looks denoted famine; and the rags that he wore, could hardly conceal what decency requires to be covered—My uncle, having surveyed him attentively, said with an ironical expression in his countenance, "An't you ashamed, fellow, to ride poſtilion without a shirt to cover your backside from the view of the ladies in the coach?" "Yes, I am, an please your noble honour, (answered the man); but necessity has no law, as the saying is—And more than that, it was an accident—My breeches cracked behind, after I had got into the saddle—" "You're an impudent varlet, (cried Mrs. Tabby), for presuming to ride

before persons of fashion without a shirt—" "I am so, an please your worthy ladyship, (said he); but I'm a poor Wiltshire lad.—I ha'n't a shirt in the world, that I can call my own, nor a rag of clothes, an please your ladyship, but what you see—I have no friend, nor relation upon earth to help me out—I have had the fever and ague these six months, and spent all I had in the world upon doctors, and to keep soul and body together; and, saving your ladyship's good presence, I han't broke bread these four and twenty hours—"

Mrs. Bramble, turning from him, said, she had never seen such a filthy tatterdemalion, and bid him begone; observing, that he would fill the room full of vermin—Her brother darted a significant glance at her, as she retired with Liddy into another apartment; and then asked the man if he was known to any person in Marlborough? —When he answered, that the landlord of the inn had known him from his infancy; mine host was immediately called, and being interrogated on the subject, declared that the young fellow's name was Humphry Clinker. That he had been a love-begotten babe, brought up in the work-house, and put out apprentice by the parish to a country black-smith, who died before the boy's time was out: that he had for some time worked under his ostler, as a helper and extra postilion, till he was taken ill of the ague, which disabled him from getting his bread: that, having sold or pawned every thing he had in the world for his cure and subsistence, he became so miserable and shabby, that he disgraced the stable, and was dismissed; but that he never heard any thing to the prejudice of his character in other respects. "So that the fellow being sick and destitute, (said my uncle), you turned him out to die in the streets." "I pay the

poors' rate, (replied the other), and I have no right to maintain idle vagrants, either in sickness or health; besides, such a miserable object would have brought a discredit upon my house—"

"You perceive, (said the 'squire, turning to me), our landlord is a Christian of bowels—Who shall presume to censure the morals of the age, when the very publicans exhibit such examples of humanity?—Heark ye, Clinker, you are a most notorious offender—You stand convicted of sickness, hunger, wretchedness, and want—But, as it does not belong to me to punish criminals, I will only take upon me the task of giving you a word of advice—Get a shirt with all convenient despatch, that your nakedness may not henceforward give offence to travelling gentlewomen, especially maidens in years—"

So saying, he put a guinea into the hand of the poor fellow, who stood staring at him in silence, with his mouth wide open, till the landlord pushed him out of the room.

In the afternoon, as our aunt stept into the coach, she observed, with some marks of satisfaction, that the postilion, who rode next to her, was not a shabby wretch like the ragamuffin who had drove them into Marlborough. Indeed, the difference was very conspicuous: this was a smart fellow, with a narrow-brimmed hat, with gold cording, a cut bob, a decent blue jacket, leather breeches, and a clean linen shirt, puffed above the waist-band. When we arrived as the castle on Spin-hill, where we lay, this new postilion was remarkably assiduous, in bringing in the loose parcels; and, at length, displayed the individual countenance of Humphry Clinker, who had metamorphosed himself in this manner, by relieving from pawn part of his own clothes, with the money he had received from Mr. Bramble.

Howsoever pleased the reſt of the company were with such a favourable change in the appearance of this poor creature, it soured on the ſtomach of Mrs. Tabby, who had not yet digeſted the affront of his naked skin—She tossed her nose in disdain, saying she supposed her brother had taken him into favour because he had insulted her with his obscenity: that a fool and his money were soon parted; but that if Matt intended to take the fellow with him to London, she would not go a foot further that way—My uncle said nothing with his tongue, though his looks were sufficiently expressive; and next morning Clinker did not appear, so that we proceeded without further altercation to Salt-hill, where we proposed to dine—There, the firſt person that came to the side of the coach, and began to adjuſt the foot-board, was no other than Humphry Clinker—When I handed out Mrs. Bramble, she eyed him with a furious look, and passed into the house—My uncle was embarrassed, and asked him peevishly, what had brought him hither? The fellow said, his honour had been so good to him, that he had not the heart to part with him; that he would follow him to the world's end, and serve him all the days of his life, without fee or reward—

Mr. Bramble did not know whether to chide or laugh at this declaration—He foresaw much contradiction on the side of Tabby; and, on the other hand, he could not but be pleased with the gratitude of Clinker, as well as with the simplicity of his character—"Suppose I was inclined to take you into my service, (said he), what are your qualifications? what are you good for?" "An please your honour, (answered this original), I can read and write, and do the business of the ſtable indifferent well—I can dress a horse, and shoe him, and bleed and rowel

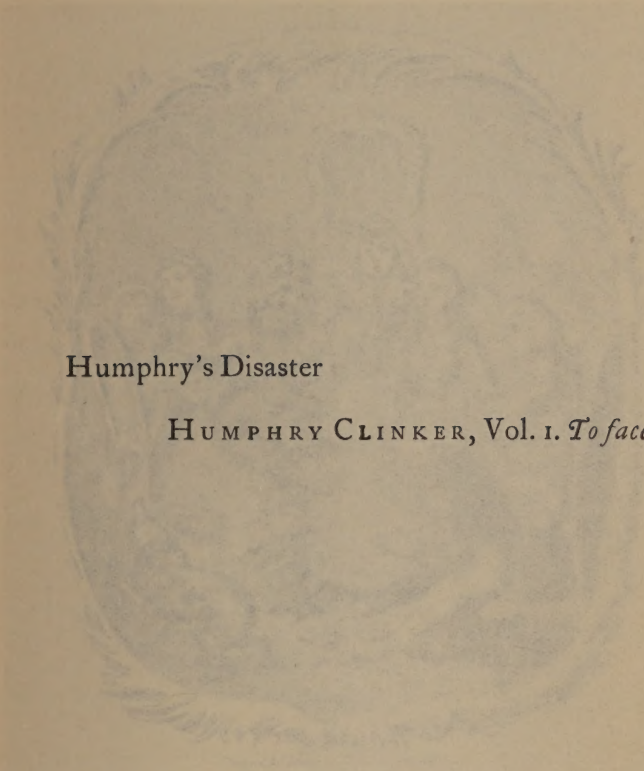
him; and, as for the practice of sow gelding, I won't turn my back on e'er a he in the county of Wilts—Then I can make hog's-puddings and hob-nails, mend kettles, and tin saucepans—" Here uncle burst out a-laughing; and inquired, what other accomplishments he was master of —"I know something of single-stick, and psalmody, (proceeded Clinker), I can play upon the Jew's-harp, sing Black-ey'd Susan, Arthur o'Bradley, and divers other songs; I can dance a Welsh jig, and Nancy Dawson; wrestle a fall with any lad of my inches, when I'm in heart; and, under correction, I can find a hare when your honour wants a bit of game." "Foregad! thou art a complete fellow, (cried my uncle, still laughing), I have a good mind to take thee into my family—Pr'ythee, go and try if thou can'st make peace with my sister—Thou ha'st given her much offence by shewing her thy naked tail."

Clinker accordingly followed us into the room, cap in hand, where, addressing himself to Mrs. Tabitha, "May it please your ladyship's worship (cried he) to pardon and forgive my offences, and, with God's assistance, I shall take care that my tail shall never rise up in judgment against me, to offend your ladyship again—Do, pray, good, sweet, beautiful lady, take compassion on a poor sinner—God bless your noble countenance; I am sure you are too handsome and generous to bear malice—I will serve you on my bended knees, by night and by day, by land and by water; and all for the love and pleasure of serving such an excellent lady—"

This compliment and humiliation had some effect upon Tabby; but she made no reply; and Clinker, taking silence for consent, gave his attendance at dinner. The fellow's natural aukwardness and the flutter of his spirits were productive of repeated blunders in the

course of his attendance—At length, he spilt part of a cuſtard upon her right ſhoulder; and ſtarting back, trod upon Chowder, who ſet up a diſmal howl—Poor Humphry was ſo diſconcerted at this double miſtake, that he dropt the china diſh, which broke into a thouſand pieces; then, falling down upon his knees, remained in that poſture gaping, with a moſt ludicrous aſpect of diſtreſs —Mrs. Bramble flew to the dog, and, ſnatching him in her arms, preſented him to her brother, ſaying, "This is all a concerted ſcheme againſt this unfortunate animal, whoſe only crime is its regard for me—Here it is: kill it at once; and then you'll be ſatisfied."

Clinker, hearing theſe words, and taking them in the literal acceptation, got up in ſome hurry, and, ſeizing a knife from the ſide-board, cried, "Not here, an pleaſe your ladyſhip—It will daub the room—Give him to me, and I'll carry him in the ditch by the roadſide—" To this propoſal he received no other anſwer, than a hearty box on the ear, that made him ſtagger to the other ſide of the room. "What! (ſaid ſhe to her brother) am I to be affronted by every mangy hound that you pick up in the highway! I inſiſt upon your ſending this raſcallion about his buſineſs immediately—" "For God's ſake, ſiſter, compoſe yourſelf, (ſaid my uncle), and conſider, that the poor fellow is innocent of any intention to give you offence—" "Innocent as the babe unborn" —(cried Humphrey.) "I ſee it plainly, (exclaimed this implacable maiden), he acts by your direction; and you are reſolved to ſupport him in his impudence—This is a bad return for all the ſervices I have done you; for nurſing you in your ſickneſs, managing your family, and keeping you from ruining yourſelf by your own imprudence—But now you ſhall part with that raſcal or me,



Humphry's Disaster

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Designed & Etched by Geo.e Cruikshank

upon the spot, without farther loss of time; and the world shall see whether you have more regard for your own flesh and blood, or for a beggarly foundling, taken from the dunghill—"

Mr. Bramble's eyes began to gliſten and his teeth to chatter. "If ſtated fairly, (ſaid he, raiſing his voice), the queſtion is, whether I have ſpirit to ſhake off an intolerable yoke, by one effort of reſolution, or meanneſs enough to do an act of cruelty and injuſtice, to gratify the rancour of a capricious woman—Heark ye, Mrs. Tabitha Bramble, I will now propoſe an alternative in my turn—Either diſcard your four-footed favourite, or give me leave to bid you eternally adieu—For I am determined, that he and I ſhall live no longer under the ſame roof; and now *to dinner with what appetite you may*—" Thunderſtruck at this declaration, ſhe ſat down in a corner; and, after a pauſe of ſome minutes, "Sure I don't underſtand you, Matt!" (ſaid ſhe.) "And yet I ſpoke in plain English—" anſwered the 'ſquire, with a peremptory look. "Sir, (reſumed this virago, effectually humbled) it is your prerogative to command, and my duty to obey. I can't diſpoſe of the dog in this place; but if you'll allow him to go in the coach to London, I give you my word, he ſhall never trouble you again—"

Her brother, entirely diſarmed by this mild reply, declared, ſhe could aſk him nothing in reaſon that he would refuſe; adding, "I hope, ſiſter, you have never found me deficient in natural affection." Mrs. Tabitha immediately roſe, and, throwing her arms about his neck, kiſſed him on the cheek: he returned her embrace with great emotion. Liddy ſobbed, Win Jenkins cackled, Chowder capered, and Clinker ſkipped about, rubbing his hands for joy of this reconciliation.

Concord being thus restored, we finished our meal with comfort; and in the evening arrived at London, without having met with any other adventure. My aunt seems to be much mended by the hint she received from her brother. She has been graciously pleased to remove her displeasure from Clinker, who is now retained as footman; and in a day or two will make his appearance in a new suit of livery: but as he is little acquainted with London, we have taken an occasional valet, whom I intend hereafter to hire as my own servant. We lodge in Golden-square, at the house of one Mrs. Norton, a decent sort of a woman, who takes great pains to make us all easy. My uncle proposes to make a circuit of all the remarkable scenes of this metropolis, for the entertainment of his pupils; but as both you and I are already acquainted with most of those he will visit, and with some others he little dreams of, I shall only communicate what will be in some measure new to your observation. Remember me to our Jesuitical friends, and believe me ever,

Dear knight,

Yours affectionately,

London, May 24. J. MELFORD.

To Dr. LEWIS.

DEAR DOCTOR,

LONDON is literally new to me; new in its streets, houses, and even in its situation: as the Irishman said, "London is now gone out of town." What I left open fields, producing hay and corn, I now find covered with streets, and squares, and palaces, and churches. I

am credibly informed, that in the space of seven years, eleven thousand new houses have been built in one quarter of Weſtminſter, exclusive of what is daily added to other parts of this unweildy metropolis. Pimlico and Knightsbridge are now almoſt joined to Chelsea and Kensington; and if this infatuation continues for half a century, I suppose the whole county of Middlesex will be covered with brick.

It muſt be allowed, indeed, for the credit of the present age, that London and Weſtminſter are much better paved and lighted than they were formerly. The new ſtreets are spacious, regular, and airy; and the houses generally convenient. The Bridge at Blackfriars is a noble monument of taſte and public-spirit—I wonder how they ſtumbled upon a work of such magnificence and utility. But, notwithſtanding these improvements, the capital is become an overgrown monſter; which, like a dropsical head, will in time leave the body and extremities without nourishment and support. The absurdity will appear in its full force, when we consider, that one sixth part of the natives of this whole extensive kingdom, is crowded within the bills of mortality. What wonder that our villages are depopulated, and our farms in want of day-labourers? The abolition of small farms, is but one cause of the decrease of population. Indeed, the incredible increase of horses and black cattle, to answer the purposes of luxury, requires a prodigious quantity of hay and grass, which are raised and managed without much labour; but a number of hands will always be wanted for the different branches of agriculture, whether the farms be large or small. The tide of luxury has swept all the inhabitants from the open country—The pooreſt 'squire, as well as the richeſt peer, muſt

have his house in town, and make a figure with an extraordinary number of domeſtics. The plough-boys, cow-herds, and lower hinds, are debauched and seduced by the appearance and discourse of those coxcombs in livery, when they make their summer excursions. They desert their dirt and drudgery, and swarm up to London, in hopes of getting into service, where they can live luxuriously and wear fine clothes, without being obliged to work; for idleness is natural to man—Great numbers of these, being disappointed in their expectation, become thieves and sharpers; and London being an immense wilderness, in which there is neither watch nor ward of any signification, nor any order or police,affords them lurking-places as well as prey.

There are many causes that contribute to the daily increase of this enormous mass; but they may be all resolved into the grand source of luxury and corruption—About five and twenty years ago, very few, even of the moſt opulent citizens of London, kept any equipage, or even any servants in livery. Their tables produced nothing but plain boiled and roaſted, with a bottle of port and a tankard of beer. At present, every trader in any degree of credit, every broker and attorney, maintains a couple of footmen, a coachman,and poſtilion. He has his town-house, and his country-house, his coach, and his poſtchaise. His wife and daughters appear in the richeſt ſtuffs, bespangled with diamonds. They frequent the court, the opera, the theatre, and the masquerade. They hold assemblies at their own houses: they make sumptuous entertainments, and treat with the richeſt wines of Bourdeaux, Burgundy, and Champagne. The substantial tradesman, who wont to pass his evenings at the alehouse for fourpence half-penny, now spends three shil-

lings at the tavern, while his wife keeps card-tables at home: she muſt likewise have fine clothes, her chaise, or pad, with country lodgings, and go three times a week to public diverſions. Every clerk, apprentice, and even waiter of tavern or coffee-houſe, maintains a gelding by himſelf, or in partnerſhip, and aſſumes the air and apparel of a petit maître—The gayeſt places of public entertainment are filled with faſhionable figures; which, upon inquiry, will be found to be journeymen taylors, ſerving-men, and abigails, diſguiſed like their betters.

In ſhort, there is no diſtinction or ſubordination left—The different departments of life are jumbled together—The hod-carrier, the low mechanic, the tapſter, the publican, the ſhop-keeper, the pettifogger, the citizen, and courtier, *all tread upon the kibes of one another:* actuated by the demons of profligacy and licentiouſneſs, they are ſeen every where, rambling, riding, rolling, ruſhing, juſtling, mixing, bouncing, cracking, and craſhing in one vile ferment of ſtupidity and corruption—All is tumult and hurry: one would imagine they were impelled by ſome diſorder of the brain, that will not ſuffer them to be at reſt. The foot-paſſengers run along as if they were purſued by bailiffs. The porters and chairmen trot with their burthens. People, who keep their own equipages, drive through the ſtreets at full ſpeed. Even citizens, phyſicians, and apothecaries glide in their chariots like lightning. The hackney-coachmen make their horſes ſmoke, and the pavement ſhakes under them; and I have actually ſeen a waggon paſs through Piccadilly at the hand-gallop. In a word, the whole nation ſeems to be running out of their wits.

The diverſions of the times are not ill ſuited to the genius of this incongruous monſter, called the *public.*

Give it noise, confusion, glare, and glitter, it has no idea of elegance and propriety—What are the amusements at Ranelagh? One half of the company are following one another's tails, in an eternal circle; like so many blind asses in an olive-mill, where they can neither discourse, diſtinguish, nor be diſtinguished; while the other half are drinking hot water, under the denomination of tea, till nine or ten o'clock at night, to keep them awake for the reſt of the evening. As for the orcheſtra, the vocal musick especially, it is well for the performers that they cannot he heard diſtinctly. Vauxhall is a composition of baubles, overcharged with paltry ornaments, ill conceived, and poorly executed;without any unity of design, or propriety of disposition.It is an unnatural assembly of objects, fantaſtically illuminated in broken masses; seemingly contrived to dazzle the eyes and divert the imagination of the vulgar—Here a wooden lion, there a ſtone ſtatue; in one place, a range of things like coffee-house boxes, covered a-top; in another, a parcel of ale-house benches; in a third, a puppet-shew representation of a tin cascade; in a fourth, a gloomy cave of a circular form, like a sepulchral vault half lighted; in a fifth, a scanty slip of grass-plat, that would not afford paſture sufficient for an ass's colt.The walks, which nature seems to have intended for solitude, shade, and silence, are filled with crowds of noisy people, sucking up the nocturnal rheums of an aguish climate; and through these gay scenes, a few lamps glimmer like so many farthing candles.

When I see a number of well-dressed people, of both sexes, sitting on the covered benches, exposed to the eyes of the mob; and, which is worse, to the cold, raw, night-air, devouring sliced beef, and swilling port, and

punch, and cyder, I can't help compassionating their temerity, while I despise their want of taſte and decorum; but, when they course along those damp and gloomy walks, or crowd together upon the wet gravel, without any other cover than the cope of Heaven, liſtening to a song, which one half of them cannot possibly hear, how can I help supposing they are actually possessed by a spirit, more absurd and pernicious than any thing we meet with in the precincts of Bedlam? In all probability, the proprietors of this, and other public gardens of inferior note, in the skirts of the metropolis, are, in some shape, connected with the faculty of physic, and the company of undertakers; for, considering that eagerness in the pursuit of what is called pleasure, which now predominates through every rank and denomination of life, I am persuaded, that more gouts, rheumatisms, catarrhs, and consumptions, are caught in these nocturnal paſtimes, *sub dio*, than from all the risques and accidents to which a life of toil and danger is exposed.

These, and other observations, which I have made in this excursion, will shorten my ſtay in London, and send me back with a double relish to my solitude and mountains; but I shall return by a different route from that which brought me to town. I have seen some old friends, who conſtantly resided in this virtuous metropolis, but they are so changed in manners and disposition, that we hardly know or care for one another—In our journey from Bath, my ſiſter Tabby provoked me into a transport of passion; during which, like a man who has drank himself pot-valiant, I talked to her in such a ſtile of authority and resolution, as produced a moſt blessed effect. She and her dog have been remarkably quiet and orderly, ever since this expoſtulation. How long this

agreeable calm will last, Heaven above knows—I flatter myself, the exercise of travelling has been of service to my health; a circumstance, which encourages me to proceed in my projected expedition to the North. But I must, in the mean time, for the benefit and amusement of my pupils, explore the depths of this chaos; this mishapen and monstrous capital, without head or tail, members or proportion.

Thomas was so insolent to my sister on the road, that I was obliged to turn him off abruptly, betwixt Chippenham and Marlborough, where our coach was overturned. The fellow was always sullen and selfish; but, if he should return to the country, you may give him a character for honesty and sobriety; and, provided he behaves with proper respect to the family, let him have a couple of guineas in the name of

Yours always,

London, May 29. MATT. BRAMBLE.

To Miss LÆTITIA WILLIS, *at Gloucester.*

MY DEAR LETTY,

INEXPRESSIBLE was the pleasure I received from yours of the 25th, which was last night put into my hands by Mrs. Brentwood, the milliner, from Gloucester—I rejoice to hear that my worthy governess is in good health, and still more, that she no longer retains any displeasure towards her poor Liddy. I am sorry you have lost the society of the agreeable miss Vaughan; but, I hope, you won't have cause much longer to regret the departure of your school companions, as I make no doubt but your parents will, in a little time, bring you

into the world, where you are so well qualified to make a diſtinguiſhed figure. When that is the caſe, I flatter myſelf you and I ſhall meet again, and be happy together; and even improve the friendſhip which we contracted in our tender years—This at leaſt I can promiſe—It ſhall not be for the want of my utmoſt endeavours, if our intimacy does not continue for life.

About five days ago we arrived in London, after an eaſy journey from Bath; during which, however, we were overturned, and met with ſome other little incidents, which had like to have occaſioned a miſunderſtanding betwixt my uncle and aunt; but now, thank God, they are happily reconciled: we live in harmony together, and every day make parties to ſee the wonders of this vaſt metropolis, which, however, I cannot pretend to deſcribe; for I have not as yet ſeen one hundredth part of its curioſities, and I am quite in a maze of admiration.

The cities of London and Weſtminſter are ſpread out into an incredible extent. The ſtreets, ſquares, rows, lanes, and alleys, are innumerable. Palaces, public buildings, and churches, riſe in every quarter; and, among theſe laſt, St. Paul's appears with the moſt aſtoniſhing pre-eminence. They ſay it is not ſo large as St. Peter's at Rome; but, for my own part, I can have no idea of any earthly temple more grand and magnificent.

But even theſe ſuperb objects are not ſo ſtriking as the crowds of people that ſwarm in the ſtreets. I at firſt imagined, that ſome great aſſembly was juſt diſmiſſed, and wanted to ſtand aſide till the multitude ſhould paſs; but this human tide continues to flow, without interruption or abatement, from morn till night. Then there is ſuch an infinity of gay equipages, coaches, chariots,

chaises, and other carriages, continually rolling and shifting before your eyes, that one's head grows giddy looking at them; and the imagination is quite confounded with splendour and variety. Nor is the prospect by water less grand and aſtonishing than that by land: you see three ſtupendous bridges, joining the opposite bank of a broad, deep, and rapid river; ſo vaſt, ſo ſtately, ſo elegant, that they seem to be the work of the giants: betwixt them, the whole surface of the Thames is covered with small vessels, barges, boats, and wherries, passing to and fro: and below the three bridges, such a prodigious foreſt of maſts, for miles together, that you would think all the ships in the universe were here assembled. All that you read of wealth and grandeur, in the Arabian Night's Entertainment, and the Persian Tales, concerning Bagdad, Diarbekir, Damascus, Ispahan, and Samarkand, is here realized.

Ranelagh looks like the inchanted palace of a genie, adorned with the moſt exquisite performance of painting, carving, and gilding, enlightened with a thousand golden lamps, that emulate the noon-day sun; crowded with the great, the rich, the gay, the happy, and the fair; glittering with cloth of gold and silver, lace, embroidery, and precious ſtones. While these exulting sons and daughters of felicity tread this round of pleasure, or regale in different parties, and separate lodges, with fine imperial tea and other delicious refreshments, their ears are entertained with the moſt ravishing delights of musick, both inſtrumental and vocal. There I heard the famous Tenducci, a thing from Italy—It looks for all the world like a man, though they say it is not. The voice, to be sure, is neither man's nor woman's; but it is more melodious than either; and it warbled so divinely,

that, while I listened, I really thought myself in paradise.

At nine o'clock, in a charming moonlight evening, we embarked at Ranelagh for Vauxhall, in a wherry, so light and slender, that we looked like so many fairies sailing in a nut-shell. My uncle, being apprehensive of catching cold upon the water, went round in the coach, and my aunt would have accompanied him, but he would not suffer me to go by water if she went by land; and therefore she favoured us with her company, as she perceived I had a curiosity to make this agreeable voyage —After all, the vessel was sufficiently loaded; for, besides the waterman, there was my brother Jery, and a friend of his, one Mr. Barton, a country gentleman, of a good fortune, who had dined at our house—The pleasure of this little excursion was, however, damped, by my being sadly frighted at our landing; where there was a terrible confusion of wherries, and a crowd of people bawling, and swearing, and quarrelling: nay, a parcel of ugly-looking fellows came running into the water, and laid hold on our boat with great violence, to pull it a-shore; nor would they quit their hold till my brother struck one of them over the head with his cane. But this flutter was fully recompensed by the pleasures of Vauxhall; which I no sooner entered, than I was dazzled and confounded with the variety of beauties that rushed all at once upon my eye. Image to yourself, my dear Letty, a spacious garden, part laid out in delightful walks, bounded with high hedges and trees, and paved with gravel; part exhibiting a wonderful assemblage of the most picturesque and striking objects, pavilions, lodges, groves, grottoes, lawns, temples, and cascades; porticoes, colonades, and rotundos; adorned with pillars, statues and painting: the whole illuminated with an in-

finite number of lamps, disposed in different figures of suns, ſtars, and conſtellations; the place crowded with the gayeſt company, ranging through those blissful shades, or supping in different lodges on cold collations, enlivened with mirth, freedom, and good-humour, and animated by an excellent band of musick. Among the vocal performers I had the happiness to hear the celebrated Mrs. ——, whose voice was so loud and so shrill, that it made my head ake through excess of pleasure.

In about half an hour after we arrived we were joined by my uncle, who did not seem to relish the place. People of experience and infirmity, my dear Letty, see with very different eyes, from those that such as you and I make use of—Our evening's entertainment was interrupted by an unlucky accident. In one of the remoteſt walks we were surprised with a sudden shower, that set the whole company a-running, and drove us in heaps, one upon another, into the rotunda; where my uncle, finding himself wet, began to be very peevish and urgent to be gone. My brother went to look for the coach, and found it with much difficulty; but as it could not hold us all, Mr. Barton ſtayed behind. It was some time before the carriage could be brought up to the gate, in the confusion, notwithſtanding the utmoſt endeavours of our new footman, Humphry Clinker, who lost his scratch periwig, and got a broken head in the scuffle. The moment we were seated, my aunt pulled off my uncle's shoes, and carefully wrapped his poor feet in her capuchin; then she gave him a mouth-full of cordial, which she always keeps in her pocket, and his clothes were shifted as soon as we arrived at our lodgings; so that, blessed be God, he escaped a severe cold, of which he was in great terror.

As for Mr. Barton, I muſt tell you in confidence, he

was a little particular; but, perhaps, I mistake his complaisance; and I wish I may, for his sake—You know the condition of my poor heart; which, in spite of hard usage—And yet I ought not to complain: nor will I, till farther information.

Besides Ranelagh and Vauxhall, I have been at Mrs. Cornelys' assembly, which, for the rooms, the company, the dresses, and decorations, surpasses all description; but as I have no great turn for card-playing, I have not yet entered thoroughly into the spirit of the place: indeed I am still such a country hoyden, that I could hardly find patience to be put in a condition to appear, yet I was not above six hours under the hands of the hairdresser, who stuffed my head with as much black wool as would have made a quilted petticoat; and, after all, it was the smallest head in the assembly, except my aunt's —She, to be sure, was so particular with her rumpt gown and petticoat, her scanty curls, her lappet-head, deep triple ruffles, and high stays, that every body looked at her with surprise: some whispered, and some tittered; and lady Griskin, by whom we were introduced, flatly told her, she was twenty good years behind the fashion.

Lady Griskin is a person of fashion, to whom we have the honour to be related. She keeps a small rout at her own house, never exceeding ten or a dozen card-tables; but these are frequented by the best company in town—She has been so obliging as to introduce my aunt and me to some of her particular friends of quality, who treat us with the most familiar good-humour: we have once dined with her, and she takes the trouble to direct us in all our motions. I am so happy as to have gained her good-will to such a degree, that she sometimes adjusts my cap with her own hands; and she has given me a kind invita-

tion to ſtay with her all the winter. This, however, has been cruelly declined by my uncle, who ſeems to be, (I know not how), prejudiced againſt the good lady; for, whenever my aunt happens to ſpeak in her commendation, I obſerve that he makes wry faces, though he ſays nothing.—Perhaps, indeed, these grimaces may be the effect of pain arising from the gout and rheumatism, with which he is ſadly diſtreſſed—To me, however, he is always good-natured and generous, even beyond my wish. Since we came hither, he has made me a present of a ſuit of clothes, with trimmings and laces, which coſt more money than I ſhall mention; and Jery, at his desire, has given me my mother's diamond drops, which are ordered to be ſet a-new; ſo that it won't be his fault if I do not glitter among the ſtars of the fourth or fifth magnitude. I wish my weak head may not grow giddy in the midſt of all this gallantry and diſſipation; though, as yet, I can ſafely declare, I could gladly give up all these tumultuous pleaſures, for country ſolitude, and a happy retreat with those we love; among whom, my dear Willis will always poſſeſs the firſt place in the breaſt of her

ever affectionate

London, May 31. LYDIA MELFORD.

To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, *of Jeſus college, Oxon.*

DEAR PHILLIPS,

I SEND you this letter, franked by our old friend Barton; who is as much altered as it was poſſible for a man of his kidney to be—Inſtead of the careleſs, indolent ſloven we knew at Oxford, I found him a busy,

talkative politician; a petit-maître in his dress, and a ceremonious courtier in his manners. He has not gall enough in his constitution to be enflamed with the rancour of party, so as to deal in scurrilous invectives; but, since he obtained a place, he is become a warm partizan of the ministry, and sees every thing through such an exaggerating medium, as to me, who am happily of no party, is altogether incomprehensible—Without all doubt, the fumes of faction not only disturb the faculty of reason, but also pervert the organs of sense; and I would lay a hundred guineas to ten, that if Barton on one side, and the most conscientious patriot in the opposition on the other, were to draw, upon honour, the picture of the k—— or m——, you and I, who are still uninfected, and unbiassed, would find both painters equally distant from the truth. One thing, however, must be allowed for the honour of Barton, he never breaks out into illiberal abuse, far less endeavours, by infamous calumnies, to blast the moral character of any individual on the other side.

Ever since we came hither, he has been remarkably assiduous in his attention to our family; an attention, which, in a man of his indolence and avocations, I should have thought altogether odd, and even unnatural, had not I perceived that my sister Liddy has made some impression upon his heart. I can't say that I have any objection to his trying his fortune in this pursuit: if an opulent estate and a great stock of good-nature are sufficient qualifications in a husband, to render the marriage-state happy for life, she may be happy with Barton; but, I imagine, there is something else required to engage and secure the affection of a woman of sense and delicacy: something which nature has denied our friend

—Liddy seems to be of the same opinion. When he addresses himself to her in discourse, she seems to listen with reluctance, and industriously avoids all particular communication; but in proportion to her coyness, our aunt is coming. Mrs. Tabitha goes more than half way to meet his advances; she mistakes, or affects to mistake, the meaning of his courtesy, which is rather formal and fulsome; she returns his compliments with hyperbolical interest, she persecutes him with her civilities at table, she appeals to him for ever in conversation, she sighs, and flirts, and ogles, and by her hideous affectation, and impertinence, drives the poor courtier to the very extremity of his complaisance: in short, she seems to have undertaken the siege of Barton's heart, and carries on her approaches in such a desperate manner, that I don't know whether he will not be obliged to capitulate. In the mean time, his aversion to this inamorata struggling with his acquired affability, and his natural fear of giving offence, throws him into a kind of distress which is extremely ridiculous.

Two days ago, he persuaded my uncle and me to accompany him to St. James's, where he undertook to make us acquainted with the persons of all the great men in the kingdom; and, indeed, there was a great assemblage of distinguished characters, for it was a high festival at court. Our conductor performed his promise with great punctuality. He pointed out almost every individual of both sexes, and generally introduced them to our notice, with a flourish of panegyrick—Seeing the king approach, "There comes, (said he), the most amiable sovereign that ever swayed the sceptre of England; the *deliciæ humani generis;* Augustus, in patronizing merit; Titus Vespasian in generosity; Trajan in beneficence; and Marcus Aurelius, in philosophy." "A very honest

kind-hearted gentleman (added my uncle); he's too good for the times. A king of England should have a spice of the devil in his composition." Barton, then turning to the duke of C——, proceeded,—"You know the duke; that illuſtrious hero, who trod rebellion under his feet, and secured us in poſſeſſion of every thing we ought to hold dear, as Engliſhmen and Chriſtians. Mark what an eye, how penetrating, yet pacific! what dignity in his mien! what humanity in his aſpect—Even malice muſt own, that he is one of the greateſt officers in Chriſtendom." "I think he be (said Mr. Bramble); but who are these young gentlemen that ſtand beside him?" "Thoſe! (cried our friend) thoſe are his royal nephews; the princes of the blood. Sweet young princes! the ſacred pledges of the Proteſtant line; ſo ſpirited, ſo ſenſible, ſo princely—" "Yes; very ſenſible! very ſpirited! (ſaid my uncle, interrupting him), but ſee the queen! ha, there's the queen!—There's the queen! let me ſee—Let me ſee—Where are my glaſſes? ha! there's meaning in that eye—There's ſentiment—There's expreſſion—Well, Mr. Barton, what figure do you call next!" The next perſon he pointed out, was the favourite *yearl;* who ſtood ſolitary by one of the windows—"Behold yon northern ſtar (ſays he) *ſhorn of his beams*—What! the Caledonian luminary, that lately blazed ſo bright in our hemiſphere! methinks, at preſent, it glimmers through a fog; like Saturn without his ring, bleak, and dim, and diſtant—Ha, there's the other great phænomenon, the grand penſionary, that weather-cock of patriotiſm that veers about in every point of the political compaſs, and ſtill feels the wind of popularity in his tail. He too, like a portentous comet, has riſen again above the court-horizon; but how long he will continue to aſcend, it is not eaſy to foretel, con-

sidering his great eccentricity—Who are those two satellites that attend his motions?" When Barton told him their names, "To their character (said Mr. Bramble) I am no ſtranger. One of them, without a drop of red blood in his veins, has a cold intoxicating vapour in his head; and rancour enough in his heart to inoculate and affect a whole nation. The other is, (I hear), intended for a share in the ad———n, and the pensionary vouchers for his being duly qualified—The only inſtance I ever heard of his sagacity, was his deserting his former patron, when he found him declining in power, and in disgrace with the people. Without principle, talent, or intelligence, he is ungracious as a hog, greedy as a vulture, and thievish as a jackdaw: but, it muſt be owned, he is no hypocrite. He pretends to no virtue, and takes no pains to disguise his character—His miniſtry will be attended with one advantage, no man will be disappointed by his breach of promise, as no mortal ever truſted his word. I wonder how lord —— firſt discovered this happy genius, and for what purpose lord —— has now adopted him: but one would think, that as amber has a power to attract dirt, and ſtraws, and chaff, a miniſter is endued with the same kind of faculty, to *lick up every knave and blockhead in his way*—" His elogium was interrupted by the arrival of the old duke of N——; who, squeezing into the circle with a busy face of importance, thruſt his head into every countenance, as if he had been in search of somebody to whom he wanted to impart something of great consequence—My uncle, who had been formerly known to him, bowed as he passed; and the duke, seeing himself saluted so respectfully by a well-dressed person, was not slow in returning the courtesy—He even came up, and, taking him cordially by the hand, "My dear friend, Mr.

A——, (says he), I am rejoiced to see you—How long have you been come from abroad?—How did you leave our good friends, the Dutch? The king of Prussia don't think of another war, ah?—He's a great king! a great conqueror! a very great conqueror! Your Alexanders and Hannibals were nothing at all to him, sir—Corporals! drummers! dross! mere trash—Damned trash, heh?—" His grace being by this time out of breath, my uncle took the opportunity to tell him he had not been out of England, that his name was Bramble, and that he had the honour to sit in the last parliament but one of the late king, as representative for the borough of Dymkymraig. "Odso! (cried the duke), I remember you perfectly well, my dear Mr. Bramble—You was always a good and loyal subject—a stanch friend to administration—I made your brother an Irish bishop—" "Pardon me, my lord, (said the 'squire), I once had a brother, but he was a captain in the army—" "Ha! (said his grace), he was so—He was, indeed! But who was the bishop then? Bishop Blackberry—Sure it was bishop Blackberry—Perhaps some relation of yours—" "Very likely, my lord, (replied my uncle); the Blackberry is the fruit of the Bramble—But, I believe, the bishop is not a berry of our bush—" "No more he is—No more he is, ha, ha, ha! (exclaimed the duke), there you gave me a scratch, good Mr. Bramble, ha, ha, ha!—Well, I shall be glad to see you at Lincoln's-inn-fields—You know the way—Times are altered. Though I have lost the power, I retain the inclination—Your very humble servant, good Mr. Blackberry—" So saying, he shoved to another corner of the room. "What a fine old gentleman! (cried Mr. Barton), what spirits! what a memory!—He never forgets an old friend." "He does me too much honour, (observed our 'squire), to rank

me among the number—Whilſt I sat in parliament, I never voted with the miniſtry but three times, when my conſcience told me they were in the right: however, if he ſtill keeps levee, I will carry my nephew thither, that he may see, and learn to avoid the scene; for, I think, an English gentleman never appears to such disadvantage, as at the levee of a miniſter—Of his grace I shall say nothing at present, but that for thirty years he was the conſtant and common butt of ridicule and execration. He was generally laughed at as an ape in politics, whose office and influence served only to render his folly the more notorious; and the opposition cursed him, as the indefatigable drudge of a firſt mover, who was juſtly ſtiled and ſtigmatized as the father of corruption: but this ridiculous ape, this venal drudge, no sooner loſt the places he was so ill qualified to fill, and unfurled the banners of faction, than he was metamorphosed into a pattern of public virtue; the very people who reviled him before, now extolled him to the skies, as a wise, experienced statesman, chief pillar of the Proteſtant succession, and corner ſtone of English liberty. I should be glad to know how Mr. Barton reconciles these contradictions, without obliging us to resign all title to the privilege of common sense." "My dear sir, (answered Barton), I don't pretend to juſtify the extravagations of the multitude; who, I suppose, were as wild in their former censure, as in their present praise: but I shall be very glad to attend you on Thursday next to his grace's levee; where, I'm afraid, we shall not be crowded with company; for, you know, there's a wide difference between his present office of president of the council, and his former poſt of firſt lord commissioner of the treasury "

This communicative friend having announced all the

remarkable characters of both sexes, that appeared at court, we resolved to adjourn, and retired. At the foot of the ſtair-case, there was a crowd of lacqueys and chairmen, and in the midſt of them ſtood Humphry Clinker, exalted upon a ſtool, with his hat in one hand, and a paper in the other, in the act of holding forth to the people—Before we could inquire into the meaning of this exhibition, he perceived his maſter, thruſt the paper into his pocket, deſcended from his elevation, bolted through the crowd, and brought up the carriage to the gate.

My uncle ſaid nothing till we were ſeated, when, after having looked at me earneſtly for ſome time, he burſt out a-laughing, and aſked if I knew upon what ſubject Clinker was holding forth to the mob—"If (ſaid he) the fellow is turned mountebank, I muſt turn him out of my ſervice, otherwiſe he'll make Merry Andrews of us all—" I obſerved that, in all probability, he had ſtudied medicine under his maſter, who was a farrier.—

At dinner, the 'ſquire aſked him, if he had ever practiſed phyſic? "Yes, an pleaſe your honour, (ſaid he) among brute beaſts; but I never meddle with rational creatures." "I know not whether you rank in that claſs the audience you was haranguing in the court at St. James's, but I ſhould be glad to know what kind of powders you was diſtributing; and whether you had a good ſale—" "Sale, ſir! (cried Clinker) I hope I ſhall never be baſe enough to ſell for gold and ſilver, what freely comes of God's grace. I diſtributed nothing, an like your honour, but a word of advice to my fellows in ſervitude and ſin." "Advice! concerning what?" "Concerning profane ſwearing, an pleaſe your honour; ſo horrid and ſhocking, that it made my hair ſtand on end." "Nay, if thou can'ſt cure them of that diſeaſe, I ſhall

think thee a wonderful doctor, indeed—" "Why not cure them, my good master? the hearts of those poor people are not so stubborn as your honour seems to think —Make them first sensible that you have nothing in view but their good, then they will listen with patience, and easily be convinced of the sin and folly of a practice that affords neither profit nor pleasure—" At this remark, our uncle changed colour, and looked round the company, conscious that his *own withers were not altogether unwrung*. "But, Clinker, (says he), if you should have eloquence enough to persuade the vulgar, to resign those tropes and figures of rhetoric, there will be little or nothing left to distinguish their conversation from that of their betters." "But then your honour knows, their conversation will be void of offence; and, at the day of judgment, there will be no distinction of persons."

Humphry going down stairs to fetch up a bottle of wine, my uncle congratulated his sister upon having such a reformer in the family; when Mrs. Tabitha declared, he was a sober civilized fellow; very respectful and very industrious; and, she believed, a good Christian into the bargain. One would think, Clinker must really have some very extraordinary talent, to ingratiate himself in this manner with a virago of her character, so fortified against him with prejudice and resentment; but the truth is, since the adventure of Salt-hill, Mrs. Tabby seems to be entirely changed. She has left off scolding the servants, an exercise which was grown habitual, and even seemed necessary to her constitution; and is become so indifferent to Chowder, as to part with him in a present to lady Griskin, who proposes to bring the breed of him into fashion. Her ladyship is the widow of sir Timothy Griskin, a distant relation of our family. She

enjoys a jointure of five hundred pounds a year, and makes shift to spend three times that sum. Her character before marriage was a little equivocal; but at present she lives in the *bon ton*, keeps card-tables, gives private suppers to select friends, and is visited by persons of the first fashion—She has been remarkably civil to us all, and cultivates my uncle with the most particular regard; but the more she strokes him, the more his bristles seem to rise—To her compliments he makes very laconic and dry returns—T'other day, she sent us a pottle of fine strawberries, which he did not receive without signs of disgust, muttering from the Æneid, *timeo Danaos et Dona ferentes*. She has twice called for Liddy, of a forenoon, to take an airing in the coach; but Mrs. Tabby was always so alert, (I suppose by his direction), that she never could have the niece without her aunt's company —I have endeavoured to sound Square-toes on this subject; but he carefully avoids all explanation.

I have now, dear Phillips, filled a whole sheet; and if you have read it to an end, I dare say, you are as tired as

Your humble servant,

London, June 2. J. MELFORD.

To Dr. LEWIS.

YES, Doctor, I have seen the British Museum; which is a noble collection, and even stupendous, if we consider it was made by a private man, a physician, who was obliged to make his own fortune at the same time: but great as the collection is, it would appear more striking if it was arranged in one spacious saloon, instead of being divided into different apartments, which it does

not entirely fill—I could wish the series of medals was connected, and the whole of the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms completed, by adding to each, at the public expence, those articles that are wanting. It would likewise be a great improvement, with respect to the library, if the deficiencies were made up, by purchasing all the books of character that are not to be found already in the collection—They might be classed in centuries, according to the dates of their publication, and catalogues printed of them and the manuscripts, for the information of those that want to consult, or compile from such authorities. I could also wish, for the honour of the nation, that there was a complete apparatus for a course of mathematics, mechanics, and experimental philosophy; and a good salary settled upon an able professor, who should give regular lectures on these subjects.

But this is all idle speculation, which will never be reduced to practice—Considering the temper of the times, it is a wonder to see any institution whatsoever established, for the benefit of the public. The spirit of party is risen to a kind of phrenzy, unknown to former ages, or rather degenerated to a total extinction of honesty and candour—You know I have observed, for some time, that the public papers are become the infamous vehicles of the most cruel and perfidious defamation: every rancorous knave—every desperate incendiary, that can afford to spend half a crown or three shillings, may skulk behind the press of a newsmonger, and have a stab at the first character in the kingdom, without running the least hazard of detection or punishment.

I have made acquaintance with a Mr. Barton, whom Jery knew at Oxford: a good sort of a man, though most ridiculously warped in his political principles; but his

partiality is the less offensive, as it never appears in the ſtile of ſcurrility and abuſe. He is a member of parliament, and a retainer to the court; and his whole converſation turns upon the virtues and perfections of the miniſters, who are his patrons. T'other day, when he was bedaubing one of thoſe worthies, with the moſt fulſome praiſe, I told him I had ſeen the ſame nobleman characterized very differently, in one of the daily-papers; indeed, ſo ſtigmatized, that if one half of what was ſaid of him was true, he muſt be not only unfit to rule, but even unfit to live: that thoſe impeachments had been repeated again and again, with the addition of freſh matter; and that as he had taken no ſteps towards his own vindication, I began to think there was ſome foundation for the charge. "And pray, ſir, (ſaid Mr. Barton), what ſteps would you have him take?—Suppoſe he ſhould proſecute the publiſher, who ſcreens the anonymous accuſer, and bring him to the pillory for a libel; this is ſo far from being counted a puniſhment, *in terrorem*, that it will probably make his fortune. The multitude immediately take him into their protection, as a martyr to the cauſe of defamation, which they have always eſpouſed—They pay his fine, they contribute to the increaſe of his ſtock, his ſhop is crowded with cuſtomers, and the ſale of his paper riſes in proportion to the ſcandal it contains. All this time the proſecutor is inveighed againſt as a tyrant and oppreſſor, for having choſen to proceed by the way of information, which is deemed a grievance; but if he lays an action for damages, he muſt prove the damage: and I leave you to judge, whether a gentleman's character may not be brought into contempt, and all his views in life blaſted with calumny, without his being able to ſpecify the particulars of the damage he has ſuſtained.

"This spirit of defamation is a kind of heresy, that thrives under persecution. *The liberty of the press* is a term of great efficacy; and, like that of *the Protestant religion*, has often served the purposes of sedition—A minister, therefore, must arm himself with patience, and bear those attacks without repining—Whatever mischief they may do in other respects, they certainly contribute, in one particular, to the advantage of government; for those defamatory articles have multiplied papers in such a manner, and augmented their sale to such a degree, that the duty upon stamps and advertisements has made a very considerable addition to the revenue." Certain it is, a gentleman's honour is a very delicate subject to be handled by a jury, composed of men, who cannot be supposed remarkable either for sentiment or impartiality—In such a case, indeed, the defendant is tried, not only by his peers, but also by his party; and I really think, that of all patriots, he is the most resolute who exposes himself to such detraction, for the sake of his country—If, from the ignorance, or partiality of juries, a gentleman can have no redress from law, for being defamed in a pamphlet or news-paper, I know but one other method of proceeding against the publisher, which is attended with some risque, but has been practised successfully, more than once, in my remembrance—A regiment of horse was represented, in one of the news-papers, as having misbehaved at Dettingen; a captain of that regiment broke the publisher's bones, telling him, at the same time, if he went to law, he should certainly have the like salutation from every officer of the corps. Governor —— took the same satisfaction on the ribs of an author, who traduced him by name in a periodical paper—I know a low fellow of the same class, who being turned out of Venice for his

impudence and scurrility, retired to Lugano, a town of the Grisons, (a free people, God wot), where he found a printing press, from whence he squirted his filth at some respectable characters in the republic, which he had been obliged to abandon. Some of these, finding him out of the reach of legal chastisement, employed certain useful instruments, such as may be found in all countries, to give him the bastinado; which, being repeated more than once, effectually stopt the current of his abuse.

As for the liberty of the press, like every other privilege, it must be restrained within certain bounds; for if it is carried to a breach of law, religion, and charity, it becomes one of the greatest evils that ever annoyed the community. If the lowest ruffian may stab your good-name with impunity in England, will you be so uncandid as to exclaim against Italy for the practice of common assassination? To what purpose is our property secured, if our moral character is left defenceless? People thus baited, grow desperate; and the despair of being able to preserve one's character untainted by such vermin, produces a total neglect of fame; so that one of the chief incitements to the practice of virtue is effectually destroyed.

Mr. Barton's last consideration, respecting the stamp-duty, is equally wise and laudable with another maxim which has been long adopted by our financiers, namely, to connive at drunkenness, riot, and dissipation, because they inhance the receipt of the excise; not reflecting, that in providing this temporary convenience, they are destroying the morals, health, and industry of the people—Notwithstanding my contempt for those who flatter a minister, I think there is something still more despicable in flattering a mob. When I see a man of birth,

education, and fortune, put himself on a level with the dregs of the people, mingle with low mechanics, feed with them at the same board, and drink with them in the same cup, flatter their prejudices, harangue in praise of their virtues, expose themselves to the belchings of their beer, the fumes of their tobacco, the grossness of their familiarity, and the impertinence of their conversation, I cannot help despising him, as a man guilty of the vileſt proſtitution, in order to effect a purpose equally selfish and illiberal.

I should renounce politics the more willingly, if I could find other topics of conversation discussed with more modeſty and candour; but the dæmon of party seems to have usurped every department of life. Even the world of literature and taſte is divided into the moſt virulent factions, which revile, decry, and traduce the works of one another. Yeſterday, I went to return an afternoon's visit to a gentleman of my acquaintance, at whose house I found one of the authors of the present age, who has written with some success—As I had read one or two of his performances, which gave me pleasure, I was glad of this opportunity to know his person; but his discourse and deportment deſtroyed all the impressions which his writings had made in his favour. He took upon him to decide dogmatically upon every subject, without deigning to shew the leaſt cause for his differing from the general opinions of mankind, as if it had been our duty to acquiesce in the *ipse dixit* of this new Pythagoras. He rejudged the characters of all the principal authors, who had died within a century of the present time; and, in this revision, paid no sort of regard to the reputation they had acquired—Milton was harsh

and prosaic; Dryden, languid and verbose; Butler and Swift, without humour; Congreve without wit; and Pope deſtitute of any ſort of poetical merit—As for his cotemporaries, he could not bear to hear one of them mentioned with any degree of applauſe—They were all dunces, pedants, plagiaries, quacks, and impoſtors; and you could not name a ſingle performance, but what was tame, ſtupid, and inſipid. It muſt be owned, that this writer had nothing to charge his conſcience with, on the ſide of flattery; for, I underſtand, he was never known to praiſe one line that was written, even by thoſe with whom he lived on terms of good-fellowſhip. This arrogance and preſumption, in depreciating authors, for whoſe reputation the company may be intereſted, is ſuch an inſult upon the underſtanding, as I could not bear without wincing.

I deſired to know his reaſons for decrying ſome works, which had afforded me uncommon pleaſure; and, as demonſtration did not ſeem to be his talent, I diſſented from his opinion with great freedom. Having been ſpoiled by the deference and humility of his hearers, he did not bear contradiction with much temper; and the diſpute might have grown warm, had it not been interrupted by the entrance of a rival bard, at whoſe appearance he always quits the place—They are of different cabals, and have been at open war theſe twenty years—If the other was dogmatical, this genius was declamatory: he did not diſcourſe, but harangue; and his orations were equally tedious and turgid. He too pronounces *ex cathedra* upon the characters of his cotemporaries; and though he ſcruples not to deal out praiſe, even laviſhly, to the loweſt reptile in Grub-ſtreet who will

either flatter him in private, or mount the public roſtrum as his panegyriſt, he damns all the other writers of the age, with the utmoſt insolence and rancour—One is a blunderbuss, as being a native of Ireland; another, a half-ſtarved louse of literature, from the banks of the Tweed; a third, an ass, because he enjoys a pension from the government; a fourth, the very angel of dulness, because he succeeded in a species of writing in which this Ariſtarchus had failed; a fifth, who presumed to make ſtrictures upon one of his performances, he holds as a bug in criticism, whose ſtench is more offensive than his ſting—In short, except himself and his myrmidons, there is not a man of genius or learning in the three kingdoms. As for the success of those, who have written without the pale of this confederacy, he imputes it entirely to want of taſte in the public; not considering, that to the approbation of that very taſteless public, he himself owes all the consequence he has in life.

Those originals are not fit for conversation. If they would maintain the advantage they have gained by their writing, they should never appear but upon paper—For my part, I am shocked to find a man have sublime ideas in his head, and nothing but illiberal sentiments in his heart—The human soul will be generally found moſt defective in the article of candour—I am inclined to think, no mind was ever wholly exempt from envy; which, perhaps, may have been implanted, as an inſtinct essential to our nature. I am afraid we sometimes palliate this vice, under the specious name of emulation. I have known a person remarkably generous, humane, moderate, and apparently self-denying, who could not hear even a friend commended, without betraying marks of

uneasiness; as if that commendation had implied an odious comparison to his prejudice, and every wreath of praise added to the other's character, was a garland plucked from his own temples. This is a malignant species of jealousy, of which I stand acquitted in my own conscience—Whether it is a vice, or an infirmity, I leave you to inquire.

There is another point, which I would much rather see determined; whether the world was always as contemptible, as it appears to me at present?—If the morals of mankind have not contracted an extraordinary degree of depravity, within these thirty years, then must I be infected with the common vice of old men, *difficilis, querulus, laudator temporis acti*; or, which is more probable, the impetuous pursuits and avocations of youth have formerly hindered me from observing those rotten parts of human nature, which now appear so offensively to my observation.

We have been at court, and 'change, and every where; and every where we find food for spleen, and subject for ridicule—My new servant, Humphry Clinker, turns out a great original; and Tabby is a changed creature—She has parted with Chowder; and does nothing but smile, like Malvolio in the play—I'll be hanged if she is not acting a part which is not natural to her disposition, for some purpose which I have not yet discovered.

With respect to the characters of mankind, my curiosity is quite satisfied: I have done with the science of men, and must now endeavour to amuse myself with the novelty of things. I am, at present, by a violent effort of the mind, forced from my natural bias; but this power ceasing to act, I shall return to my solitude with redoubled

velocity. Every thing I see, and hear, and feel, in this great reservoir of folly, knavery, and sophistication, contributes to inhance the value of a country life, in the sentiments of

Yours always,

London, June 2. MATT. BRAMBLE.

To Mrs. MARY JONES, *at Brambleton-hall.*

DEAR MARY JONES,

LADY Griskin's botler, Mr. Crumb, having got 'squire Barton to frank me a kiver, I would not neglect to let you know how it is with me, and the rest of the family.

I could not rite by John Thomas, for because he went away in a huff, at a minute's warning. He and Chowder could not agree, and so they fitt upon the road, and Chowder bitt his thumb, and he swore he would do him a mischief, and he spoke saucy to mistress, whereby the 'squire turned him off in gudgeon; and by God's providence we picked up another footman, called Umphry Klinker; a good sole as ever broke bread; which shews that a scalded cat may prove a good mouser, and a hound be staunch, thof he has got narro hare on his buttocks; but the proudest nose may be bro't to the grindstone, by sickness and misfortunes.

O Molly! what shall I say of London? All the towns that ever I beheld in my born-days, are no more than Welsh barrows and crumlecks to this wonderful sitty! Even Bath itself is but a fillitch,in the naam of God— One would think there's no end of the streets, but the land's end. Then there's such a power of people, going hurry skurry! Such a racket of coxes! Such a noise, and

hali-balloo! So many ſtrange ſites to be ſeen! O gracious! my poor Welsh brain has been ſpinning like a top ever ſince I came hither! And I have ſeen the Park, and the paleaſs of Saint Gimſes, and the king's and the queen's magiſterial purſing, and the ſweet young princes, and the hillyfents, and pye-bald aſs, and all the reſt of the royal family.

Laſt week I went with miſtreſs to the Tower, to ſee the crowns and wild beaſtis; and there was a monſtracious lion, with teeth half a quarter long: and a gentleman bid me not go near him, if I wasn't a maid: being as how he would roar, and tear, and play the dickens—Now I had no mind to go near him; for I cannot abide ſuch dangerous honeymils, not I—but, miſtreſs would go; and the beaſt kept ſuch a roaring and bouncing, that I tho't he would have broke his cage and devoured us all; and the gentleman tittered forſooth; but I'll go to death upon it, I will, that my lady is as good a firchin, as the child unborn; and, therefore, either the gentleman told a fib, or the lyon oft to be ſet in the ſtocks for bearing falſe witneſs againſt his neighbour; for the commandment ſayeth, *Thou ſhalt not bear falſe witneſs againſt thy neighbour.*

I was afterwards of a party at Sadler's-wells, where I ſaw ſuch tumbling and dancing upon ropes and wires, that I was frightened, and ready to go into a fit—I tho't it was all inchantment; and, believing myſelf bewitched, began for to cry—You knows as how the witches in Wales fly upon broom-ſticks; but here was flying without any broom-ſtick, or thing in the varſal world, and firing of piſtols in the air, and blowing of trumpets, and ſwinging, and rolling of wheel-barrows upon a wire, (God bleſs us!) no thicker than a ſewing thread; that, to

be sure, they muſt deal with the devil!—A fine gentleman, with a pig's-tail, and a golden ſord by his ſide, came to comfit me, and offered for to treat me with a pint of wind; but I would not ſtay; and ſo, in going through the dark paſſage, he began to ſhew his cloven futt, and went for to be rude: my fellow-ſarvant, Umpry Klinker, bid him be ſivil, and he gave the young man a dowſe in the chops; but, I fackins, Mr. Klinker wa'n't long in his debt—with a good oaken ſapling he duſted his doublet, for all his golden cheeſe-toaſter: and ſipping me under his arm, carried me huom, I noſe not how, being I was in ſuch a fluſtration—But, thank God! I'm now vaned from all ſuch vanities; for what are all thoſe rarities and vagaries to the glory that ſhall be revealed hereafter? O Molly! let not your poor heart be puffed up with vanity.

I had almoſt forgot to tell you, that I have had my hair cut and pippered, and ſinged, and bolſtered, and buckled, in the neweſt faſhion, by a French freezer—*Parley vow Francey—Vee madmanſell*—I now carries my head higher than arrow private gentlewoman of Vales. Laſt night, coming huom from the meeting, I was taken by lamp-light for an iminent poulterer's daughter, a great beauty—But as I was ſaying, this is all vanity and vexation of ſpirit—The pleaſures of London are no better than ſower whey and ſtale cyder, when compared to the joys of the new Geruſalem.

Dear Mary Jones! An pleaſe God when I return, I'll bring you a new cap, with a turkey-ſhell coom, and a pyehouſe ſermon, that was preached in the Tabernacle; and I pray of all love, you will mind your vriting and your ſpilling; for, craving your pardon, Molly, it made me ſuet to diſſeyffer your laſt ſcrabble, which was de-

livered by the hind at Bath—O, voman! voman! if thou had'ſt but the leaſt conſumption of what pleaſure we ſcullers have, when we can cunſter the crabbidſt buck off hand, and ſpell the ethnitch vords without lucking at the primmer. As for Mr. Klinker, he is qualified to be clerk to a pariſh—But I'll ſay no more—Remember me to Saul—poor ſole! it goes to my hart to think ſhe don't yet know her letters—But all in God's good time—It ſhall go hard, but I will bring her the A B C in ginger-bread; and that, you noſe, will be learning to her taſte.

Miſtreſs ſays, we are going a long gurney to the North; but go where we will, I ſhall ever be,

Dear Mary Jones,

yours with true infection,

London, June 3. WIN. JENKINS.

To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, *of Jeſus college, Oxon.*

DEAR WAT,

I MENTIONED in my laſt, my uncle's deſign of going to the duke of N——'s levee; which deſign has been executed accordingly. His grace has been ſo long accuſtomed to this kind of homage, that though the place he now fills does not imply the tenth part of the influence, which he exerted in his former office, he has given his friends to underſtand, that they cannot oblige him in any thing more, than in contributing to ſupport the ſhadow of that power, which he no longer retains in ſubſtance; and therefore he has ſtill public days, on which they appear at his levee.

My uncle and I went thither with Mr. Barton, who being one of the duke's adherents, undertook to be our introducer—The room was pretty well filled with people, in a great variety of dress; but there was no more than one gown and cassock, though I was told his grace had, while he was minister, preferred almost every individual that now filled the bench of bishops in the house of lords; but, in all probability, the gratitude of the clergy is like their charity, which shuns the light—Mr. Barton was immediately accosted by a person, well stricken in years, tall, and raw-boned, with a hook-nose, and an arch leer, that indicated, at least, as much cunning as sagacity. Our conductor saluted him, by the name of captain C——, and afterwards informed us he was a man of shrewd parts, whom the government occasionally employed in secret services—But I have had the history of him more at large, from another quarter—He had been, many years ago, concerned in fraudulent practices, as a merchant, in France; and being convicted of some of them, was sent to the gallies, from whence he was delivered by the interest of the late duke of Ormond, to whom he had recommended himself in letter, as his name-sake and relation—He was in the sequel, employed by our ministry as a spy; and in the war of 1740, traversed all Spain, as well as France, in the disguise of a capuchin, at the extreme hazard of his life, in as much as the court of Madrid had actually got scent of him, and given orders to apprehend him at St. Sebastian's, from whence he had fortunately retired but a few hours before the order arrived. This and other hair-breadth 'scapes he pleaded so effectually as a merit with the English ministry, that they allowed him a comfortable pension, which he now enjoys in his old age—He has still

access to all the ministers, and is said to be consulted by them on many subjects, as a man of uncommon understanding and great experience—He is, in fact, a fellow of some parts, and invincible assurance; and, in his discourse, he assumes such an air of self-sufficiency, as may very well impose upon some of the shallow politicians, who now labour at the helm of administration. But, if he is not belied, this is not the only imposture of which he is guilty—They say, he is at bottom not only a Roman-catholic, but really a priest; and while he pretends to disclose to our state-pilots all the springs that move the cabinet of Versailles, he is actually picking up intelligence for the service of the French minister—Be that as it may, captain C—— entered into conversation with us in the most familiar manner, and treated the duke's character without any ceremony—"This wise-acre (said he) is still a-bed; and, I think, the best thing he can do, is to sleep on till Christmas; for, when he gets up, he does nothing but expose his own folly.—Since Granville was turned out, there has been no minister in this nation worth the meal that whitened his periwig—They are so ignorant, they scarce know a crab from a cauliflower; and then they are such dunces, that there's no making them comprehend the plainest proposition—In the beginning of the war, this poor half-witted creature told me, in a great fright, that thirty thousand French had marched from Acadie to Cape Breton—Where did they find transports? (said I). "Transports! (cried he), I tell you, they marched by land—" By land to the island of Cape Breton? "What! is Cape Breton an island?" Certainly. "Ha! are you sure of that?" When I pointed it out in the map, he examined it earnestly with his spectacles; then, taking me in his arms, "My dear C——!

(cried he), you always bring us good news—Egad! I'll go directly, and tell the king that Cape Breton is an island—"

He seemed disposed to entertain us with more anecdotes of this nature, at the expence of his grace, when he was interrupted by the arrival of the Algerine ambassador; a venerable Turk, with a long white beard, attended by his dragoman, or interpreter, and another officer of his household, who had got no stockings to his legs—Captain C—— immediately spoke with an air of authority to a servant in waiting, bidding him go and tell the duke to rise, as there was a great deal of company come, and, among others, the ambassador from Algiers—Then, turning to us, "This poor Turk, (said he), notwithstanding his grey beard, is a green horn—He has been several years resident at London, and still is ignorant of our political revolutions. This visit is intended for the prime minister of England; but you'll see how this wise duke will receive it as a mark of attachment to his own person—" Certain it is, the duke seemed eager to acknowledge the compliment—A door opening, he suddenly bolted out, with a shaving-cloth under his chin, his face frothed up to the eyes with soap lather; and, running up to the ambassador, grinned hideous in his face—"My dear Mahomet! (said he), God love your long beard, I hope the dey will make you a horse-tail at the next promotion, ha, ha, ha!—Have but a moment's patience, and I'll send to you in a twinkling—" So saying, he retreated into his den, leaving the Turk in some confusion. After a short pause, however, he said something to his interpreter, the meaning of which I had great curiosity to know, as he turned up his eyes while he spoke, expressing astonishment, mixed with devotion—

We were gratified by means of the communicative captain C——, who conversed with the dragoman, as an old acquaintance. Ibrahim, the ambassador, who had mistaken his grace for the minister's fool, was no sooner undeceived by the interpreter, than he exclaimed to this effect—"Holy prophet! I don't wonder that this nation prospers, seeing it is governed by the counsel of ideots; a series of men, whom all good mussulmen revere as the organs of immediate inspiration." Ibrahim was favoured with a particular audience of short duration; after which the duke conducted him to the door, and then returned to diffuse his gracious looks among the crowd of his worshippers.

As Mr. Barton advanced to present me to his grace, it was my fortune to attract his notice, before I was announced—He forthwith met me more than half way, and, seizing me by the hand, "My dear sir Francis! (cried he), this is so kind—I vow to Gad! I am so obliged—Such attention to a poor broken minister—Well—Pray when does your excellency set sail?—For God's sake have a care of your health, and eat stewed prunes in the passage—Next to your own precious health, pray, my dear excellency, take care of the Five Nations—Our good friends the Five Nations—The Toryrories, the Maccolmacks, the Out-o'-the-ways, the Crickets, and the Kickshaws—Let 'em have plenty of blankets, and stinkubus, and wampum; and your excellency won't fail to scour the kettle, and boil the chain, and bury the tree, and plant the hatchet—Ha, ha, ha!" When he had uttered this rhapsody, with his usual precipitation, Mr. Barton gave him to understand, that I was neither Sir Francis, nor St. Francis, but simple Mr. Melford, nephew to Mr. Bramble; who stepping for-

ward, made his bow at the same time. "Odso! no more it is Sir Francis (said this wise ſtatesman)—Mr. Melford, I'm glad to see you—I sent you an engineer to fortify your dock—Mr. Bramble—your servant, Mr. Bramble—How d'ye, good Mr. Bramble? Your nephew is a pretty young fellow—Faith and troth, a very pretty fellow!—His father is my old friend—How does he hold it? Still troubled with that damned disorder, ha?" "No, my lord, (replied my uncle), all his troubles are over—He has been dead these fifteen years." "Dead! how —Yes, faith! now I remember: he is dead, sure enough —Well, and how—does the young gentleman ſtand for Haverford Weſt? or—a—what d'ye—My dear Mr. Milfordhaven, I'll do you all the service in my power—I hope I have some credit left—" My uncle then gave him to underſtand, that I was ſtill a minor; and that we had no intention to trouble him at present, for any favour whatsoever—"I came hither with my nephew (added he) to pay our reſpects to your grace; and I may venture to say, that his views and mine are at leaſt as diſintereſted as those of any individual in this assembly." "My dear Mr. Brambleberry! you do me infinite honour—I shall always rejoice to see you and your hopeful nephew, Mr. Milfordhaven—My credit, such as it is, you may command—I wish we had more friends of your kidney—"

Then, turning to captain C——, "Ha, C——! (said he) what news, C——? how does the world wag? ha!" "The world wags much after the old fashion, my lord, (answered the captain): the politicians of London and Weſtminſter have begun again to wag their tongues againſt your grace; and your short-lived popularity wags like a feather, which the next puff of antiminiſterial

calumny will blow away—" "A pack of rascals (cried the duke)—Tories, Jacobites, rebels; one half of them would wag their heels at Tyburn, if they had their deserts—" So saying, he wheeled about; and, going round the levee, spoke to every individual, with the most courteous familiarity; but he scarce ever opened his mouth without making some blunder, in relation to the person or business of the party with whom he conversed; so that he really looked like a comedian, hired to burlesque the character of a minister—At length, a person of a very prepossessing appearance coming in, his grace ran up, and, hugging him in his arms, with the appellation of "My dear Ch——s!" led him forthwith into the inner apartment, or *Sanctum Sanctorum* of this political temple. "That (said captain C——) is my friend C—— T——, almost the only man of parts who has any concern in the present administration—Indeed, he would have no concern at all in the matter, if the ministry did not find it absolutely necessary to make use of his talents upon some particular occasions—As for the common business of the nation, it is carried on in a constant routine by the clerks of the different offices, otherwise the wheels of government would be wholly stopt amidst the abrupt succession of ministers, every one more ignorant than his predecessor—I am thinking what a fine hovel we should be in, if all the clerks of the treasury, of the secretaries, the war-office, and the admiralty, should take it in their heads to throw up their places in imitation of the great pensioner—But, to return to C—— T——; he certainly knows more than all the ministry and all the opposition, if their heads were laid together, and talks like an angel on a vast variety of subjects—He would really be a great man, if he had any consistency

or ſtability of character—Then, it muſt be owned, he wants courage, otherwiſe he would never allow himſelf to be cowed by the great political bully, for whoſe underſtanding he has juſtly a very great contempt. I have ſeen him as much afraid of that overbearing Hector, as ever a ſchool-boy was of his pedagogue; and yet this Hector, I ſhrewdly ſuſpect, is no more than a craven at bottom—Beſides this defect, C—— has another, which he is at too little pains to hide—There's no faith to be given to his aſſertions, and no truſt to be put in his promiſes—However, to give the devil his due, he's very good-natured; and even friendly, when cloſe urged in the way of ſolicitation—As for principle, that's out of the queſtion—in a word, he is a wit and an orator, extremely entertaining, and he ſhines very often at the expence even of thoſe miniſters to whom he is a retainer—This is a mark of great imprudence, by which he has made them all his enemies, whatever face they may put upon the matter; and ſooner or later he'll have cauſe to wiſh he had been able to keep his own counſel—I have ſeveral times cautioned him on this ſubject; but 'tis all preaching to the deſert—His vanity runs away with his diſcretion—" I could not help thinking the captain himſelf might have been the better for ſome hints of the ſame nature—His panegyric, excluding principle and veracity, puts me in mind of a conteſt I once over-heard, in the way of altercation, betwixt two apple-women in Spring-garden—One of thoſe viragos having hinted ſomething to the prejudice of the other's moral character, her antagoniſt, ſetting her hands in her ſides, replied—"Speak out, huſſy—I ſcorn your malice—I own I'm both a whore and a thief; and what more have you to ſay?—Damn you, what more have you to ſay; bating

that, which all the world knows, I challenge you to say black is the white of my eye—" We did not wait for Mr. T——'s coming forth; but after captain C—— had characterised all the originals in waiting, we adjourned to a coffee-house, where we had buttered muffins and tea to breakfast, the said captain still favouring us with his company—Nay, my uncle was so diverted with his anecdotes, that he asked him to dinner, and treated him with a fine turbot, to which he did ample justice—That same evening I spent at the tavern with some friends, one of whom let me into C——'s character, which Mr. Bramble no sooner understood, than he expressed some concern for the connexion he had made, and resolved to disengage himself from it without ceremony.

We are become members of the Society for the Encouragement of the Arts, and have assisted at some of their deliberations, which were conducted with equal spirit and sagacity—My uncle is extremely fond of the institution, which will certainly be productive of great advantages to the public, if, from its democratical form, it does not degenerate into cabal and corruption—You are already acquainted with his aversion to the influence of the multitude, which, he affirms, is incompatible with excellence, and subversive of order—Indeed his detestation of the mob has been heightened by fear, ever since he fainted in the room at Bath; and this apprehension has prevented him from going to the Little Theatre in the Hay-market, and other places of entertainment, to which, however, I have had the honour to attend the ladies.

It grates old Square-Toes to reflect, that it is not in his power to enjoy even the most elegant diversions of the

capital, without the participation of the vulgar; for they now thruſt themselves into all assemblies, from a ridotto at St. James's, to a hop at Rotherhithe.

I have lately seen our old acquaintance Dick Ivy, who we imagined had died of dram-drinking; but he is lately emerged from the Fleet, by means of a pamphlet which he wrote and published againſt the government with some success. The sale of this performance enabled him to appear in clean linen, and he is now going about soliciting subscriptions for his Poems; but his breeches are not yet in the moſt decent order.

Dick certainly deserves some countenance for his intrepidity and perseverance—It is not in the power of disappointment, nor even of damnation, to drive him to despair—After some unsuccessful essays in the way of poetry, he commenced brandy-merchant, and I believe his whole ſtock ran out through his own bowels; then he consorted with a milk-woman, who kept a cellar in Petty France: but he could not make his quarters good; he was dislodged and driven up ſtairs into the kennel by a corporal in the second regiment of footguards—He was afterwards the laureat of Blackfriars, from whence there was a natural transition to the Fleet—As he had formerly miscarried in panegyric, he now turned his thoughts to satire, and really seems to have some talent for abuse. If he can hold out till the meeting of the parliament, and be prepared for another charge, in all probability Dick will mount the pillory, or obtain a pension, in either of which events his fortune will be made—Mean while he has acquired some degree of consideration with the reſpectable writers of the age; and as I have subscribed for his works, he did me the favour t'other night to introduce me to a society of those geniuses;

but I found them exceedingly formal and reserved—They seemed afraid and jealous of one another, and sat in a ſtate of mutual repulſion, like ſo many particles of vapour, each ſurrounded by its own electrified atmoſphere. Dick, who has more vivacity than judgment, tried more than once to enliven the converſation; ſometimes making an effort at wit, ſometimes letting off a pun, and ſometimes diſcharging a conundrum; nay, at length he ſtarted a diſpute upon the hackneyed compariſon betwixt blank verſe and rhyme, and the profeſſors opened with great clamour; but, inſtead of keeping to the ſubject, they launched out into tedious diſſertations on the poetry of the antients; and one of them, who had been a ſchool-maſter, diſplayed his whole knowledge of proſody, gleaned from Diſputer and Ruddiman. At laſt, I ventured to ſay, I did not ſee how the ſubject in queſtion could be at all elucidated by the practice of the antients, who certainly had neither blank verſe nor rhyme in their poems, which were meaſured by feet, whereas ours are reckoned by the number of ſyllables—This remark ſeemed to give umbrage to the pedant, who forthwith involved himſelf in a cloud of Greek and Latin quotations, which nobody attempted to diſpel—A confuſed hum of inſipid obſervations and comments enſued; and, upon the whole, I never paſſed a duller evening in my life—Yet, without all doubt, ſome of them were men of learning, wit, and ingenuity—As they are afraid of making free with one another, they ſhould bring each his butt, or whet-ſtone, along with him, for the entertainment of the company—My uncle ſays, he never deſires to meet with more than one wit at a time—One wit, like a knuckle of ham in ſoup, gives a zeſt and flavour to the diſh; but more than one ſerves

only to spoil the pottage—And now I'm afraid I have given you an unconscionable mess, without any flavour at all; for which, I suppose, you will bestow your benedictions upon

your friend,
and servant,

London, June 5. J. MELFORD.

To Dr. LEWIS.

DEAR LEWIS,

YOUR fable of the monkey and the pig, is what the Italians call *ben trovata:* but I shall not repeat it to my apothecary, who is a proud Scotchman, very thin skinned, and, for aught I know, may have his degree in his pocket—A right Scotchman has always two strings to his bow, and is *in utrumque paratus*—Certain it is, I have not 'scaped a scouring; but, I believe, by means of that scouring, I have 'scaped something worse, perhaps a tedious fit of the gout or rheumatism; for my appetite began to flagg, and I had certain croakings in the bowels which boded me no good—Nay, I am not yet quite free of these remembrances, which warn me to be gone from this centre of infection—

What temptation can a man of my turn and temperament have, to live in a place where every corner teems with fresh objects of detestation and disgust? What kind of taste and organs must those people have, who really prefer the adulterate enjoyments of the town to the genuine pleasures of a country retreat? Most people, I know, are originally seduced by vanity, ambition, and childish curiosity; which cannot be gratified, but in the *busy*

haunts of men: but, in the course of this gratification, their very organs of sense are perverted, and they become habitually loſt to every relish of what is genuine and excellent in its own nature.

Shall I ſtate the difference between my town grievances, and my country comforts? At Brambleton-hall, I have elbow-room within doors, and breathe a clear, elaſtic, salutary air—I enjoy refreshing sleep, which is never diſturbed by horrid noise, nor interrupted, but in a-morning, by the sweet twitter of the martlet at my window—I drink the virgin lymph, pure and cryſtalline as it gushes from the rock, or the sparkling beveridge, home-brewed from malt of my own making; or I indulge with cyder, which my own orchard affords; or with claret of the beſt growth, imported for my own use, by a correspondent on whose integrity I can depend; my bread is sweet and nourishing, made from my own wheat, ground in my own mill, and baked in my own oven; my table is, in a great measure, furnished from my own ground; my five-year old mutton, fed on the fragrant herbage of the mountains, that might vie with venison in juice and flavour; my delicious veal, fattened with nothing but the mother's milk, that fills the dish with gravy; my poultry from the barn-door, that never knew confinement, but when they were at rooſt; my rabbits panting from the warren; my game fresh from the moors; my trout and salmon ſtruggling from the ſtream; oyſters from their native banks; and herrings, with other sea-fish, I can eat in four hours after they are taken—My sallads, roots, and pot-herbs, my own garden yields in plenty and perfection; the produce of the natural soil, prepared by moderate cultivation. The same soil affords all the different fruits which England may call

her own, so that my desert is every day fresh gathered from the tree; my dairy flows with nectarious tides of milk and cream, from whence we derive abundance of excellent butter, curds, and cheese; and the refuse fattens my pigs, that are destined for hams and bacon—I go to bed betimes, and rise with the sun—I make shift to pass the hours without weariness or regret, and am not destitute of amusements within doors, when the weather will not permit me to go abroad—I read, and chat, and play at billiards, cards, or back-gammon—Without doors, I superintend my farm, and execute plans of improvement, the effects of which I enjoy with unspeakable delight—Nor do I take less pleasure in seeing my tenants thrive under my auspices, and the poor live comfortably by the employment which I provide—You know I have one or two sensible friends, to whom I can open all my heart; a blessing which, perhaps, I might have sought in vain among the crowded scenes of life: there are a few others of more humble parts, whom I esteem for their integrity; and their conversation I find inoffensive, though not very entertaining. Finally, I live in the midst of honest men, and trusty dependants, who, I flatter myself, have a disinterested attachment to my person—You, yourself, my dear Doctor, can vouch for the truth of these assertions.

Now, mark the contrast at London—I am pent up in frowzy lodgings, where there is not room enough to swing a cat; and I breathe the steams of endless putrefaction; and these would, undoubtedly, produce a pestilence, if they were not qualified by the gross acid of sea-coal, which is itself a pernicious nuisance to lungs of any delicacy of texture: but even this boasted corrector cannot prevent those languid sallow looks, that distinguish the

inhabitants of London from those ruddy swains that lead a country-life—I go to bed after mid-night, jaded and reſtless from the diſſipations of the day—I ſtart every hour from my ſleep, at the horrid noiſe of the watchmen bawling the hour through every ſtreet, and thundering at every door; a ſet of uſeleſs fellows, who ſerve no other purpoſe but that of diſturbing the repoſe of the inhabitants; and by five o'clock I ſtart out of bed, in conſequence of the ſtill more dreadful alarm made by the country carts, and noiſy ruſtics bellowing green peaſe under my window. If I would drink water, I muſt quaff the maukiſh contents of an open aqueduct, expoſed to all manner of defilement; or ſwallow that which comes from the river Thames, impregnated with all the filth of London and Weſtminſter—Human excrement is the leaſt offenſive part of the concrete, which is compoſed of all the drugs, minerals, and poiſons, uſed in mechanics and manufacture, enriched with the putrefying carcaſes of beaſts and men; and mixed with the ſcourings of all the waſh-tubs, kennels, and common ſewers, within the bills of mortality.

This is the agreeable potation, extolled by the Londoners, as the fineſt water in the univerſe—As to the intoxicating potion, ſold for wine, it is a vile, unpalatable, and pernicious ſophiſtication, balderdaſhed with cyder, corn-ſpirit, and the juice of ſloes. In an action at law, laid againſt a carman for having ſtaved a caſk of port, it appeared from the evidence of the cooper, that there were not above five gallons of real wine in the whole pipe, which held above a hundred, and even that had been brewed and adulterated by the merchant at Oporto. The bread I eat in London, is a deleterious paſte, mixed up with chalk, alum, and bone-aſhes; inſipid to the taſte, and

destructive to the constitution. The good people are not ignorant of this adulteration; but they prefer it to wholesome bread, because it is whiter than the meal of corn: thus they sacrifice their taste and their health, and the lives of their tender infants, to a most absurd gratification of a mis-judging eye; and the miller, or the baker, is obliged to poison them and their families, in order to live by his profession. The same monstrous depravity appears in their veal, which is bleached by repeated bleedings, and other villainous arts, till there is not a drop of juice left in the body, and the poor animal is paralytic before it dies; so void of all taste, nourishment, and savour, that a man might dine as comfortably on a white fricasee of kid-skin gloves, or chip hats from Leghorn.

As they have discharged the natural colour from their bread, their butcher's-meat, and poultry, their cutlets, ragouts, fricasees, and sauces of all kinds; so they insist upon having the complexion of their pot-herbs mended, even at the hazard of their lives. Perhaps, you will hardly believe they can be so mad as to boil their greens with brass half-pence, in order to improve their colour; and yet nothing is more true—Indeed, without this improvement in the colour, they have no personal merit. They are produced in an artificial soil, and taste of nothing but the dunghills, from whence they spring. My cabbage, cauliflower, and 'sparagus in the country, are as much superior in flavour to those that are sold in Covent-garden, as my heath-mutton is to that of St. James's market; which, in fact, is neither lamb nor mutton, but something betwixt the two, gorged in the rank fens of Lincoln and Essex, pale, coarse, and frowzy—As for the pork, it is an abominable carnivorous animal,

fed with horse-flesh and distillers' grains; and the poultry is all rotten, in consequence of a fever, occasioned by the infamous practice of sewing up the gut, that they may be the sooner fattened in coops, in consequence of this cruel retention.

Of the fish, I need say nothing in this hot weather, but that it comes sixty, seventy, fourscore, and a hundred miles by land-carriage; a circumstance sufficient, without any comment, to turn a Dutchman's stomach, even if his nose was not saluted in every alley with the sweet flavour of *fresh* mackarel, selling by retail—This is not the season for oysters; nevertheless, it may not be amiss to mention, that the right Colchester are kept in slime-pits, occasionally overflowed by the sea; and that the green colour, so much admired by the voluptuaries of this metropolis, is occasioned by the vitriolic scum, which rises on the surface of the stagnant and stinking water—Our rabbits are bred and fed in the poulterer's cellar, where they have neither air nor exercise, consequently they must be firm in flesh, and delicious in flavour; and there is no game to be had for love or money.

It must be owned, that Covent-garden affords some good fruit; which, however, is always engrossed by a few individuals of overgrown fortune, at an exorbitant price; so that little else than the refuse of the market falls to the share of the community; and that is distributed by such filthy hands, as I cannot look at without loathing. It was but yesterday that I saw a dirty barrow-bunter in the street, cleaning her dusty fruit with her own spittle; and, who knows but some fine lady of St. James's parish might admit into her delicate mouth those very cherries, which had been rolled and moistened between the filthy,

and, perhaps, ulcerated chops of a St. Giles's huckſter —I need not dwell upon the pallid, contaminated mash, which they call strawberries; soiled and tossed by greasy paws through twenty baskets cruſted with dirt: and then presented with the worſt milk, thickened with the worſt flour, into a bad likeness of cream; but the milk itself should not pass unanalysed, the produce of faded cabbage-leaves and sour draff, lowered with hot water, frothed with bruised snails, carried through the ſtreets in open pails, exposed to foul rinsings, discharged from doors and windows, spittle, snot, and tobacco quids from foot-passengers, overflowings from mud-carts, spatterings from coach-wheels, dirt and trash chucked into it by roguish boys for the joke's-sake, the spewings of infants, who have slabbered in the tin-measure, which is thrown back in that condition among the milk, for the benefit of the next customer; and, finally, the vermin that drops from the rags of the naſty drab that vends this precious mixture, under the reſpectable denomination of milk-maid.

I shall conclude this catalogue of London dainties, with that table-beer, guiltless of hops and malt, vapid and nauseous; much fitter to facilitate the operation of a vomit, than to quench thirſt and promote digeſtion; the tallowy rancid mass, called butter, manufactured with candle-grease and kitchen-stuff; and their fresh eggs, imported from France and Scotland.—Now, all these enormities might be remedied with a very little attention to the article of police, or civil regulation; but the wise patriots of London have taken it into their heads, that all regulation is inconſiſtent with liberty; and that every man ought to live in his own way, without reſtraint—Nay, as there is not sense enough left among

them, to be discomposed by the nuisances I have mentioned, they may, for aught I care, wallow in the mire of their own pollution.

A companionable man will, undoubtedly, put up with many inconveniencies for the sake of enjoying agreeable society. A facetious friend of mine used to say, the wine could not be bad, where the company was agreeable; a maxim which, however, ought to be taken *cum grano salis:* but what is the society of London, that I should be tempted, for its sake, to mortify my senses, and compound with such uncleanness as my soul abhors? All the people I see, are too much engrossed by schemes of intereſt or ambition, to have any room left for sentiment or friendship—Even in some of my old acquaintance, those schemes and pursuits have obliterated all traces of our former connexion—Conversation is reduced to party disputes, and illiberal altercation—Social commerce, to formal visits and card-playing—If you pick up a diverting original by accident, it may be dangerous to amuse yourself with his oddities. He is generally a tartar at bottom; a sharper, a spy, or a lunatic. Every person you deal with endeavours to over-reach you in the way of business; you are preyed upon by idle mendicants, who beg in the phrase of borrowing, and live upon the spoils of the ſtranger—Your tradesmen are without conscience, your friends without affection, and your dependants without fidelity.—

My letter would swell into a treatise, were I to particularize every cause of offence that fills up the measure of my aversion to this, and every other crowded city—Thank Heaven! I am not so far sucked into the vortex, but that I can disengage myself without any great effort of philosophy—From this wild uproar of knavery,

folly, and impertinence, I shall fly with double relish to the serenity of retirement, the cordial effusions of unreserved friendship, the hospitality and protection of the rural gods; in a word, the *jucunda oblivia vitæ*, which Horace himself had not taste enough to enjoy.—

I have agreed for a good travelling-coach and four, at a guinea a day, for three months certain; and next week we intend to begin our journey to the North, hoping still to be with you by the latter end of October—I shall continue to write from every stage where we make any considerable halt, as often as any thing occurs, which I think can afford you the least amusement. In the mean time, I must beg you will superintend the œconomy of Barns, with respect to my hay and corn harvests; assured that my ground produces nothing but what you may freely call your own—On any other terms I should be ashamed to subscribe myself

Your unvariable friend,

London, June 8. MATT. BRAMBLE.

To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, *Bart., of Jesus college, Oxon.*

DEAR PHILLIPS,

IN my last, I mentioned my having spent an evening with a society of authors, who seemed to be jealous and afraid of one another. My uncle was not at all surprised to hear me say I was disappointed in their conversation. "A man may be very entertaining and instructive upon paper, (said he) and exceedingly dull in common discourse. I have observed, that those who shine most in private company, are but secondary stars

in the conſtellation of genius—A ſmall ſtock of ideas is more easily managed, and ſooner displayed, than a great quantity crowded together. There is very ſeldom any thing extraordinary in the appearance and address of a good writer; whereas a dull author generally diſtinguiſhes himself by some oddity or extravagance. For this reason, I fancy, that an assembly of Grubs muſt be very diverting."

My curiosity being excited by this hint, I consulted my friend Dick Ivy, who undertook to gratify it the very next day, which was Sunday laſt.—He carried me to dine with S——, whom you and I have long known by his writings.—He lives in the skirts of the town, and every Sunday his house is open to all unfortunate brothers of the quill, whom he treats with beef, pudding, and potatoes, port, punch, and Calvert's entire butt beer.—He has fixed upon the firſt day of the week for the exercise of his hospitality, because some of his guests could not enjoy it on any other, for reasons that I need not explain. I was civilly received in a plain, yet decent habitation, which opened backwards into a very pleasant garden, kept in excellent order; and, indeed, I saw none of the outward signs of authorship, either in the house or the landlord, who is one of those few writers of the age that ſtand upon their own foundation, without patronage, and above dependence. If there was nothing characteriſtic in the entertainer, the company made ample amends for his want of singularity.

At two in the afternoon, I found myself one of ten mess-mates seated at table, and, I queſtion, if the whole kingdom could produce such another assemblage of originals. Among their peculiarities, I do not mention those of dress, which may be purely accidental. What

ſtruck me were oddities originally produced by affectation, and afterwards confirmed by habit. One of them wore ſpectacles at dinner, and another, his hat flapped; though (as Ivy told me) the firſt was noted for having a ſeaman's eye, when a bailiff was in the wind; and the other was never known to labour under any weakness or defect of vision, except about five years ago, when he was complimented with a couple of black eyes by a player, with whom he had quarrelled in his drink. A third wore a laced ſtocking, and made use of crutches, because, once in his life, he had been laid up with a broken leg, though no man could leap over a ſtick with more agility. A fourth had contracted ſuch an antipathy to the country, that he inſiſted upon ſitting with his back towards the window that looked into the garden, and when a dish of cauliflower was ſet upon the table, he ſnuffed up volatile ſalts to keep him from fainting; yet this delicate perſon was the ſon of a cottager, born under a hedge, and had many years run wild among aſſes on a common. A fifth affected diſtraction—When ſpoke to, he always anſwered from the purpoſe—ſometimes he ſuddenly ſtarted up, and rapped out a dreadful oath—ſometimes he burſt out a-laughing—then he folded his arms, and ſighed—and then he hiſſed like fifty ſerpents.

At firſt, I really thought he was mad, and, as he ſat near me, began to be under ſome apprehenſions for my own ſafety, when our landlord, perceiving me alarmed, aſſured me aloud that I had nothing to fear. "The gentleman (ſaid he) is trying to act a part, for which he is by no means qualified—if he had all the inclination in the world, it is not in his power to be mad. His ſpirits are too flat to be kindled into frenzy." " 'Tis no bad p-p-puff, how-ow-ever (obſerved a perſon in a tarniſhed

laced coat): aff-ffected m-madness w-will p-pass for w-wit w-with nine-ninet-teen out of t-twenty."—"And affected ſtuttering for humour: replied our landlord, tho' God knows there is no affinity betwixt them." It ſeems, this wag, after having made ſome abortive attempts in plain ſpeaking, had recourſe to this defect, by means of which he frequently extorted the laugh of the company, without the leaſt expence of genius: and that imperfection, which he had at firſt counterfeited, was now become ſo habitual, that he could not lay it aſide.

A certain winking genius, who wore yellow gloves at dinner, had on his firſt introduction, taken ſuch offence at S——, becauſe he looked and talked, and ate and drank like any other man, that he ſpoke contemptuouſly of his underſtanding ever after, and never would repeat his viſit, until he had exhibited the following proof of his caprice. Wat Wyvil, the poet, having made ſome unſucceſsful advances towards an intimacy with S——, at laſt gave him to underſtand, by a third perſon, that he had written a poem in his praiſe, and a ſatire againſt his perſon; that if he would admit him to his houſe, the firſt ſhould be immediately ſent to preſs, but that if he perſiſted in declining his friendſhip, he would publiſh the ſatire without delay. S—— replied, that he looked upon Wyvil's panegyrick, as in effect, a ſpecies of infamy, and would reſent it accordingly with a good cudgel; but if he publiſhed the ſatire, he might deſerve his compaſſion, and had nothing to fear from his revenge. Wyvil having conſidered the alternative, reſolved to mortify S—— by printing the panegyrick, for which he received a ſound drubbing. Then he ſwore the peace againſt the aggreſſor, who, in order to avoid a proſecution at law, admitted him to his good graces. It

was the singularity in S——'s conduct on this occasion, that reconciled him to the yellow-gloved philosopher, who owned he had some genius, and from that period cultivated his acquaintance.

Curious to know upon what subjects the several talents of my fellow-guests were employed, I applied to my communicative friend Dick Ivy, who gave me to understand, that most of them were, or had been, understrappers, or journeymen, to more creditable authors, for whom they translated, collated, and compiled, in the business of book-making; and that all of them had, at different times, laboured in the service of our landlord, though they had now set up for themselves in various departments of literature. Not only their talents, but also their nations and dialects were so various, that our conversation resembled the confusion of tongues at Babel. We had the Irish brogue, the Scotch accent, and foreign idiom, twanged off by the most discordant vociferation; for, as they all spoke together, no man had any chance to be heard, unless he could bawl louder than his fellows. It must be owned, however, there was nothing pedantic in their discourse; they carefully avoided all learned disquisitions, and endeavoured to be facetious; nor did their endeavours always miscarry—some droll repartee passed, and much laughter was excited; and if any individual lost his temper so far as to transgress the bounds of decorum, he was effectually checked by the master of the feast, who exerted a sort of paternal authority over this irritable tribe.

The most learned philosopher of the whole collection, who had been expelled the university for atheism, has made great progress in a refutation of lord Bolingbroke's metaphysical works, which is said to be equally

ingenious and orthodox; but, in the mean time, he has been presented to the grand jury as a public nuisance, for having blasphemed in an alehouse on the Lord's day. The Scotchman gives lectures on the pronunciation of the English language, which he is now publishing by subscription.

The Irishman is a political writer, and goes by the name of my Lord Potatoe. He wrote a pamphlet in vindication of the minister, hoping his zeal would be rewarded with some place or pension; but finding himself neglected in that quarter, he whispered about, that the pamphlet was written by the minister himself, and he published an answer to his own production. In this he addressed the author under the title of *your lordship* with such solemnity that the public swallowed the deceit, and bought up the whole impression. The wise politicians of the metropolis declared they were both masterly performances, and chuckled over the flimsy reveries of an ignorant garretteer, as the profound speculations of a veteran statesman, acquainted with all the secrets of the cabinet. The imposture was detected in the sequel, and our Hibernian pamphleteer retains no part of his assumed importance, but the bare title of *my lord*, and the upper part of the table at the potatoe-ordinary in Shoelane.

Opposite to me sat a Piedmontese, who had obliged the public with a humorous satire, intituled, *The Balance of the English Poets*, a performance which evinced the great modesty and taste of the author, and, in particular, his intimacy with the elegancies of the English language. The sage, who laboured under the ἀγροφοβία or *horror of green fields*, had just finished a treatise on practical agriculture, though, in fact, he had never seen corn

growing in his life, and was so ignorant of grain, that our entertainer, in the face of the whole company, made him own, that a plate of hominy was the beſt rice pudding he had ever eat.

The ſtutterer had almoſt finished his travels through Europe and part of Asia, without ever budging beyond the liberties of the King's Bench, except in term-time, with a tip-ſtaff for his companion: and as for little Tim Cropdale, the moſt facetious member of the whole society, he had happily wound up the cataſtrophe of a virgin tragedy,from the exhibition of which he promised himself a large fund of profit and reputation. Tim had made shift to live many years by writing novels, at the rate of five pounds a volume;but that branch of business is now engrossed by female authors, who publish merely for the propagation of virtue, with so much ease and spirit, and delicacy, and knowledge of the human heart, and all in the serene tranquillity of high life, that the reader is not only enchanted by their genius, but reformed by their morality.

After dinner, we adjourned into the garden, where, I observed, Mr. S—— gave a short separate audience to every individual in a small remote filbert walk, from whence moſt of them dropt off one after another, without further ceremony; but they were replaced by fresh recruits of the same clan, who came to make an afternoon's visit; and, among others, a spruce bookseller, called Birkin, who rode his own gelding, and made his appearance in a pair of new jemmy boots, with massy spurs of plate. It was not without reason, that this midwife of the Muses used to exercise a-horseback, for he was too fat to walk a-foot, and he underwent some sarcasms from Tim Cropdale, on his unweildy size and

inaptitude for motion. Birkin, who took umbrage at this poor author's petulance in presuming to joke upon a man so much richer than himself, told him, he was not so unweildy but that he could move the Marshalsea court for a writ, and even overtake him with it, if he did not very speedily come and settle accounts with him, respecting the expence of publishing his last Ode to the king of Prussia, of which he had sold but three, and one of them was to Whitefield the methodist. Tim affected to receive this intimation with good humour, saying, he expected in a post or two, from Potsdam, a poem of thanks from his Prussian majesty, who knew very well how to pay poets in their own coin; but in the mean time, he proposed that Mr. Birkin and he should run three times round the garden for a bowl of punch, to be drank at Ashley's in the evening, and he would run boots against stockings. The bookseller, who valued himself upon his mettle, was persuaded to accept the challenge, and he forthwith resigned his boots to Cropdale, who, when he had put them on, was no bad representation of captain Pistol in the play.

Every thing being adjusted, they started together with great impetuosity, and, in the second round, Birkin had clearly the advantage, *larding the lean earth as he puff'd along*. Cropdale had no mind to contest the victory further; but, in a twinkling, disappeared through the back-door of the garden, which opened into a private lane, that had communication with the high road.—The spectators immediately began to hollow, "Stole away!" and Birkin set off in pursuit of him with great eagerness; but he had not advanced twenty yards in the lane, when a thorn running into his foot, sent him hopping back into the garden, roaring with pain, and swearing with vexation.

When he was delivered from this annoyance by the Scotchman, who had been bred to surgery, he looked about him wildly, exclaiming, "Sure, the fellow won't be such a rogue as to run clear away with my boots!" Our landlord, having reconnoitered the shoes he had left, which, indeed, hardly deserved that name, "Pray, (said he) Mr. Birkin, wa'n't your boots made of calf-skin?" "Calf-skin or cow-skin, (replied the other) I'll find a slip of sheep-skin that will do his business—I loſt twenty pounds by his farce, which you persuaded me to buy—I am out of pocket five pounds by his damn'd ode; and now this pair of boots, bran new, coſt me thirty shillings, as per receipt.—But this affair of the boots is felony—transportation.—I'll have the dog indicted at the Old Bailey—I will, Mr. S——. I will be revenged, even though I should lose my debt in consequence of his conviction."

Mr. S—— said nothing at present, but accommodated him with a pair of shoes; then ordered his servant to rub him down, and comfort him with a glass of rum-punch, which seemed, in a great measure, to cool the rage of his indignation. "After all, (said our landlord), this is no more than a *humbug* in the way of wit, though it deserves a more respectable epithet, when considered as an effort of invention. Tim, being (I suppose) out of credit with the cordwainer, fell upon this ingenious expedient to supply the want of shoes, knowing that Mr. Birkin, who loves humour, would himself relish the joke upon a little recollection. Cropdale literally lives by his wit, which he has exercised upon all his friends in their turns. He once borrowed my poney for five or six days to go to Salisbury, and sold him in Smithfield at his return. This was a joke of such a serious nature, that, in

the first transports of my passion, I had some thoughts of prosecuting him for horse-ſtealing; and even when my resentment had in some measure subsided, as he induſtriously avoided me, I vowed, I would take satisfaction on his ribs with the firſt opportunity. One day, seeing him at some diſtance in the ſtreet, coming towards me, I began to prepare my cane for action, and walked in the shadow of a porter, that he might not perceive me soon enough to make his escape; but, in the very inſtant I had lifted up the inſtrument of correction, I found Tim Cropdale metamorphosed into a miserable blind wretch, feeling his way with a long ſtick from poſt to poſt, and rolling about two bald unlighted orbs instead of eyes. I was exceedingly shocked at having so narrowly escaped the concern and disgrace that would have attended such a misapplication of vengeance: but, next day, Tim prevailed upon a friend of mine to come and solicit my forgiveness, and offer his note, payable in six weeks, for the price of the poney.—This gentleman gave me to underſtand, that the blind man was no other than Cropdale, who having seen me advancing, and guessing my intent, had immediately converted himself into the object aforesaid.—I was so diverted at the ingenuity of the evasion, that I agreed to pardon his offence, refusing his note, however, that I might keep the prosecution for felony hanging over his head, as a security for his future good behaviour—But Timothy would by no means truſt himself in my hands till the note was accepted—then he made his appearance at my door as a blind beggar, and imposed in such a manner upon my man, who had been his old acquaintance and pot-companion, that the fellow threw the door in his face, and even threatened to give him the baſtinado. Hearing a noise in the hall, I went

thither, and immediately recollecting the figure I had passed in the street, accosted him by his own name, to the unspeakable astonishment of the footman."

Birkin declared he loved a joke as well as another; but asked if any of the company could tell where Mr. Cropdale lodged, that he might send him a proposal about restitution, before the boots should be made away with. "I would willingly give him a pair of new shoes, (said he) and half a guinea into the bargain, for the boots, which fitted me like a glove; and I shan't be able to get the fellows of them till the good weather for riding is over." The stuttering wit declared, that the only secret which Cropdale ever kept, was the place of his lodgings; but, he believed, that, during the heats of summer, he commonly took his repose upon a bulk, or indulged himself, in fresco, with one of the kennel-nymphs, under the portico of St. Martin's church. "Pox on him! (cried the bookseller) he might as well have taken my whip and spurs—In that case, he might have been tempted to steal another horse, and then he would have rid to the devil of course."

After coffee, I took my leave of Mr. S——, with proper acknowledgments of his civility, and was extremely well pleased with the entertainment of the day, though not yet satisfied, with respect to the nature of this connexion, betwixt a man of character in the literary world, and a parcel of authorlings, who, in all probability, would never be able to acquire any degree of reputation by their labours. On this head I interrogated my conductor, Dick Ivy, who answered me to this effect—"One would imagine S—— had some view to his own interest, in giving countenance and assistance to those people, whom he knows to be bad men, as well as bad

writers; but, if he has any such view, he will find himself disappointed; for if he is so vain as to imagine he can make them subservient to his schemes of profit or ambition, they are cunning enough to make him their property in the mean time. There is not one of the company you have seen to-day (myself excepted) who does not owe him particular obligations—One of them he bailed out of a spunging-house, and afterwards paid the debt—another he translated into his family, and cloathed, when he was turned out half-naked from jail in consequence of an act for the relief of insolvent debtors—a third, who was reduced to a woollen night-cap, and lived upon sheeps' trotters, up three pair of stairs backward in Butcher-row, he took into present pay and free quarters, and enabled him to appear as a gentleman without having the fear of sheriff's officers before his eyes. Those who are in distress, he supplies with money when he has it, and with his credit when he is out of cash. When they want business, he either finds employment for them in his own service, or recommends them to booksellers to execute some project he has formed for their subsistence. They are always welcome to his table, (which, though plain, is plentiful), and to his good offices as far as they will go; and when they see occasion, they make use of his name with the most petulant familiarity; nay, they do not even scruple to arrogate to themselves the merit of some of his performances, and have been known to sell their own lucubrations as the produce of his brain. The Scotchman you saw at dinner once personated him at an ale-house in West-Smithfield, and, in the character of S——, had his head broke by a cow-keeper, for having spoken disrespectfully of the Christian religion; but he took the law of him in his own person,

and the assailant was fain to give him ten pounds to withdraw his action."

I observed, that all this appearance of liberality on the side of Mr. S—— was easily accounted for, on the supposition that they flattered him in private, and engaged his adversaries in public; and yet I was astonished, when I recollected that I often had seen this writer virulently abused in papers, poems, and pamphlets, and not a pen was drawn in his defence.—"But you will be more astonished, (said he), when I assure you, those very guests whom you saw at his table to-day, were the authors of great part of that abuse; and he himself is well aware of their particular favours, for they are all eager to detect and betray one another."—"But this is doing the devil's work for nothing (cried I). What should induce them to revile their benefactor without provocation?" "Envy (answered Dick) is the general incitement; but they are galled by an additional scourge of provocation. S—— directs a literary journal, in which their productions are necessarily brought to trial; and though many of them have been treated with such lenity and favour as they little deserved, yet the slightest censure, such as, perhaps, could not be avoided with any pretensions to candour and impartiality, has rankled in the hearts of those authors to such a degree, that they have taken immediate vengeance on the critic in anonymous libels, letters, and lampoons. Indeed, all the writers of the age, good, bad, and indifferent, from the moment he assumed this office, became his enemies, either professed or in petto, except those of his friends who knew they had nothing to fear from his strictures; and he must be a wiser man than me, who can tell what

advantage or satisfaction he derives from having brought such a neſt of hornets about his ears."

I owned that was a point which might deserve consideration; but ſtill I expreſſed a deſire to know his real motives for continuing his friendſhip to a ſet of raſcals equally ungrateful and inſignificant.—He ſaid, he did not pretend to aſſign any reaſonable motive; that, if the truth muſt be told, the man was, in point of conduct, a moſt incorrigible fool; that, though he pretended to have a knack at hitting off characters, be blundered ſtrangely in the diſtribution of his favours, which were generally beſtowed on the moſt undeſerving of thoſe who had recourſe to his aſſiſtance; that, indeed, this preference was not ſo much owing to want of diſcernment as to want of reſolution, for he had not fortitude enough to reſiſt the importunity even of the moſt worthleſs; and, as he did not know the value of money, there was very little merit in parting with it ſo eaſily; that his pride was gratified in ſeeing himſelf courted by ſuch a number of literary dependants; that, probably, he delighted in hearing them expoſe and traduce one another; and, finally, from their information, he became acquainted with all the tranſactions of Grub-ſtreet, which he had ſome thoughts of compiling, for the entertainment of the public.

I could not help ſuſpecting, from Dick's diſcourſe, that he had ſome particular grudge againſt S——, upon whoſe conduct he had put the worſt conſtruction it would bear, and, by dint of croſs-examination, I found he was not at all ſatisfied with the character which had been given in the Review of his laſt performance, though it had been treated civilly, in conſequence of the author's

application to the critic. By all accounts, S—— is not without weakness and caprice; but he is certainly good-humoured and civilized; nor do I find, that there is any thing over-bearing, cruel, or implacable in his disposition.

I have dwelt so long upon authors, that you will perhaps suspect I intend to enroll myself among the fraternity; but, if I were actually qualified for the profession, it is at best but a desperate resource against starving, as it affords no provision for old age and infirmity. Salmon, at the age of fourscore, is now in a garret, compiling matter, at a guinea a sheet for a modern historian, who, in point of age, might be his grand-child; and Psalmonazar, after having drudged half a century in the literary mill, in all the simplicity and abstinence of an Asiatic, subsists upon the charity of a few booksellers, just sufficient to keep him from the parish.—I think Guy, who was himself a bookseller, ought to have appropriated one wing or ward of his hospital to the use of decayed authors; though, indeed, there is neither hospital, college, nor work-house, within the bills of mortality, large enough to contain the poor of this society, composed, as it is, from the refuse of every other profession.

I know not whether you will find any amusement in this account of an odd race of mortals, whose constitution had, I own, greatly interested the curiosity of

Yours,

London, June 10. J. MELFORD.

To Miss LÆTITIA WILLIS, *at Gloucester.*

MY DEAR LETTY,

THERE is something on my spirits, which I should not venture to communicate by the poſt, but having the opportunity of Mrs. Brentwood's return, I seize it eagerly to disburthen my poor heart, which is oppressed with fear and vexation.—O Letty! what a miserable situation it is, to be without a friend to whom one can apply for counsel and consolation in diſtress! I hinted in my laſt, that one Mr. Barton had been very particular in his civilities: I can no longer miſtake his meaning—he has formally professed himself my admirer; and, after a thousand assiduities, perceiving I made but a cold return to his addresses, he had recourse to the mediation of lady Griskin, who has acted the part of a very warm advocate in his behalf: but, my dear Willis, her ladyship over acts her part—she not only expatiates on the ample fortune, the great connexions, and the unblemished character of Mr. Barton, but she takes the trouble to catechise me; and, two days ago, peremptorily told me, that a girl of my age could not possibly reſiſt so many considerations, if her heart was not pre-engaged.

This insinuation threw me into such a flutter, that she could not but observe my disorder; and, presuming upon the discovery, insiſted upon my making her the confidante of my passion. But, although I had not such command of myself as to conceal the emotion of my heart, I am not such a child as to disclose its secrets to a person who would certainly use them to its prejudice. I told her, it was no wonder if I was out of countenance at

her introducing a subject of conversation so unsuitable to my years and inexperience; that I believed Mr. Barton was a very worthy gentleman, and I was much obliged to him for his good opinion; but the affections were involuntary, and mine, in particular, had as yet made no concessions in his favour. She shook her head with an air of distrust that made me tremble; and observed, that if my affections were free, they would submit to the decision of prudence, especially when enforced by the authority of those who had a right to direct my conduct. This remark implied a design to interest my uncle or my aunt, perhaps my brother, in behalf of Mr. Barton's passion; and I am sadly afraid that my aunt is already gained over. Yesterday in the forenoon, he had been walking with us in the Park, and stopping in our return at a toy-shop, he presented her with a very fine snuff-box, and me with a gold etuis, which I resolutely refused, till she commanded me to accept it on pain of her displeasure: nevertheless, being still unsatisfied with respect to the propriety of receiving this toy, I signified my doubts to my brother, who said he would consult my uncle on the subject, and seemed to think Mr. Barton had been rather premature in his presents.

What will be the result of this consultation, Heaven knows; but I am afraid it will produce an explanation with Mr. Barton, who will, no doubt, avow his passion, and solicit their consent to a connexion which my soul abhors; for, my dearest Letty, it is not in my power to love Mr. Barton, even if my heart was untouched by any other tenderness. Not that there is any thing disagreeable about his person, but there is a total want of that nameless charm which captivates and controuls the

inchanted spirit—at leaſt, he appears to me to have this defect; but if he had all the engaging qualifications which a man can possess, they would be excited in vain againſt that conſtancy, which, I flatter myself, is the characteriſtic of my nature. No, my dear Willis, I may be involved in fresh troubles, and I believe I shall, from the importunities of this gentleman and the violence of my relations; but my heart is incapable of change.

You know, I put no faith in dreams; and yet I have been much diſturbed by one that visited me laſt night. —I thought I was in a church, where a certain person, whom you know, was on the point of being married to my aunt; that the clergyman was Mr. Barton, and that poor forlorn I ſtood weeping in a corner, half naked, and without shoes or ſtockings.—Now, I know there is nothing so childish as to be moved by those vain illusions; but nevertheless, in spite of all my reason, this hath made a ſtrong impression upon my mind, which begins to be very gloomy. Indeed, I have another more subſtantial cause of affliction—I have some religious scruples, my dear friend, which lie heavy on my conscience.—I was persuaded to go to the Tabernacle, where I heard a discourse that affected me deeply.—I have prayed fervently to be enlightened, but as yet I am not sensible of these inward motions, those operations of grace, which are the signs of a regenerated spirit; and therefore I begin to be in terrible apprehensions about the ſtate of my poor soul. Some of our family have had very uncommon accessions, particularly my aunt and Mrs. Jenkins, who sometimes speak as if they were really inspired; so that I am not like to want for either exhortation or example, to purify my thoughts, and recall them from the vanities of this world, which,

indeed, I would willingly resign, if it was in my power; but to make this sacrifice, I must be enabled by such assistance from above as hath not yet been indulged to

Your unfortunate friend,

June 10. LYDIA MELFORD.

To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, *of Jesus college, Oxon.*

DEAR PHILLIPS,

THE moment I received your letter, I began to execute your commission—With the assistance of mine host at the Bull and Gate, I discovered the place to which your fugitive valet had retreated, and taxed him with his dishonesty—The fellow was in manifest confusion at sight of me, but he denied the charge with great confidence, till I told him, that if he would give up the watch, which was a family piece, he might keep the money and the clothes, and go to the devil his own way, at his leisure; but if he rejected this proposal, I would deliver him forthwith to the constable, whom I had provided for that purpose, and he would carry him before the justice without further delay. After some hesitation, he desired to speak with me in the next room, where he produced the watch, with all its appendages, and I have delivered it to our landlord, to be sent you by the first safe conveyance—So much for business.

I shall grow vain, upon your saying you find entertainment in my letters; barren, as they certainly are, of incident and importance, because your amusement must arise, not from the matter, but from the manner, which you know is all my own—Animated, therefore, by the approbation of a person, whose nice taste and consum-

mate judgment I can no longer doubt, I will chearfully proceed with our memoirs—As it is determined we shall set out next week for Yorkshire, I went to-day in the forenoon with my uncle to see a carriage, belonging to a coach-maker in our neighbourhood—Turning down a narrow lane, behind Long-acre, we perceived a crowd of people ſtanding at a door; which, it ſeems, opened into a kind of a methodiſt meeting, and were informed, that a footman was then holding forth to the congregation within. Curious to ſee this phœnomenon, we squeezed into the place with much difficulty; and who ſhould this preacher be, but the identical Humphry Clinker. He had finiſhed his ſermon and given out a pſalm, the firſt ſtave of which he ſung with peculiar graces—But if we were aſtoniſhed to ſee Clinker in the pulpit, we were altogether confounded at finding all the females of our family among the audience—There was lady Griſkin, Mrs. Tabitha Bramble, Mrs. Winifred Jenkins, my ſiſter Liddy, and Mr. Barton, and all of them joined in the pſalmody, with ſtrong marks of devotion.

I could hardly keep my gravity on this ludicrous occaſion; but old Square-toes was differently affected—The firſt thing that ſtruck him, was the preſumption of his lacquey, whom he commanded to come down with ſuch an air of authority as Humphry did not think proper to diſregard. He deſcended immediately, and all the people were in commotion. Barton looked exceedingly ſheepiſh, lady Griſkin flirted her fan, Mrs. Tabby groaned in ſpirit, Liddy changed countenance, and Mrs. Jenkins ſobbed as if her heart was breaking—My uncle, with a ſneer, aſked pardon of the ladies, for having interrupted their devotion, ſaying he had particular buſi-

ness with the preacher, whom he ordered to call a hackney-coach. This being immediately brought up to the end of the lane, he handed Liddy into it, and my aunt and I following him, we drove home, without taking any further notice of the reſt of the company, who ſtill remained in ſilent aſtoniſhment.

Mr. Bramble, perceiving Liddy in great trepidation, aſſumed a milder aſpect, bidding her be under no concern, for he was not at all diſpleaſed at any thing ſhe had done—"I have no objection (ſaid he) to your being religiouſly inclined; but I don't think my ſervant is a proper ghoſtly director, for a devotee of your ſex and character—If, in fact, (as I rather believe), your aunt is not the ſole conductreſs of this machine—" Mrs. Tabitha made no anſwer, but threw up the whites of her eyes as if in the act of ejaculation—Poor Liddy ſaid ſhe had no right to the title of a devotee; that ſhe thought there was no harm in hearing a pious diſcourſe, even if it came from a footman, eſpecially as her aunt was preſent; but that if ſhe had erred from ignorance, ſhe hoped he would excuſe it, as ſhe could not bear the thoughts of living under his diſpleaſure. The old gentleman, preſſing her hand with a tender ſmile, ſaid ſhe was a good girl, and that he did not believe her capable of doing any thing that could give him the leaſt umbrage or diſguſt.

When we arrived at our lodgings, he commanded Mr. Clinker to attend him up ſtairs, and ſpoke to him in theſe words—"Since you are called upon by the ſpirit to preach and to teach, it is high time to lay aſide the livery of an earthly maſter; and for my part, I am unworthy to have an apoſtle in my ſervice—" "I hope, (ſaid Humphry) I have not failed in my duty to your honour—I ſhould be a vile wretch if I did, conſidering

the misery from which your charity and compassion relieved me—But having an inward admonition of the spirit—" "An admonition of the devil—(cried the 'squire, in a passion) What admonition, you blockhead? —What right has such a fellow as you to set up for a reformer?" "Begging your honour's pardon, (replied Clinker) may not the new light of God's grace shine upon the poor and the ignorant in their humility, as well as upon the wealthy, and the philosopher in all his pride of human learning?" "What you imagine to be the new light of grace, (said his master) I take to be a deceitful vapour, glimmering through a crack in your upper story—In a word, Mr. Clinker, I will have no light in my family, but what pays the king's taxes, unless it be the light of reason, which you don't pretend to follow."

"Ah, sir! (cried Humphry) the light of reason, is no more in comparison to the light I mean, than a farthing candle to the sun at noon—" "Very true, (said uncle) the one will serve to shew you your way, and the other to dazzle and confound your weak brain—Heark-ye, Clinker, you are either an hypocritical knave, or a wrong-headed enthusiast; and, in either case, unfit for my service—If you are a quack in sanctity and devotion, you will find it an easy matter to impose upon silly women, and others of crazed understanding, who will contribute lavishly for your support—if you are really seduced by the reveries of a disturbed imagination, the sooner you lose your senses entirely, the better for yourself and the community. In that case, some charitable person might provide you with a dark room and clean straw in Bedlam, where it would not be in your power to infect others with your fanaticism; whereas, if you have just reflection enough left to maintain the character of a

chosen vessel in the meetings of the godly, you and your hearers will be misled by a Will-i'the-wisp, from one error into another, till you are plunged into religious frenzy; and then, perhaps, you will hang yourself in despair—" "Which the Lord of his infinite mercy forbid! (exclaimed the affrighted Clinker). It is very possible I may be under the temptation of the devil, who wants to wreck me on the rocks of spiritual pride—Your honour says, I am either a knave or a madman; now, as I'll assure your honour I am no knave, it follows that I must be mad; therefore, I beseech your honour, upon my knees, to take my case into consideration, that means may be used for my recovery—"

The 'squire could not help smiling at the poor fellow's simplicity, and promised to take care of him, provided he would mind the business of his place, without running after the new-light of methodism: but Mrs. Tabitha took offence at his humility, which she interpreted into poorness of spirit and worldly mindedness—She upbraided him with the want of courage to suffer for conscience sake—She observed, that if he should lose his place for bearing testimony to the truth, Providence would not fail to find him another, perhaps more advantageous; and declaring that it could not be very agreeable to live in a family where an inquisition was established, retired to another room in great agitation.

My uncle followed her with a significant look, then, turning to the preacher, "You hear what my sister says, —If you cannot live with me upon such terms as I have prescribed, the vineyard of methodism lies before you, and she seems very well disposed to reward your labour —" "I would not willingly give offence to any soul upon earth (answered Humphry); her ladyship has been very

good to me, ever since we came to London; and surely she has a heart turned for religious exercises; and both she and lady Griskin sing psalms and hymns like two cherubims—But, at the same time, I'm bound to love and obey your honour—It becometh not such a poor ignorant fellow as me, to hold dispute with gentlemen of rank and learning—As for the matter of knowledge, I am no more than a beast in comparison of your honour; therefore I submit; and, with God's grace, I will follow you to the world's end, if you don't think me too far gone to be out of confinement—"

His master promised to keep him for some time longer on trial; then desired to know in what manner lady Griskin and Mr. Barton came to join their religious society. He told him, that her ladyship was the person who first carried my aunt and sister to the Tabernacle, whither he attended them, and had his devotion kindled by Mr. W——'s preaching: that he was confirmed in this new way, by the preacher's sermons, which he had bought and studied with great attention: that his discourse and prayers had brought over Mrs. Jenkins and the house-maid to the same way of thinking; but as for Mr. Barton, he had never seen him at service before this day, when he came in company with lady Griskin—Humphry, moreover, owned that he had been encouraged to mount the rostrum, by the example and success of a weaver, who was much followed as a powerful minister: that on his first trial, he found himself under such strong impulsions, as made him believe he was certainly moved by the spirit; and that he had assisted in lady Griskin's, and several private houses, at exercises of devotion.

Mr. Bramble was no sooner informed, that her ladyship had acted as the primum mobile of this confederacy,

than he concluded she had only made use of Clinker as a tool, subservient to the execution of some design, to the true secret of which he was an utter ſtranger—He obſerved, that her ladyſhip's brain was a perfect mill for projects, and that she and Tabby had certainly engaged in some secret treaty, the nature of which he could not comprehend. I told him I thought it was no difficult matter to perceive the drift of Mrs. Tabitha, which was to ensnare the heart of Barton, and that in all likelihood my lady Griskin acted as her auxiliary: that this supposition would account for their endeavours to convert him to methodism; an event which would occasion a connexion of souls that might be easily improved into a matrimonial union.

My uncle seemed to be much diverted by the thoughts of this scheme's succeeding; but I gave him to underſtand, that Barton was pre-engaged: that he had the day before made a present of an etuis to Liddy, which her aunt had obliged her to receive, with a view, no doubt, to countenance her own accepting of a snuff-box at the same time: that my ſiſter having made me acquainted with this incident, I had desired an explanation of Mr. Barton, who declared his intentions were honourable, and expressed his hope that I would have no objections to his alliance: that I had thanked him for the honour he intended our family; but told him, it would be neceſſary to consult her uncle and aunt, who were her guardians; and their approbation being obtained, I could have no objection to his proposal; though I was perſuaded that no violence would be offered to my ſiſter's inclinations, in a transaction that so nearly intereſted the happiness of her future life: that he had assured me, he should never think of availing himself of a guardian's

authority, unless he could render his addresses agreeable to the young lady herself; and that he would immediately demand permission of Mr. and Mrs. Bramble, to make Liddy a tender of his hand and fortune.

The 'squire was not insensible to the advantages of such a match, and declared he would promote it with all his influence; but when I took notice that there seemed to be an aversion on the side of Liddy, he said he would sound her on the subject; and if her reluctance was such as would not be easily overcome, he would civilly decline the proposal of Mr. Barton; for he thought that, in the choice of a husband, a young woman ought not to sacrifice the feelings of her heart for any consideration upon earth—"Liddy is not so desperate (said he) as to worship fortune at such an expense." I take it for granted, this whole affair will end in smoke; though there seems to be a storm brewing in the quarter of Mrs. Tabby, who sat with all the sullen dignity of silence at dinner, seemingly pregnant with complaint and expostulation. As she hath certainly marked Barton for her own prey, she cannot possibly favour his suit to Liddy: and therefore I expect something extraordinary will attend his declaring himself my sister's admirer. This declaration will certainly be made in form, as soon as the lover can pick up resolution enough to stand the brunt of Mrs. Tabby's disappointment; for he is, without doubt, aware of her designs upon his person—The particulars of the *denouement* you shall know in due season: mean while I am

always yours,

London, June 10. J. MELFORD.

To Dr. LEWIS.

DEAR LEWIS,

THE deceitful calm was of short duration. I am plunged again in a sea of vexation, and the complaints in my ſtomach and bowels are returned; ſo that I ſuppoſe I ſhall be diſabled from proſecuting the excurſion I had planned—What the devil had I to do, to come a plague hunting with a leaſh of females in my train? Yeſterday my precious ſiſter (who, by the bye, has been for ſome time a profeſſed methodiſt) came into my apartment, attended by Mr. Barton, and deſired an audience with a very ſtately air—"Brother, (ſaid ſhe) this gentleman has ſomething to propoſe, which I flatter myſelf will be the more acceptable, as it will rid you of a troubleſome companion." Then Mr. Barton proceeded to this effect—"I am, indeed, extremely ambitious of being allied to your family, Mr. Bramble, and I hope you will ſee no cauſe to interpoſe your authority."—" As for authority, (ſaid Tabby, interrupting him with ſome warmth) I know of none that he has a right to uſe on this occaſion—If I pay him the compliment of making him acquainted with the ſtep I intend to take, it is all he can expect in reaſon—This is as much as I believe he would do by me, if he intended to change his own ſituation in life—In a word, brother, I am ſo ſenſible of Mr. Barton's extraordinary merit, that I have been prevailed upon to alter my reſolution of living a ſingle life, and to put my happineſs in his hands, by veſting him with a legal title to my perſon and fortune, ſuch as they are. The buſineſs at preſent, is to have the writings

drawn; and I shall be obliged to you, if you will recommend a lawyer to me for that purpose."

You may guess what an effect this overture had upon me; who, from the information of my nephew, expected that Barton was to make a formal declaration of his passion for Liddy; I could not help gazing in silent astonishment, alternately at Tabby, and her supposed admirer, which last hung his head in the most awkward confusion for a few minutes, and then retired on pretence of being suddenly seized with a vertigo—Mrs. Tabitha affected much concern, and would have had him make use of a bed in the house; but he insisted upon going home, that he might have recourse to some drops, which he kept for such emergencies, and his inamorata acquiesced—In the mean time I was exceedingly puzzled at this adventure, (though I suspected the truth), and did not know in what manner to demean myself towards Mrs. Tabitha, when Jery came in and told me, he had just seen Mr. Barton alight from his chariot at lady Griskin's door—This incident seemed to threaten a visit from her ladyship, with which we were honoured accordingly, in less than half an hour—"I find (said she) there has been a match of cross purposes among you good folks; and I'm come to set you to rights—" So saying she presented me with the following billet—

"DEAR SIR,

"I no sooner recollected myself from the extreme confusion I was thrown into, by that unlucky mistake of your sister, than I thought it my duty to assure you, that my devoirs to Mrs. Bramble never exceeded the bounds of ordinary civility; and that my heart is unal-

terably fixed upon Miss Liddy Melford, as I had the honour to declare to her brother, when he questioned me upon that subject—Lady Griskin has been so good as to charge herself, not only with the delivery of this note, but also with the task of undeceiving Mrs. Bramble, for whom I have the most profound respect and veneration, though my affection being otherwise engaged, is no longer in the power of

"Sir,

"Your very humble servant,

"RALPH BARTON."

Having cast my eyes over this billet, I told her ladyship, that I would no longer retard the friendly office she had undertaken; and I and Jery forthwith retired into another room. There we soon perceived the conversation grow very warm betwixt the two ladies; and, at length, could distinctly hear certain terms of altercation, which we could no longer delay interrupting, with any regard to decorum. When we entered the scene of contention, we found Liddy had joined the disputants, and stood trembling betwixt them, as if she had been afraid they would have proceeded to something more practical than words—Lady Griskin's face was like the full moon in a storm of wind, glaring, fiery, and portentuous; while Tabby looked grim and ghastly, with an aspect breathing discord and dismay.—Our appearance put a stop to their mutual revilings; but her ladyship turning to me, "Cousin, (said she) I can't help saying I have met with a very ungrateful return from this lady, for the pains I have taken to serve her family—" "My family is much obliged to your ladyship (cried Tabby, with a kind of

hyſterical giggle); but we have no right to the good offices of such an honourable go-between." "But, for all that, good Mrs. Tabitha Bramble, (resumed the other), I shall be content with the reflection, that virtue is its own reward; and it shall not be my fault, if you continue to make yourself ridiculous—Mr. Bramble, who has no little intereſt of his own to serve, will, no doubt, contribute all in his power to promote a match betwixt Mr. Barton and his niece, which will be equally honourable and advantageous; and, I dare say, miss Liddy herself will have no objection to a measure so well calculated to make her happy in life—" "I beg your ladyship's pardon, (exclaimed Liddy, with great vivacity), I have nothing but misery to expect from such a measure; and I hope my guardians will have too much compassion to barter my peace of mind for any consideration of intereſt or fortune—" "Upon my word, miss Liddy! (said she) you have profited by the example of your good aunt—I comprehend your meaning, and will explain it when I have a proper opportunity—In the mean time, I shall take my leave—Madam, your moſt obedient, and devoted humble servant," said she, advancing close up to my siſter, and curtsying so low, that I thought she intended to squat herself down on the floor—This salutation Tabby returned with equal solemnity; and the expression of the two faces, while they continued in this attitude, would be no bad subject for a pencil like that of the incomparable Hogarth, if any such should ever appear again, in these times of dulness and degeneracy.

Jery accompanied her ladyship to her house, that he might have an opportunity to reſtore the etuis to Barton, and advise him to give up his suit, which was so disagreeable to his siſter, againſt whom, however, he

returned much irritated—Lady Griskin had assured him that Liddy's heart was pre-occupied; and immediately the idea of Wilson recurring to his imagination, his family-pride took the alarm—He denounced vengeance against that adventurer, and was disposed to be very peremptory with his sister; but I desired he would suppress his resentment, until I should have talked with her in private.

The poor girl, when I earnestly pressed her on this head, owned, with a flood of tears, that Wilson had actually come to the Hot Well at Bristol, and even introduced himself into our lodgings as a Jew pedlar, but that nothing had passed betwixt them, further than her begging him to withdraw immediately, if he had any regard for her peace of mind: that he had disappeared accordingly, after having attempted to prevail upon my sister's maid, to deliver a letter; which, however, she refused to receive, though she had consented to carry a message, importing that he was a gentleman of a good family; and that, in a very little time, he would avow his passion in that character—She confessed, that although he had not kept his word in that particular, he was not yet altogether indifferent to her affection; but solemnly promised, she would never carry on any correspondence with him, or any other admirer, for the future, without the privity and approbation of her brother and me.

By this declaration, she made her own peace with Jery; but the hot-headed boy is more than ever incensed against Wilson, whom he now considers as an impostor, that harbours some infamous design upon the honour of his family—As for Barton, he was not a little mortified to find his present returned, and his addresses so unfavourably received; but he is not a man to be deeply affected by such disappointments; and I know not whe-

ther he is not as well pleased with being discarded by Liddy, as he would have been with a permission to prosecute his pretensions, at the risque of being every day exposed to the revenge or machinations of Tabby, who is not to be slighted with impunity—I had not much time to moralize on these occurrences; for the house was visited by a conſtable and his gang, with a warrant from juſtice Buzzard, to search the box of Humphry Clinker, my footman, who was juſt apprehended as a highwayman—This incident threw the whole family into confuſion. My ſiſter scolded the conſtable for presuming to enter the lodgings of a gentleman on such an errand, without having firſt asked, and obtained permission; her maid was frightened into fits, and Liddy shed tears of compassion for the unfortunate Clinker, in whose box, however, nothing was found to confirm the suspicion of robbery.

For my own part, I make no doubt of the fellow's being miſtaken for some other person, and I went directly to the juſtice, in order to procure his discharge; but there I found the matter much more serious than I expected—Poor Clinker ſtood trembling at the bar, surrounded by thief-takers; and at a little diſtance, a thick, squat fellow, a poſtillion, his accuser, who had seized him in the ſtreet, and swore positively to his person, that the said Clinker had, on the 15th day of March laſt, on Blackheath, robbed a gentleman in a poſt-chaise, which he (the poſtillion) drove—This deposition was sufficient to justify his commitment; and he was sent accordingly to Clerkenwell prison, whither Jery accompanied him in the coach, in order to recommend him properly to the keeper, that he may want for no convenience which the place affords.

The spectators, who assembled to see this highwayman, were sagacious enough to discern something very villainous in his aspect; which (begging their pardon) is the very picture of simplicity; and the justice himself put a very unfavourable construction upon some of his answers, which, he said, savoured of the ambiguity and equivocation of an old offender; but, in my opinion, it would have been more just and humane to impute them to the confusion into which we may suppose a poor country lad to be thrown on such an occasion. I am still persuaded he is innocent; and, in this persuasion, I can do no less than use my utmost endeavours that he may not be oppressed—I shall, to-morrow, send my nephew to wait on the gentleman who was robbed, and beg he will have the humanity to go and see the prisoner; that, in case he should find him quite different from the person of the highwayman, he may bear testimony in his behalf—Howsoever it may fare with Clinker, this cursed affair will be to me productive of intolerable chagrin—I have already caught a dreadful cold, by rushing into the open air from the justice's parlour, where I had been stewing in the crowd; and though I should not be laid up with the gout, as I believe I shall, I must stay at London for some weeks, till this poor devil comes to his trial at Rochester; so that, in all probability, my northern expedition is blown up.

If you can find any thing in your philosophical budget, to console me in the midst of these distresses and apprehensions, pray let it be communicated to

Your unfortunate friend,

London, June 12. MATT. BRAMBLE.

To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, *Bart., of Jesus college, Oxon.*

DEAR WAT,

THE farce is finished, and another piece of a graver caſt brought upon the ſtage—Our aunt made a desperate attack upon Barton, who had no other way of saving himself, but by leaving her in poſſeſſion of the field, and avowing his pretensions to Liddy, by whom he has been rejected in his turn.—Lady Griskin acted as his advocate and agent on this occaſion, with such zeal as embroiled her with Mrs. Tabitha, and a high scene of altercation passed betwixt these two religioniſts, which might have come to action, had not my uncle interposed. They are, however, reconciled, in consequence of an event which hath involved us all in trouble and disquiet. You muſt know, the poor preacher, Humphry Clinker, is now exercising his miniſtry among the felons in Clerkenwell prison.—A poſtillion having sworn a robbery againſt him, no bail could be taken, and he was committed to jail, notwithſtanding all the remonſtrances and intereſt my uncle could make in his behalf.

All things considered, the poor fellow cannot possibly be guilty, and yet, I believe, he runs some risque of being hanged.—Upon his examination, he answered with such hesitation and reserve, as persuaded moſt of the people, who crowded the place, that he was really a knave, and the juſtice's remarks confirmed their opinion. Exclusive of my uncle and myself, there was only one person who seemed inclined to favour the culprit—He was a young man, well dressed, and, from the manner in which he cross-examined the evidence, we took if for granted that

he was a ſtudent in one of the inns of court.—He freely checked the juſtice for some uncharitable inferences he made to the prejudice of the prisoner, and even ventured to dispute with his worship on certain points of law.

My uncle, provoked at the unconnected and dubious answers of Clinker, who seemed in danger of falling a sacrifice to his own simplicity, exclaimed, " In the name of God, if you are innocent, say so." "No, (cried he), God forbid, that I should call myself innocent, while my conscience is burthened with sin." "What then, you did commit this robbery?" resumed his maſter. "No, sure, (said he), blessed be the Lord, I'm free of that guilt."

Here the juſtice interposed, observing, that the man seemed inclined to make a discovery by turning king's evidence, and desired the clerk to take his confession, upon which Humphry declared, that he looked upon confession to be a popish fraud, invented by the whore of Babylon. The templar affirmed, that the poor fellow was *non compos;* and exhorted the juſtice to discharge him as a lunatic.—"You know very well, (added he), that the robbery in question was not committed by the prisoner."

The thief-takers grinned at one another; and Mr. Juſtice Buzzard replied with great emotion, "Mr. Martin, I desire you will mind your own business; I shall convince you one of these days that I underſtand mine." In short, there was no remedy; the mittimus was made out, and poor Clinker sent to prison in a hackney-coach, guarded by the conſtable, and accompanied by your humble servant. By the way, I was not a little surprised to hear this retainer to juſtice bid the prisoner to keep up his spirits, for that he did not at all doubt, but that he would get off for a few weeks confinement.—He said,

his worship knew very well that Clinker was innocent of the fact, and that the real highwayman, who robbed the chaise, was no other than that very individual Mr. Martin, who had pleaded so strenuously for honeſt Humphry.

Confounded at this information, I asked, "Why then is he suffered to go about at his liberty, and this poor innocent fellow treated as a malefactor?" "We have exact intelligence of all Mr. Martin's transactions, (said he); but as yet there is not evidence sufficient for his conviction; and as for this young man, the juſtice could do no less than commit him, as the poſtillion swore point-blank to his identity." "So, if this rascally poſtillion should perſiſt in the falsity to which he has sworn, (said I) this innocent lad may be brought to the gallows."

The conſtable observed, that he would have time enough to prepare for his trial, and might prove an *alibi;* or, perhaps, Martin might be apprehended and convicted for another fact; in which case, he might be prevailed upon to take this affair upon himself; or, finally, if these chances should fail, and the evidence ſtand good againſt Clinker, the jury might recommend him to mercy, in consideration of his youth, especially if this should appear to be the first fact of which he had been guilty.

Humphry owned, he could not pretend to recollect where he had been on the day when the robbery was committed, much less prove a circumſtance of that kind so far back as six months, though he knew he had been sick of the fever and ague, which, however, did not prevent him from going about—then, turning up his eyes, he ejaculated, "The Lord's will be done! if it be my fate to suffer, I hope, I shall not disgrace the faith, of which, though unworthy, I make profession."

When I expressed my surprize, that the accuser

should persist in charging Clinker, without taking the least notice of the real robber, who stood before him, and to whom, indeed, Humphry bore not the smallest resemblance; the constable (who was himself a thief-taker) gave me to understand, that Mr. Martin was the best qualified for business of all the gentlemen on the road he had ever known; that he had always acted on his own bottom, without partner or correspondent, and never went to work but when he was cool and sober; that his courage and presence of mind never failed him; that his address was genteel, and his behaviour void of all cruelty and insolence; that he never encumbered himself with watches or trinkets, nor even with bank-notes, but always dealt for ready money, and that in the current coin of the kingdom; and that he could disguise himself and his horse in such a manner, that, after the action, it was impossible to recognize either the one or the other—"This great man (said he) has reigned paramount in all the roads within fifty miles of London above fifteen months, and has done more business in that time than all the rest of the profession put together; for those who pass through his hands are so delicately dealt with, that they have no desire to give him the least disturbance; but for all that, his race is almost run—he is now fluttering about justice, like a moth about a candle—there are so many lime-twigs laid in his way, that I'll bett a cool hundred, he swings before Christmas."

Shall I own to you, that this portrait, drawn by a ruffian, heightened by what I myself had observed in his deportment, has interested me warmly in the fate of poor Martin, whom nature seems to have intended for a useful and honourable member of that community upon which he now preys for subsistence? It seems, he lived

some time as a clerk to a timber-merchant, whose daughter Martin having privately married, was discarded, and his wife turned out of doors. She did not long survive her marriage; and Martin, turning fortune-hunter, could not supply his occasions any other way, than by taking to the road, in which he has travelled hitherto with uncommon success.—He pays his respects regularly to Mr. Justice Buzzard, the thief-catcher-general of this metropolis, and sometimes they smoke a pipe together very lovingly, when the conversation generally turns upon the nature of evidence.—The justice has given him fair warning to take care of himself, and he has received his caution in good part.—Hitherto he has baffled all the vigilance, art, and activity of Buzzard and his emissaries, with such conduct as would have done honour to the genius of a Cæsar or a Turenne; but he has one weakness, which has proved fatal to all the heroes of his tribe, namely, an indiscreet devotion to the fair sex, and, in all probability, he will be attacked on this defenceless quarter.

Be that as it may, I saw the body of poor Clinker consigned to the gaoler of Clerkenwell, to whose indulgence I recommended him so effectually, that he received him in the most hospitable manner, though there was a necessity for equipping him with a suit of irons, in which he made a very rueful appearance. The poor creature seemed as much affected by my uncle's kindness, as by his own misfortune. When I assured him, that nothing should be left undone for procuring his enlargement, and making his confinement easy in the mean time, he fell down on his knees, and kissing my hand, which he bathed with his tears, "O 'squire! (cried he, sobbing) what shall I say?—I can't—no, I can't speak —my poor heart is bursting with gratitude to you and my dear—dear—generous—noble benefactor."

I protest, the scene became so pathetic, that I was fain to force myself away, and returned to my uncle, who sent me in the afternoon with a compliment to one Mr. Mead, the person who had been robbed on Blackheath. As I did not find him at home, I left a message, in consequence of which, he called at our lodgings this morning, and very humanely agreed to visit the prisoner. By this time, lady Griskin had come to make her formal compliments of condolance to Mrs. Tabitha, on this domestic calamity; and that prudent maiden, whose passion was now cooled, thought proper to receive her ladyship so civilly, that a reconciliation immediately ensued. These two ladies resolved to comfort the poor prisoner in their own persons, and Mr. Mead and I 'squired them to Clerkenwell, my uncle being detained at home by some slight complaints in his stomach and bowels.

The turnkey, who received us at Clerkenwell, looked remarkably sullen; and when we enquired for Clinker, "I don't care, if the devil had him, (said he); here has been nothing but canting and praying since the fellow entered the place—Rabbit him! the tap will be ruined —we han't sold a cask of beer, nor a dozen of wine, since he paid his garnish—the gentlemen get drunk with nothing but your damned religion.—For my part, I believe as how your man deals with the devil.—Two or three as bold hearts as ever took the air upon Hounslow, have been blubbering all night; and if the fellow an't speedily removed by Habeas Corpus, or otherwise, I'll be damn'd if there's a grain of true spirit left within these walls—we shan't have a soul to do credit to the place, or make his exit like a true-born Englishman—damn my eyes! there will be nothing but snivelling in the cart—we shall all die like so many psalm-singing weavers."

In short, we found that Humphry was, at that very inſtant, haranguing the felons in the chapel; and that the gaoler's wife and daughter, together with my aunt's woman, Win Jenkins, and our house-maid, were among their audience, which we immediately joined. I never ſaw any thing ſo ſtrongly picturesque as this congregation of felons clanking their chains, in the midſt of whom ſtood orator Clinker, expatiating, in a transport of fervour, on the torments of hell, denounced in ſcripture againſt evil-doers, comprehending murderers, robbers, thieves, and whoremongers. The variety of attention exhibited in the faces of those ragamuffins, formed a groupe that would not have disgraced the pencil of a Raphael. In one, it denoted admiration; in another, doubt; in a third, diſdain; in a fourth, contempt; in a fifth, terror; in a ſixth, deriſion; and in a ſeventh, indignation.—As for Mrs. Winifred Jenkins, ſhe was in tears, overwhelmed with ſorrow; but whether for her own ſins, or the misfortune of Clinker, I cannot pretend to ſay. The other females ſeemed to liſten with a mixture of wonder and devotion. The gaoler's wife declared he was a ſaint in trouble, ſaying, ſhe wiſhed from her heart, there was ſuch another good ſoul, like him, in every gaol in England.

Mr. Mead, having earneſtly ſurveyed the preacher, declared his appearance was ſo different from that of the perſon who robbed him on Blackheath, that he could freely make oath he was not the man: but Humphry himſelf was by this time pretty well rid of all apprehenſions of being hanged; for he had been the night before ſolemnly tried and acquitted by his fellow-priſoners, ſome of whom he had already converted to methodiſm. He now made proper acknowledgments for the honour

of our visit, and was permitted to kiss the hands of the ladies, who assured him, he might depend upon their friendship and protection. Lady Griskin, in her great zeal, exhorted his fellow-prisoners to profit by the precious opportunity of having such a saint in bonds among them, and turn over a new leaf for the benefit of their poor souls; and, that her admonition might have the greater effect, she reinforced it with her bounty.

While she and Mrs. Tabby returned in the coach with the two maid-servants, I waited on Mr. Mead to the house of justice Buzzard, who, having heard his declaration, said his oath could be of no use at present, but that he would be a material evidence for the prisoner at his trial; so that there seems to be no remedy but patience for poor Clinker; and, indeed, the same virtue, or medicine, will be necessary for us all, the 'squire in particular, who had set his heart upon his excursion to the northward.

While we were visiting honest Humphry in Clerkenwell prison, my uncle received a much more extraordinary visit at his own lodgings. Mr. Martin, of whom I have made such honourable mention,desired permission to pay him his respects, and was admitted accordingly. He told him, that having observed him, at Mr. Buzzard's, a good deal disturbed by what had happened to his servant, he had come to assure him he had nothing to apprehend for Clinker's life; for, if it was possible that any jury could find him guilty upon such evidence, he, Martin himself, would produce in court a person, whose deposition would bring him off clear as the sun at noon.—Sure, the fellow would not be so romantic as to take the robbery upon himself!—He said the postillion was an infamous fellow, who had been a dabbler in the

same profession, and saved his life at the Old Bailey by impeaching his companions; that being now reduced to great poverty, he had made this desperate push, to swear away the life of an innocent man, in hopes of having the reward upon his conviction; but that he would find himself miserably disappointed, for the justice and his myrmidons were determined to admit of no interloper in this branch of business; and that he did not at all doubt but that they would find matter enough to stop the evidence himself before the next gaol-delivery. He affirmed, that all these circumstances were well known to the justice; and that his severity to Clinker was no other than a hint to his master to make him a present in private, as an acknowledgment of his candour and humanity.

This hint, however, was so unpalatable to Mr. Bramble, that he declared, with great warmth, he would rather confine himself for life to London, which he detested, than be at liberty to leave it to-morrow, in consequence of encouraging corruption in a magistrate. Hearing, however, how favourable Mr. Mead's report had been for the prisoner, he is resolved to take the advice of counsel in what manner to proceed for his immediate enlargement. I make no doubt, but that in a day or two this troublesome business may be discussed; and in this hope we are preparing for our journey. If our endeavours do not miscarry, we shall have taken the field before you hear again from

Yours,

London, June 11. J. MELFORD.

To Dr. LEWIS.

THANK Heaven! dear Lewis, the clouds are dispersed, and I have now the clearest prospect of my summer campaign, which, I hope, I shall be able to begin to-morrow. I took the advice of counsel, with respect to the case of Clinker, in whose favour a lucky incident has intervened. The fellow who accused him, has had his own battery turned upon himself.—Two days ago, he was apprehended for a robbery on the highway, and committed, on the evidence of an accomplice. Clinker, having moved for a writ of *habeas corpus*, was brought before the lord chief justice, who, in consequence of an affidavit of the gentleman who had been robbed, importing that the said Clinker was not the person who stopped him on the highway, as well as in consideration of the postillion's character and present circumstances, was pleased to order, that my servant should be admitted to bail; and he has been discharged accordingly, to the unspeakable satisfaction of our whole family, to which he has recommended himself in an extraordinary manner, not only by his obliging deportment, but by his talents of preaching, praying, and singing psalms, which he has exercised with such effect, that even Tabby respects him as a chosen vessel. If there was any thing like affectation or hypocrisy in this excess of religion, I would not keep him in my service; but, so far as I can observe, the fellow's character is downright simplicity, warmed with a kind of enthusiasm, which renders him very susceptible of gratitude and attachment to his benefactors.

As he is an excellent horseman, and understands far-

riery, I have bought a ſtout gelding for his use, that he may attend us on the road, and have an eye to our cattle, in case the coachman should not mind his business. My nephew, who is to ride his own saddle-horse, has taken, upon trial, a servant juſt come from abroad with his former maſter, sir William Strollop, who vouches for his honeſty. The fellow, whose name is Dutton, seems to be a petit-maître—He has got a smattering of French, bows, and grins, and shrugs, and takes snuff *à la mode de France*, but values himself chiefly upon his skill and dexterity in hair-dressing.—If I am not much deceived by appearance, he is, in all reſpects, the very contraſt of Humphry Clinker.

My ſiſter has made up matters with lady Griskin; though, I muſt own, I should not have been sorry to see that connexion entirely deſtroyed: but Tabby is not of a disposition to forgive Barton, who, I underſtand, is gone to his seat in Berkshire for the summer-season. I cannot help ſuſpecting, that in the treaty of peace, which has been lately ratified betwixt those two females, it is ſtipulated, that her ladyship shall use her beſt endeavours to provide an agreeable help-mate for our ſiſter Tabitha, who seems to be quite desperate in her matrimonial designs. Perhaps, the match-maker is to have a valuable consideration in the way of brokerage, which she will moſt certainly deserve, if she can find any man in his senses, who will yoke with Mrs. Bramble from motives of affeĉtion or intereſt.

I find my spirits and my health affeĉt each other reciprocally—that is to say, every thing that discomposes my mind produces a correspondent disorder in my body; and my bodily complaints are remarkably mitigated by those considerations that dissipate the clouds of mental

chagrin.—The imprisonment of Clinker brought on those symptoms which I mentioned in my last, and now they are vanished at his discharge.—It must be owned, indeed, I took some of the tincture of ginseng, prepared according to your prescription, and found it exceedingly grateful to the stomach; but the pain and sickness continued to return, after short intervals, till the anxiety of my mind was entirely removed, and then I found myself perfectly at ease. We have had fair weather these ten days, to the astonishment of the Londoners, who think it portentous. If you enjoy the same indulgence in Wales, I hope Barns has got my hay made, and safe cocked, by this time. As we shall be in motion for some weeks, I cannot expect to hear from you as usual; but I shall continue to write from every place at which we make any halt, that you may know our track, in case it should be necessary to communicate any thing to

Your assured friend,

London, June 14. MATT. BRAMBLE.

To Mrs. MARY JONES, *at Brambleton-hall, &c.*

DEAR MARY,

HAVING the occasion of my cousin Jenkins, of Aberga'ny, I send you, as a token, a turkey-shell comb, a kiple of yards of green ribbon, and a sarment upon the nothingness of good works, which was preached in the Tabernacle; and you will also receive a horn-buck for Saul, whereby she may learn her letters; for I'm much consarned about the state of her poor sole—and what are all the pursuits of this life to the consarns of that immortal part?—What is life but a veil of affliction?

O Mary! the whole family have been in such a conſtipation!—Mr. Clinker has been in trouble, but the gates of hell have not been able to prevail again him.—His virtue is like poor gould, seven times tried in the fire. He was tuck up for a rubbery, and had before guſtass Busshard, who made his mittamouse; and the pore youth was sent to prison upon the false oaf of a willian, that wanted to sware his life away for the looker of cain.

The 'squire did all in his power, but could not prevent his being put in chains, and confined among common manufactors, where he ſtud like an innocent sheep in the midſt of wolves and tygers.—Lord knows what mought have happened to this pyehouse young man, if maſter had not applied to Apias Korkus, who lives with the ould bailiff, and is, they say, five hundred years ould, (God bless us!) and a congeror; but, if he be, sure I am he don't deal with the devil, otherwise he wouldn't have fought out Mr. Clinker, as he did, in spite of ſtone walls, iron bolts, and double locks, that flew open at his command; for Ould Scratch has not a greater enemy upon hearth than Mr. Clinker, who is, indeed, a very powerfull labourer in the Lord's vineyard. I do no more than yuse the words of my good lady, who has got the infectual calling; and, I truſt, that even myself, though unworthy, shall find grease to be excepted.—Miss Liddy has been touched to the quick; but is a little timorsome: howsomever, I make no doubt, but she, and all of us, will be brought, by the endeavours of Mr. Clinker, to produce blessed fruit of generation and repentance.—As for maſter and the young 'squire, they have as yet had narro glimpse of the new light.—I doubt as how their harts are hardened by worldly wisdom, which, as the pyebill saith, is foolishness in the sight of God.

O Mary Jones, pray without seizing for grease to prepare you for the operations of this wonderful inſtrument, which, I hope, will be exorcised this winter upon you and others at Brambleton-hall.—To-morrow, we are to set out in a cox and four for Yorkshire; and, I believe, we shall travel that way far, and far, and farther than I can tell; but I shan't go so far as to forget my friends; and Mary Jones will always be remembered as one of them by her

humble sarvant,

London, June 14. WIN. JENKINS.

To Mrs. GWYLLIM, *house-keeper at Brambleton-hall.*

MRS. GWILLIM,

I CAN'T help thinking it very ſtrange, that I never had an answer to the letter I wrote you some weeks ago from Bath, concerning the sour bear, the gander, and the maids eating butter, which I won't allow to be waſted.—We are now going upon a long gurney to the north, whereby I desire you will redouble your care and circumflexion, that the family may be well manged in our absence; for, you know, you muſt render accunt, not only to your earthly maſter, but also to him that is above; and if you are found a good and faithfull sarvant, great will be your reward in haven. I hope there will be twenty ſtun of cheese ready for market by the time I get huom, and as much owl spun, as will make half a dozen pair of blankets; and that the savings of the butter-milk will fetch me a good penny before Martinmass, as the two pigs are to be fed for baking with bitchmaſt and acrons.

I wrote to doctor Lews for the same porpuss, but he never had the good manners to take the least notice of my letter; for which reason, I shall never favour him with another, though he beshits me on his bended knees. You will do well to keep a watchfull eye over the hind Villiams, who is one of his amissories, and, I believe, no better than he should be at bottom. God forbid that I should lack christian charity; but charity begins at huom, and sure nothing can be a more charitable work than to rid the family of such vermine. I do suppose, that the brindled cow has been had to the parson's bull, that old Moll has had another litter of pigs, and that Dick is become a mighty mouser. Pray order every thing for the best, and be frugal, and keep the maids to their labour.—If I had a private opportunity, I would send them some hymns to sing instead of profane ballads; but, as I can't, they and you must be contented with the prayers of

Your assured friend,

London, June 14. T. BRAMBLE.

To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, *Bart., of Jesus college, Oxon.*

DEAR PHILLIPS,

THE very day after I wrote my last, Clinker was set at liberty—As Martin had foretold, the accuser was himself committed for a robbery, upon unquestionable evidence. He had been for some time in the snares of the thief-taking society; who, resenting his presumption in attempting to incroach upon their monopoly of impeachment, had him taken up and committed to New-

gate, on the deposition of an accomplice, who has been admitted as evidence for the king. The poſtillion being upon record as an old offender, the chief juſtice made no scruple of admitting Clinker to bail, when he perused the affidavit of Mr. Mead, importing that the said Clinker was not the person that robbed him on Blackheath; and honeſt Humphry was discharged—When he came home, he expreſſed great eagerness to pay his reſpects to his maſter, and here his elocution failed him, but his silence was pathetic; he fell down at his feet, and embraced his knees, shedding a flood of tears, which my uncle did not see without emotion.—He took snuff in some confusion; and, putting his hand in his pocket, gave him his blessing in something more subſtantial than words—"Clinker, (said he), I am so well convinced, both of your honeſty and courage, that I am reſolved to make you my life-guard-man on the highway."

He was accordingly provided with a case of piſtols, and a carbine to be slung a-cross his shoulders; and every other preparation being made, we set out laſt Thursday, at seven in the morning; my uncle, with the three women in the coach; Humphry, well mounted on a black gelding bought for his use; myself a-horseback, attended by my new valet, Mr. Dutton, an exceeding coxcomb, fresh from his travels, whom I have taken upon trial—The fellow wears a solitaire, uses paint, and takes rappee with all the grimace of a French marquis. At present, however, he is in a riding-dress, jack-boots, leather breeches, a scarlet waiſtcoat, with gold binding, a laced hat, a hanger, a French poſting-whip in his hand, and his hair *en queue*.

Before we had gone nine miles, my horse loſt one of his shoes; so that I was obliged to ſtop at Barnet to have

another, while the coach proceeded at an easy pace over the common. About a mile short of Hatfield, the poſtillions, ſtopping the carriage, gave notice to Clinker that there were two ſuſpicious fellows a-horseback, at the end of a lane, who ſeemed waiting to attack the coach. Humphry forthwith apprised my uncle, declaring he would ſtand by him to the laſt drop of his blood; and, unſlinging his carbine, prepared for action. The 'ſquire had piſtols in the pockets of the coach, and reſolved to make uſe of them directly; but he was effectually prevented by his female companions, who flung themſelves about his neck, and ſcreamed in concert—At that inſtant, who ſhould come up at a hand-gallop, but Martin, the highwayman, who, advancing to the coach, begged the ladies would compoſe themſelves for a moment; then, deſiring Clinker to follow him to the charge, he pulled a piſtol out of his boſom, and they rode up together to give battle to the rogues, who, having fired at a great diſtance, fled a-croſs the common. They were in purſuit of the fugitives when I came up, not a little alarmed at the ſhrieks in the coach, where I found my uncle in a violent rage, without his periwig, ſtruggling to diſentangle himſelf from Tabby and the other two, and ſwearing with great vociferation. Before I had time to interpoſe, Martin and Clinker returned from the purſuit, and the former paid his compliments with great politeneſs, giving us to underſtand, that the fellows had ſcampered off, and that he believed they were a couple of raw 'prentices from London. He commended Clinker for his courage, and ſaid, if we would give him leave, he would have the honour to accompany us as far as Stevenage, where he had ſome buſineſs.

The 'ſquire, having recolleſted and adjuſted himſelf,

was the first to laugh at his own situation; but it was not without difficulty that Tabby's arms could be untwisted from his neck; Liddy's teeth chattered, and Jenkins was threatened with a fit as usual. I had communicated to my uncle the character of Martin, as it was described by the constable, and he was much struck with its singularity—He could not suppose the fellow had any design on our company, which was so numerous and well armed; he therefore thanked him for the service he had just done them, said he would be glad of his company, and asked him to dine with us at Hatfield. This invitation might not have been agreeable to the ladies, had they known the real profession of our guest, but this was a secret to all, except my uncle and myself—Mrs. Tabitha, however, would by no means consent to proceed with a case of loaded pistols in the coach, and they were forthwith discharged in complaisance to her and the rest of the women.

Being gratified in this particular, she became remarkably good-humoured, and at dinner behaved in the most affable manner to Mr. Martin, with whose polite address and agreeable conversation she seemed to be much taken. After dinner, the landlord accosting me in the yard, asked, with a significant look, if the gentleman that rode the sorrel belonged to our company?—I understood his meaning, but answered, *no;* that he had come up with us on the common, and helped us to drive away two fellows, that looked like highwaymen—He nodded three times distinctly, as much as to say, he knows his cue. Then he inquired, if one of those men was mounted on a bay mare, and the other on a chestnut gelding with a white streak down his forehead? and being answered in the affirmative, he assured me they had robbed three

poſt-chaises this very morning—I inquired, in my turn, if Mr. Martin was of his acquaintance; and, nodding thrice again, he answered, that *he had seen the gentleman.*

Before we left Hatfield, my uncle, fixing his eyes on Martin with such expreſſion as is more easily conceived than described, asked, if he often travelled that road? and he replied with a look which denoted his underſtanding the queſtion, that he very ſeldom did buſineſs in that part of the country. In a word, this adventurer favoured us with his company to the neighbourhood of Stevenage, where he took his leave of the coach and me, in very polite terms, and turned off upon a croſs-road, that led to a village on the left—At ſupper, Mrs. Tabby was very full in the praiſe of Mr. Martin's good-ſenſe and good-breeding, and ſeemed to regret that ſhe had not a further opportunity to make ſome experiment upon his affection. In the morning, my uncle was not a little ſurpriſed to receive, from the waiter, a billet couched in theſe words—

"Sir,

"I could eaſily perceive from your looks, when I had the honour to converſe with you at Hatfield, that my character is not unknown to you; and, I dare ſay, you won't think it ſtrange, that I ſhould be glad to change my preſent way of life, for any other honeſt occupation, let it be ever ſo humble, that will afford me bread in moderation, and ſleep in ſafety—Perhaps you may think I flatter, when I ſay, that from the moment I was witneſs to your generous concern in the cauſe of your ſervant, I conceived a particular eſteem and veneration for your perſon; and yet what I ſay is true. I ſhould think myſelf happy, if I could be admitted into your protection and ſervice,

as house-ſteward, clerk, butler, or bailiff, for either of which places I think myself tolerably well qualified; and, sure I am, I ſhould not be found deficient in gratitude and fidelity—At the ſame time, I am very ſenſible how much you muſt deviate from the common maxims of diſcretion, even in putting my profeſſions to the trial; but I don't look upon you as a perſon that thinks in the ordinary ſtile; and the delicacy of my ſituation, will, I know, juſtify this addreſs to a heart warmed with beneficence and compaſſion—Underſtanding you are going pretty far north, I ſhall take an opportunity to throw myſelf in your way again, before you reach the borders of Scotland; and, I hope, by that time, you will have taken into conſideration, the truly diſtreſſful caſe of,

"honoured ſir,
"your very humble,
"and devoted ſervant,
"EDWARD MARTIN."

The 'ſquire, having peruſed this letter, put it into my hand, without ſaying a ſyllable; and when I had read it, we looked at each other in ſilence. From a certain ſparkling in his eyes, I diſcovered there was more in his heart, than he cared to expreſs with his tongue, in favour of poor Martin; and this was preciſely my own feeling, which he did not fail to diſcern, by the ſame means of communication—"What ſhall we do (ſaid he) to ſave this poor ſinner from the gallows, and make him a uſeful member of the commonwealth? and yet the proverb ſays, Save a thief from the gallows, and he'll cut your throat." I told him, I really believed Martin was capable of giving the proverb the lie; and that I ſhould heartily

concur in any ſtep he might take in favour of his ſolicitation. We mutually reſolved to deliberate upon the ſubject, and, in the mean time, proceeded on our journey. The roads having been broke up by the heavy rains in the ſpring, were ſo rough, that although we travelled very ſlowly, the jolting occaſioned ſuch pain to my uncle, that he was become exceedingly peevish when we arrived at this place, which lies about eight miles from the poſt-road, between Wetherby and Boroughbridge.

Harrigate-water, ſo celebrated for its efficacy in the ſcurvy and other diſtempers, is ſupplied from a copious ſpring, in the hollow of a wild common, round which, a good many houſes have been built for the convenience of the drinkers, though few of them are inhabited. Moſt of the company lodge at ſome diſtance, in five ſeparate inns, ſituated in different parts of the common, from whence they go every morning to the well, in their own carriages. The lodgers of each inn form a diſtinct ſociety, that eat together; and there is a commodious public room, where they breakfaſt in diſhabille, at ſeparate tables, from eight o'clock till eleven, as they chance or chuſe to come in—Here alſo they drink tea in the afternoon, and play at cards or dance in the evening. One cuſtom, however, prevails, which I look upon as a ſolecism in politeneſs—The ladies treat with tea in their turns; and even girls of ſixteen are not exempted from this ſhameful impoſition—There is a public ball by ſubſcription every night at one of the houſes, to which all the company from the others are admitted by tickets; and, indeed, Harrigate treads upon the heels of Bath, in the articles of gaiety and diſſipation—with this difference, however, that here we are more ſociable and familiar. One of the inns is already full up to the very garrets,

having no less than fifty lodgers, and as many servants. Our family does not exceed thirty-six; and I should be sorry to see the number augmented, as our accommodations won't admit of much increase.

At present, the company is more agreeable than one could expect from an accidental assemblage of persons, who are utter strangers to one another—There seems to be a general disposition among us to maintain good fellowship, and promote the purposes of humanity, in favour of those who come hither on the score of health. I see several faces which we left at Bath, although the majority are of the Northern counties; and many come from Scotland for the benefit of these waters—In such a variety, there must be some originals, among whom Mrs. Tabitha Bramble is not the most inconsiderable—No place where there is such an intercourse between the sexes, can be disagreeable to a lady of her views and temperament—She has had some warm disputes at table, with a lame parson from Northumberland, on the new birth, and the insignificance of moral virtue; and her arguments have been reinforced by an old Scotch lawyer, in a tye periwig, who, though he has lost his teeth, and the use of his limbs, can still wag his tongue with great volubility. He has paid her such fulsome compliments, upon her piety and learning, as seem to have won her heart; and she, in her turn, treats him with such attention as indicates a design upon his person; but, by all accounts, he is too much a fox to be inveigled into any snare that she can lay for his affection.

We do not propose to stay long at Harrigate, though, at present, it is our headquarters, from whence we shall make some excursions, to visit two or three of our rich relations, who are settled in this county.—Pray, re-

member me to all our friends of Jesus, and allow me to be still

Yours affectionately,

Harrigate, June 23. J. MELFORD.

To Dr. LEWIS.

DEAR DOCTOR,

CONSIDERING the tax we pay for turnpikes, the roads of this country constitute a most intolerable grievance. Between Newark and Weatherby, I have suffered more from jolting and swinging than ever I felt in the whole course of my life, although the carriage is remarkably commodious and well hung, and the postillions were very careful in driving. I am now safely housed at the New Inn, at Harrigate, whither I came to satisfy my curiosity, rather than with any view of advantage to my health; and, truly, after having considered all the parts, and particulars of the place, I cannot account for the concourse of people one finds here, upon any other principle, but that of caprice, which seems to be the character of our nation.

Harrigate is a wild common, bare and bleak, without tree or shrub, or the least signs of cultivation; and the people who come to drink the water, are crowded together in paltry inns, where the few tolerable rooms are monopolized by the friends and favourites of the house, and all the rest of the lodgers are obliged to put up with dirty holes, where there is neither space, air, nor convenience. My apartment is about ten feet square; and when the folding bed is down, there is just room sufficient to pass between it and the fire. One might expect,

indeed, that there would be no occasion for fire at Midsummer; but here the climate is so backward, that an ash tree, which our landlord has planted before my window, is juſt beginning to put forth its leaves; and I am fain to have my bed warmed every night.

As for the water, which is said to have effected so many surprising cures, I have drank it once, and the firſt draught has cured me of all desire to repeat the medicine.—Some people say it smells of rotten eggs, and others compare it to the scourings of a foul gun.—It is generally supposed to be ſtrongly impregnated with sulphur; and Dr. Shaw, in his book upon mineral waters, says, he has seen flakes of sulphur floating in the well.—*Pace tanti viri;* I, for my part, have never observed any thing like sulphur, either in or about the well, neither do I find that any brimstone has ever been extracted from the water. As for the smell, if I may be allowed to judge from my own organs, it is exactly that of bilge-water; and the saline taſte of it seems to declare that it is nothing else than salt water putrified in the bowels of the earth. I was obliged to hold my nose with one hand, while I advanced the glass to my mouth with the other; and after I had made shift to swallow it, my ſtomach could hardly retain what it had received. The only effects it produced were sickness, griping, and insurmountable disguſt.—I can hardly mention it without puking.—The world is ſtrangely misled by the affectation of singularity. I cannot help suspecting, that this water owes its reputation in a great measure to its being so strikingly offensive. On the same kind of analogy, a German doctor has introduced hemlock and other poisons, as species, into the *materia medica*.—I am persuaded, that all the cures ascribed to the Harri-

gate water, would have been as efficaciously, and infinitely more agreeably performed, by the internal and external use of sea-water. Sure I am, this last is much less nauseous to the taste and smell, and much more gentle in its operation as a purge, as well as more extensive in its medical qualities.

Two days ago, we went across the country to visit 'squire Burdock, who married a first cousin of my father, an heiress, who brought him an estate of a thousand a year. This gentleman is a declared opponent of the ministry in parliament; and having an opulent fortune, piques himself upon living in the country, and maintaining *old English hospitality*.—By the bye, this is a phrase very much used by the English themselves, both in words and writing; but I never heard of it out of the island, except by way of irony and sarcasm. What the hospitality of our fore-fathers has been I should be glad to see recorded, rather in the memoirs of strangers who have visited our country, and were the proper objects and judges of such hospitality, than in the discourse and lucubrations of the modern English, who seem to describe it from theory and conjecture. Certain it is, we are generally looked upon by foreigners, as a people totally destitute of this virtue; and I never was in any country abroad, where I did not meet with persons of distinction, who complained of having been inhospitably used in Great Britain. A gentleman of France, Italy, or Germany, who has entertained and lodged an Englishman at his house, when he afterwards meets with his guest at London, is asked to dinner at the Saracen's head, the Turk's head, the Boar's head, or the Bear, eats raw beef and butter, drinks execrable port, and is allowed to pay his share of the reckoning.

But to return from this digression, which my feeling for the honour of my country obliged me to make—our Yorkshire cousin has been a mighty fox-hunter *before the Lord;* but now he is too fat and unweildy to leap ditches and five-bar gates; nevertheless, he still keeps a pack of hounds, which are well exercised; and his huntsman every night entertains him with the adventures of the day's chace, which he recites in a tone and terms that are extremely curious and significant. In the mean time, his broad brawn is scratched by one of his grooms. —This fellow, it seems, having no inclination to curry any beaſt out of the ſtable, was at great pains to scollop his nails in such a manner that the blood followed at every ſtroke.—He was in hopes that he would be dismissed from this disagreeable office; but the event turned out contrary to his expectation.—His maſter declared he was the beſt scratcher in the family; and now he will not suffer any other servant to draw a nail upon his carcase.

The 'squire's lady is very proud, without being ſtiff or inaccessible.—She receives even her inferiors in point of fortune with a kind of arrogant civility; but then she thinks she has a right to treat them with the moſt ungracious freedoms of speech, and never fails to let them know she is sensible of her own superior affluence.—In a word, she speaks well of no living soul, and has not one single friend in the world. Her husband hates her mortally; but, although the brute is sometimes so very powerful in him that he will have his own way, he generally truckles to her dominion, and dreads, like a schoolboy, the lash of her tongue. On the other hand, she is afraid of provoking him too far, leſt he should make some desperate effort to shake off her yoke.—She, therefore,

acquiesces in the proofs he daily gives of his attachment to the liberty of an English freeholder, by saying and doing, at his own table, whatever gratifies the brutality of his disposition, or contributes to the ease of his person. The house, though large, is neither elegant nor comfortable.—It looks like a great inn, crowded with travellers, who dine at the landlord's ordinary, where there is a great profusion of victuals and drink, but mine hoſt seems to be misplaced; and I would rather dine upon filberts with a hermit, than feed upon venison with a hog. The footmen might be aptly compared to the waiters of a tavern, if they were more serviceable and less rapacious; but they are generally insolent and inattentive, and so greedy, that, I think, I can dine better, and for less expence, at the Star and Garter in Pall-mall, than at our cousin's caſtle in Yorkshire. The 'squire is not only accommodated with a wife, but he is also blessed with an only son, about two and twenty, juſt returned from Italy, a complete fidler and *dillettante;* and he slips no opportunity of manifeſting the moſt perfect contempt for his own father.

When we arrived, there was a family of foreigners at the house, on a visit to this virtuoso, with whom they had been acquainted at the Spa; it was the count de Melvile, with his lady, on their way to Scotland. Mr. Burdock had met with an accident, in consequence of which both the count and I would have retired; but the young gentleman and his mother insiſted upon our ſtaying dinner, and their serenity seemed to be so little ruffled by what had happened, that we complyed with their invitation. The 'squire had been brought home over night in his post-chaise, so terribly belaboured about the pate, that he seemed to be in a ſtate of ſtupefaction, and had

ever since remained speechless. A country apothecary, called Grieve, who lived in a neighbouring village, having been called to his assistance, had let him blood, and applied a poultice to his head, declaring, that he had no fever, nor any other bad symptom but the loss of speech, if he really had lost that faculty. But the young 'squire said this practitioner was an *ignorantaccio*, that there was a fracture in the *cranium*, and that there was a necessity for having him trepanned without loss of time. His mother, espousing this opinion, had sent an express to York for a surgeon to perform the operation, and he was already come with his 'prentice and instruments. Having examined the patient's head, he began to prepare his dressings; though Grieve still retained his first opinion that there was no fracture, and was the more confirmed in it as the 'squire had passed the night in profound sleep, uninterrupted by any catching or convulsion. The York surgeon said he could not tell whether there was a fracture, until he should take off the scalp; but, at any rate, the operation might be of service in giving vent to any blood that might be extravasated, either above or below the *dura mater*. The lady and her son were clear for trying the experiment; and Grieve was dismissed with some marks of contempt, which, perhaps, he owed to the plainness of his appearance. He seemed to be about the middle age, wore his own black hair without any sort of dressing; by his garb, one would have taken him for a quaker, but he had none of the stiffness of that sect, on the contrary, he was very submissive, respectful, and remarkably taciturn.

Leaving the ladies in an apartment by themselves, we adjourned to the patient's chamber, where the dressings and instruments were displayed in order upon a pewter

dish. The operator, laying aside his coat and periwig, equipped himself with a night-cap, apron, and sleeves, while his 'prentice and footman, seizing the 'squire's head, began to place it in a proper poſture.—But mark what followed.—The patient, bolting upright in the bed, collared each of these aſſiſtants with the grasp of Hercules, exclaiming, in a bellowing tone, "I han't lived so long in Yorkshire to be trepanned by such vermin as you;" and leaping on the floor, put on his breeches quietly, to the aſtonishment of us all. The surgeon ſtill inſiſted upon the operation, alledging it was now plain that the brain was injured, and desiring the servants to put him into bed again; but no body would venture to execute his orders, or even to interpose: when the 'squire turned him and his aſſiſtants out of doors, and threw his apparatus out at the window. Having thus asserted his prerogative, and put on his clothes with the help of a valet, the count, with my nephew and me, were introduced by his son, and received with his usual ſtile of ruſtic civility; then turning to signor Macaroni, with a sarcaſtic grin, "I tell thee what, Dick, (said he), a man's scull is not to be bored every time his head is broken; and I'll convince thee and thy mother, that I know as many tricks, as e'er an old fox in the Weſt Riding."

We afterwards underſtood he had quarrelled at a public house with an exciseman, whom he challenged to a bout at single-ſtick, in which he had been worſted; and that the shame of this defeat had tied up his tongue. As for madam, she had shewn no concern for his diſaſter, and now heard of his recovery without emotion. —She had taken some little notice of my ſiſter and niece, though rather with a view to indulge her own petulance, than out of any sentiment of regard to our

family.—She said, Liddy was a fright, and ordered her woman to adjuſt her head before dinner; but she would not meddle with Tabby, whose spirit, she soon perceived, was not to be irritated with impunity. At table, she acknowledged me so far as to say she had heard of my father; though she hinted, that he had disobliged her family by making a poor match in Wales. She was disagreeably familiar in her inquiries about our circumſtances; and asked, if I intended to bring up my nephew to the law. I told her, that, as he had an independent fortune, he should follow no profession but that of a country gentleman; and that I was not without hopes of procuring for him a seat in parliament.—"Pray, cousin, (said she), what may his fortune be?" When I answered, that, with what I should be able to give him, he would have better than two thousand a year, she replied, with a disdainful toss of her head, that it would be impossible for him to preserve his independence on such a paltry provision.

Not a little nettled at this arrogant remark, I told her, I had the honour to sit in parliament with her father, when he had little more than half that income; and I believed there was not a more independent and incorruptible member in the house. "Ay, but times are changed, (cried the 'squire)—Country gentlemen now-a-days live after another fashion.—My table alone ſtands me in a cool thousand a quarter, though I raise my own ſtock, import my own liquors, and have every thing at the firſt hand.—True it is, I keep open house, and receive all comers, for the honour of Old England." "If that be the case, (said I), 'tis a wonder you can maintain it at so small an expence; but every private gentleman is not expected to keep a *caravansera* for the accommodation of

travellers: indeed, if every individual lived in the same ſtile, you would not have such a number of gueſts at your table; of consequence your hospitality would not shine so bright, for the glory of the Weſt Riding." The young 'squire, tickled by this ironical observation, exclaimed, "*O che burla!*"—His mother eyed me in silence with a supercilious air; and the father of the feaſt, taking a bumper of October, "My service to you, cousin Bramble, (said he), I have always heard there was something keen and biting in the air of the Welch mountains."

I was much pleased with the count de Melvile, who is sensible, easy, and polite; and the countess is the moſt amiable woman I ever beheld. In the afternoon they took leave of their entertainers, and the young gentleman, mounting his horse, undertook to conduct their coach through the park, while one of their servants rode round to give notice to the reſt, whom they had left at a public house on the road. The moment their backs were turned, the censorious dæmon took possession of our Yorkshire landlady and our ſiſter Tabitha.—The former observed, that the countess was a good sort of a body, but totally ignorant of good breeding, consequently aukward in her address. The 'squire said he did not pretend to the breeding of any thing but colts; but that the jade would be very handsome, if she was a little more in flesh. "Handsome! (cried Tabby) she has indeed a pair of black eyes without any meaning; but then there is not a good feature in her face." "I know not what you call good features in Wales, (replied our landlord); but they'll pass in Yorkshire." Then turning to Liddy, he added, "What say you, my pretty Redſtreak? —what is your opinion of the countess?" "I think,

(cried Liddy, with great emotion) she's an angel." Tabby chid her for talking with such freedom in company; and the lady of the house said, in a contemptuous tone, she supposed Miss had been brought up at some country boarding-school.

Our conversation was suddenly interrupted by the young gentleman, who galloped into the yard all aghaſt, exclaiming, that the coach was attacked by a great number of highwaymen. My nephew and I rushing out, found his own and his servant's horse ready saddled in the ſtable, with piſtols in the caps.—We mounted inſtantly, ordering Clinker and Dutton to follow with all possible expedition; but notwithſtanding all the speed we could make, the action was over before we arrived, and the count, with his lady, safe lodged at the house of Grieve, who had signalized himself in a very remarkable manner on this occasion. At the turning of a lane, that led to the village where the count's servants remained, a couple of robbers a-horseback suddenly appeared, with their piſtols advanced: one kept the coachman in awe, and the other demanded the count's money, while the young 'squire went off at full speed, without ever caſting a look behind. The count desiring the thief to withdraw his piſtol, as the lady was in great terror, delivered his purse without making the leaſt reſiſtance; but not satisfied with this booty, which was pretty considerable, the rascal inſiſted upon rifling her of her ear-rings and necklace, and the countess screamed with affright. Her husband exasperated at the violence with which she was threatened, wreſted the piſtol out of the fellow's hand, and turning it upon him, snapped it in his face; but the robber knowing there was no charge in it, drew another from his bosom, and in all probability would have killed

him on the spot, had not his life been saved by a wonderful interposition. Grieve, the apothecary, chancing to pass that very inſtant, ran up to the coach, and with a crab ſtick, which was all the weapon he had, brought the fellow to the ground, with the firſt blow, then ſeizing his piſtol, preſented it to his colleague, who fired his piece at random, and fled without further oppoſition. The other was ſecured by the aſſiſtance of the count and the coachman; and his legs being tied under the belly of his own horſe, Grieve conducted him to the village, whither alſo the carriage proceeded. It was with great difficulty the countess could be kept from ſwooning; but at laſt ſhe was happily conveyed to the houſe of the apothecary, who went into the ſhop to prepare ſome drops for her, while his wife and daughter adminiſtered to her in another apartment.

I found the count ſtanding in the kitchen with the parſon of the pariſh, and expreſſing much impatience to ſee his protector, whom as yet he had ſcarce found time to thank for the eſſential ſervice he had done him and the countess.—The daughter paſſing at the ſame time with a glaſs of water, monſieur de Melvile could not help taking notice of her figure, which was ſtrikingly engaging.—"Ay, (ſaid the parſon), ſhe is the prettieſt girl, and the beſt girl in all my pariſh; and if I could give my ſon an eſtate of ten thouſand a year, he ſhould have my conſent to lay it at her feet. If Mr. Grieve had been as ſolicitous about getting money, as he has been in performing all the duties of a primitive Chriſtian, Fy would not have hung ſo long upon his hands." "What is her name?" ſaid I. "Sixteen years ago (anſwered the vicar) I chriſtened her by the names of Seraphina Melvilia." "Ha! what! how! (cried the count eagerly) ſure,

you said Seraphina Melvilia." "I did, (said he); Mr. Grieve told me those were the names of two noble persons abroad, to whom he had been obliged for more than life."

The count, without speaking another syllable, rushed into the parlour, crying, "This is your god-daughter, my dear." Mrs. Grieve, then seizing the countess by the hand, exclaimed with great agitation, "O madam!—O sir!—I am—I am your poor Elinor.—This is my Seraphina Melvilia.—O child! these are the count and countess of Melvile, the generous—the glorious benefactors of thy once unhappy parents."

The countess rising from her seat, threw her arms about the neck of the amiable Seraphina, and clasped her to her breast with great tenderness, while she herself was embraced by the weeping mother. This moving scene was completed by the entrance of Grieve himself, who falling on his knees before the count, "Behold (said he) a penitent, who at length can look upon his patron without shrinking." "Ah, Ferdinand! (cried he, raising and folding him in his arms) the play-fellow of my infancy—the companion of my youth!—Is it to you then I am indebted for my life?" "Heaven has heard my prayer (said the other), and given me an opportunity to prove myself not altogether unworthy of your clemency and protection." He then kissed the hand of the countess, while monsieur de Melvile saluted his wife and lovely daughter, and all of us were greatly affected by this pathetic recognition.

In a word, Grieve was no other than Ferdinand count Fathom, whose adventures were printed many years ago. Being a sincere convert to virtue, he had changed his name, that he might elude the inquiries of the count,

whose generous allowance he determined to forego, that he might have no dependance but upon his own industry and moderation. He had accordingly settled in this village as a practitioner in surgery and physic, and for some years wrestled with all the miseries of indigence, which, however, he and his wife had borne with the most exemplary resignation. At length, by dint of unwearied attention to the duties of his profession, which he exercised with equal humanity and success, he had acquired a tolerable share of business among the farmers and common people, which enabled him to live in a decent manner. He had been scarce ever seen to smile; was unaffectedly pious; and all the time he could spare from the avocations of his employment he spent in educating his daughter, and in studying for his own improvement.—In short, the adventurer Fathom was, under the name of Grieve, universally respected among the commonalty of this district, as a prodigy of learning and virtue. These particulars I learned from the vicar, when we quitted the room, that they might be under no restraint in their mutual effusions. I make no doubt that Grieve will be pressed to leave off business, and re-unite himself to the count's family; and as the countess seemed extremely fond of his daughter, she will, in all probability, insist upon Seraphina's accompanying her to Scotland.

Having paid our compliments to these noble persons, we returned to the 'squire's, where we expected an invitation to pass the night, which was wet and raw; but, it seems, 'squire Burdock's hospitality reached not so far for the honour of Yorkshire: we therefore departed in the evening, and lay at an inn, where I caught cold.

In hope of riding it down before it could take fast hold on my constitution, I resolved to visit another relation,

one Mr. Pimpernel, who lived about a dozen miles from the place where we lodged. Pimpernel, being the youngeſt of four sons, was bred an attorney at Furnival's-inn; but all his elder brothers dying, he got himself called to the bar for the honour of his family, and soon after this preferment, succeeded to his father's estate, which was very considerable. He carried home with him all the knavish chicanery of the loweſt pettifogger, together with a wife whom he had purchased of a drayman for twenty pounds; and he soon found means to obtain a *dedimus* as an acting juſtice of peace. He is not only a sordid miser in his disposition, but his avarice is mingled with a spirit of despotism, which is truly diabolical.—He is a brutal husband, and unnatural parent, a harsh maſter, an oppressive landlord, a litigious neighbour, and a partial magiſtrate.—Friends he has none; and in point of hospitality and good breeding, our cousin Burdock is a prince in comparison of this ungracious miscreant, whose house is the lively representation of a gaol. Our reception was suitable to the character I have ſketched. Had it depended upon the wife, we should have been kindly treated.—She is really a good sort of a woman, in spite of her low original, and well reſpected in the county: but she has not intereſt enough in her own house to command a draught of table-beer, far less to beſtow any kind of education on her children, who run about like ragged colts, in a ſtate of nature.—Pox on him! he is such a dirty fellow, that I have not patience to prosecute the subject.

By that time we reached Harrigate, I began to be visited by certain rheumatic symptoms. The Scotch lawyer, Mr. Micklewhimmen, recommended a hot bath of these waters so earneſtly, that I was over-per-

suaded to try the experiment.—He had used it often with success, and always ſtayed an hour in the bath, which was a tub filled with Harrigate water, heated for the purpoſe. If I could hardly bear the ſmell of a ſingle tumbler when cold, you may gueſs how my noſe was regaled by the ſteams ariſing from a hot bath of the ſame fluid. At night, I was conducted into a dark hole on the ground floor, where the tub ſmoaked and ſtunk like the pot of Acheron, in one corner, and in another ſtood a dirty bed provided with thick blankets, in which I was to ſweat after coming out of the bath. My heart ſeemed to die within me when I entered this diſmal bagnio, and found my brain aſſaulted by ſuch inſufferable effluvia.—I curſed Micklewhimmen for not conſidering that my organs were formed on this ſide of the Tweed; but being aſhamed to recoil upon the threſhold, I ſubmitted to the proceſs.

After having endured all but real ſuffocation for above a quarter of an hour in the tub, I was moved to the bed and wrapped in blankets.—There I lay a full hour panting with intolerable heat; but not the leaſt moiſture appearing on my ſkin, I was carried to my own chamber, and paſſed the night without cloſing an eye, in ſuch a flutter of ſpirits as rendered me the moſt miſerable wretch in being. I ſhould certainly have run diſtracted, if the rarefaction of my blood, occaſioned by that Stygian bath, had not burſt the veſſels, and produced a violent hæmorrhage, which, though dreadful and alarming, removed the horrible diſquiet.—I loſt two pounds of blood, and more, on this occaſion; and find myſelf ſtill weak and languid; but, I believe, a little exerciſe will forward my recovery; and therefore I am reſolved to ſet out to-morrow for York, in my way to

Scarborough, where I propose to brace up my fibres by sea-bathing, which, I know, is one of your favourite specifics. There is, however, one disease, for which you have found as yet no specific, and that is old age, of which this tedious unconnected epistle is an infallible symptom:—*what*, therefore, *cannot be cured*, *must be endured*, by you, as well as by

Yours,

Harrigate, June 26. MATT. BRAMBLE.

To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, *Bart.*, *of Jesus college*, *Oxon.*

DEAR KNIGHT,

THE manner of living at Harrigate was so agreeable to my disposition, that I left the place with some regret—Our aunt Tabby would have probably made some objection to our departing so soon, had not an accident embroiled her with Mr. Micklewhimmen, the Scotch advocate, on whose heart she had been practising, from the second day after our arrival—That original, though seemingly precluded from the use of his limbs, had turned his genius to good account—In short, by dint of groaning, and whining, he had excited the compassion of the company so effectually, that an old lady, who occupied the very best apartment in the house, gave it up for his ease and convenience. When his man led him into the Long Room, all the females were immediately in commotion—One set an elbow-chair; another shook up the cushion; a third brought a stool; and a fourth a pillow, for the accommodation of his feet—Two ladies (of whom Tabby was always one) sup-

ported him into the dining-room, and placed him properly at the table; and his taſte was indulged with a ſucceſſion of delicacies, culled by their fair hands. All this attention he repaid with a profuſion of compliments and benedictions, which were not the leſs agreeable for being delivered in the Scottiſh dialect. As for Mrs. Tabitha, his reſpects were particularly addreſſed to her, and he did not fail to mingle them with religious reflections, touching free grace, knowing her bias to methodism, which he alſo profeſſed upon a calviniſtical model.

For my part, I could not help thinking this lawyer was not ſuch an invalid as he pretended to be. I obſerved he ate very heartily three times a-day; and though his bottle was marked *ſtomachic tincture*, he had recourſe to it ſo often, and ſeemed to ſwallow it with ſuch peculiar relish, that I ſuſpected it was not compounded in the apothecary's ſhop, or the chemiſt's laboratory. One day, while he was earneſt in diſcourſe with Mrs. Tabitha, and his ſervant had gone out on ſome occaſion or other, I dexterouſly exchanged the labels, and ſituation of his bottle and mine; and having taſted his tincture, found it was excellent claret. I forthwith handed it about to ſome of my neighbours, and it was quite emptied before Mr. Micklewhimmen had occaſion to repeat his draught. At length, turning about, he took hold of my bottle, inſtead of his own, and filling a large glaſs, drank to the health of Mrs. Tabitha—It had ſcarce touched his lips, when he perceived the change which had been put upon him, and was at firſt a little out of countenance—He ſeemed to retire within himſelf, in order to deliberate, and in half a minute his reſolution was taken; addreſſing himſelf to our quarter, "I give

the gentleman cradit for his wit, (said he); it was a gude practical joke; but sometimes *hi joci in seria ducunt mala* —I hope, for his own sake, he has na drank all the liccor; for it was a vara poorful infusion of jallap in Bourdeaux wine; and it's possable he may ha ta'en sic a dose as will produce a terrible catastrophe in his ain booels—"

By far the greater part of the contents had fallen to the share of a young clothier from Leeds, who had come to make a figure at Harrigate, and was, in effect a great coxcomb in his way. It was with a view to laugh at his fellow-guests, as well as to mortify the lawyer, that he had emptied the bottle, when it came to his turn, and he had laughed accordingly: but now his mirth gave way to his apprehension—He began to spit, to make wry faces, and writhe himself into various contorsions— "Damn the stuff! (cried he), I thought it had a villainous twang,—pah! He that would cozen a Scot, mun get oop betimes, and take Old Scratch for his counsellor—" "In troth mester what d'ye ca'um, (replied the lawyer), your wit has run you into a filthy puddle—I'm truly consarned for your waeful case—The best advice I can give you, in sic a delemma, is to send an express to Rippon for doctor Waugh, without delay; and, in the mean time, swallow all the oil and butter you can find in the hoose, to defend your poor stomach and intastines from the villication of the particles of the jallap, which is vara violent, even when taken in moderation."

The poor clothier's torments had already begun: he retired, roaring with pain, to his own chamber; the oil was swallowed, and the doctor sent for; but before he arrived, the miserable patient had made such discharges upwards and downwards, that nothing remained to give

him further offence; and this double evacuation was produced by imagination alone; for what he had drank was genuine wine of Bourdeaux, which the lawyer had brought from Scotland for his own private use. The clothier, finding the joke turn out so expensive and disagreeable, quitted the house next morning, leaving the triumph to Micklewhimmen, who enjoyed it internally, without any outward signs of exultation—on the contrary, he affected to pity the young man for what he had suffered; and acquired fresh credit from this shew of moderation.

It was about the middle of the night, which succeeded this adventure, that the vent of the kitchen chimney being foul, the soot took fire, and the alarm was given in a dreadful manner—Every body leaped naked out of bed, and in a minute the whole house was filled with cries and confusion—There were two ſtairs in the house, and to these we naturally ran; but they were both so blocked up, by the people pressing one upon another, that it seemed impossible to pass, without throwing down and trampling upon the women. In the midſt of this anarchy, Mr. Micklewhimmen, with a leathern portmanteau on his back, came running as nimbly as a buck along the passage; and Tabby, in her under-petticoat, endeavouring to hook him under the arm, that she might escape through his protection, he very fairly pushed her down, crying, "Na, na, gude faith, charity begins at hame!" Without paying the leaſt reſpect to the shrieks and intreaties of his female friends, he charged through the midſt of the crowd, overturning every thing that opposed him; and actually fought his way to the bottom of the ſtair-case—By this time Clinker had found a ladder, by which he entered the window of my uncle's chamber,

where our family was assembled, and proposed that we should make our exit successively by that conveyance. The 'squire exhorted his sister to begin the descent; but, before she could resolve, her woman, Mrs. Winifred Jenkins, in a transport of terror, threw herself out at the window upon the ladder, while Humphry dropped upon the ground, that he might receive her in her descent—This maiden was just as she had started out of bed, the moon shone very bright, and a fresh breeze of wind blowing, none of Mrs. Winifred's beauties could possibly escape the view of the fortunate Clinker, whose heart was not able to withstand the united force of so many charms; at least, I am much mistaken, if he has not been her humble slave from that moment—He received her in his arms, and giving her his coat to protect her from the weather, ascended again with admirable dexterity.

At that instant, the landlord of the house called out with an audible voice, that the fire was extinguished, and the ladies had nothing further to fear: this was a welcome note to the audience, and produced an immediate effect; the shrieking ceased, and a confused sound of expostulation ensued. I conducted Mrs. Tabitha and my sister to their own chamber, where Liddy fainted away; but was soon brought to herself. Then I went to offer my service to the other ladies, who might want assistance—They were all scudding through the passage to their several apartments; and as the thoroughfair was lighted by two lamps, I had a pretty good observation of them in their transit; but, as most of them were naked to the smock, and all their heads shrowded in huge night-caps, I could not distinguish one face from another, though I recognized some of their voices—These were

generally plaintive: some wept, some scolded, and some prayed—I lifted up one poor old gentlewoman, who had been overturned and sore bruised by a multitude of feet; and this was also the case with the lame parson from Northumberland, whom Micklewhimmen had in his passage overthrown, though not with impunity, for the cripple, in falling, gave him such a good pelt on the head with his crutch, that the blood followed.

As for this lawyer, he waited below till the hurly burly was over, and then ſtole ſoftly to his own chamber, from whence he did not venture to make a ſecond ſally till eleven in the forenoon, when he was led into the Public Room by his own ſervant and another aſſiſtant, groaning moſt woefully, with a bloody napkin round his head. But things were greatly altered—The ſelfiſh brutality of his behaviour on the ſtairs had ſteeled their hearts againſt all his arts and addreſs—Not a ſoul offered to accommodate him with chair, cuſhion, or footſtool; ſo that he was obliged to ſit down on a hard wooden bench —In that poſition, he looked around with a rueful aſpect and, bowing very low, ſaid in a whining tone, "Your moſt humble ſervant, ladies—Fire is a dreadful calamity—" "Fire purifies gold, and it tries friendſhip," cried Mrs. Tabitha, bridling. "Yea, madam, (replied Micklewhimmen); and it trieth diſcretion alſo—" "If diſcretion conſiſts in forſaking a friend in adverſity, you are eminently poſſeſſed of that virtue," reſumed our aunt—"Na, madam, (rejoined the advocate), well I wot, I cannot claim any merit from the mode of my retreat—Ye'll please to obſerve, ladies, there are twa independent principles that actuate our nature—One is inſtinct, which we have in common with the brute creation, and the other is reaſon—Noo, in certain great emergencies,

when the faculty of reason is suspended, inſtinct taks the lead, and when this predominates, having no affinity with reason, it pays no sort of regard to its connections; it only operates for the preservation of the individual, and that by the moſt expeditious and effectual means; therefore, begging your pardon, ladies, I'm no accountable in *foro conscientiæ*, for what I did, while under the influence of this irreſiſtible pooer."

Here my uncle interposing, "I should be glad to know, (said he), whether it was inſtinct that prompted you to retreat with bag and baggage; for, I think, you had a portmanteau on your shoulder—" The lawyer answered, without hesitation, "Gif I might tell my mind freely, withoot incuring the suspicion of presumption, I should think it was something superior to either reason or inſtinct which suggeſted that measure, and this on a twafald accoont: in the firſt place, the portmanteau contained the writings of a worthy nobleman's eſtate; and their being burnt would have occasioned a loss that could not be repaired; secondly, my good angel seems to have laid the portmantle on my shoulders, by way of defence, to suſtain the violence of a moſt inhuman blow, from the crutch of a reverend clergyman; which even in spite of that medium, hath wounded me sorely, even unto the pericranium." "By your own doctrine, (cried the parson, who chanced to be present), I am not accountable for the blow, which was the effect of inſtinct." "I crave your pardon, reverend sir, (said the other), inſtinct never acts but for the preservation of the individual; but your preservation was out of the case—you had already received the damage, and therefore the blow muſt be imputed to revenge, which is a sinful passion, that ill becomes any Chriſtian, especially a pro-

teſtant divine; and let me tell you, moſt reverend doctor, gin I had a-mind to plea, the law would hauld my libel relevant." "Why, the damage is pretty equal on both sides, (cried the parson); your head is broke, and my crutch is snapt in the middle—Now, if you will repair the one, I will be at the expence of curing the other."

This sally raised the laugh againſt Micklewhimmen, who began to look grave; when my uncle, in order to change the diſcourſe, obſerved, that inſtinct had been very kind to him in another reſpect; for it had reſtored to him the uſe of his limbs, which, in his exit, he had moved with ſurprising agility.—He replied, that it was the nature of fear to brace up the nerves; and mentioned ſome ſurprising feats of ſtrength and activity performed by perſons under the impulſe of terror; but he complained, that in his own particular, the effects had ceaſed when the cauſe was taken away—The 'ſquire ſaid, he would lay a tea-drinking on his head, that he ſhould dance a Scotch meaſure, without making a falſe ſtep; and the advocate grinning, called for the piper—A fidler being at hand, this original ſtarted up, with his bloody napkin over his black tye-periwig, and acquitted himſelf in ſuch a manner as excited the mirth of the whole company; but he could not regain the good graces of Mrs. Tabby, who did not underſtand the principle of inſtinct; and the lawyer did not think it worth his while to proceed to further demonſtration.

From Harrigate, we came hither, by the way of York, and here we ſhall tarry ſome days, as my uncle and Tabitha are both reſolved to make uſe of the waters. Scarborough, though a paltry town, is romantic from its ſituation along a cliff that over-hangs the ſea. The harbour is formed by a ſmall elbow of land that runs out

as a natural mole, directly opposite to the town; and on that side is the caſtle, which ſtands very high, of conſiderable extent, and, before the invention of gunpowder, was counted impregnable. At the other end of Scarborough are two public rooms for the use of the company who resort to this place in the summer, to drink the waters and bathe in the sea; and the diversions are pretty much on the same footing here as at Bath. The Spa is a little way beyond the town, on this side, under a cliff, within a few paces of the sea, and thither the drinkers go every morning in dishabille; but the descent is by a great number of ſteps, which invalids find very inconvenient. Betwixt the well and the harbour, the bathing machines are ranged along the beach, with all their proper utensils and attendants—You have never seen one of these machines—Image to yourself a small, snug, wooden chamber, fixed upon a wheel-carriage, having a door at each end, and on each side a little window above, a bench below—The bather, ascending into this apartment by wooden steps, shuts himself in, and begins to undress, while the attendant yokes a horse to the end next the sea, and draws the carriage forwards, till the surface of the water is on a level with the floor of the dressing-room, then he moves and fixes the horse to the other end—The person within, being stripped, opens the door to the sea-ward, where he finds the guide ready, and plunges headlong into the water—After having bathed, he re-ascends into the apartment, by the ſteps which had been shifted for that purpose, and puts on his clothes at his leisure, while the carriage is drawn back again upon the dry land; so that he has nothing further to do, but to open the door,and come down as he went up—Should he be so weak or ill as to require a

servant to put off and on his clothes, there is room enough in the apartment for half a dozen people. The guides who attend the ladies in the water, are of their own sex, and they and the female bathers have a dress of flannel for the sea; nay, they are provided with other conveniences for the support of decorum. A certain number of the machines are fitted with tilts, that project from the sea-ward ends of them, so as to screen the bathers from the view of all persons whatsoever—The beach is admirably adapted for this practice, the descent being gently gradual, and the sand soft as velvet; but then the machines can be used only at a certain time of the tide, which varies every day; so that sometimes the bathers are obliged to rise very early in the morning—For my part, I love swimming as an exercise, and can enjoy it at all times of the tide, without the formality of an apparatus—You and I have often plunged together into the Isis; but the sea is a much more noble bath, for health as well as pleasure. You cannot conceive what a flow of spirits it gives, and how it braces every sinew of the human frame. Were I to enumerate half the diseases which are every day cured by sea-bathing, you might justly say you had received a treatise, instead of a letter, from

Your affectionate friend

and servant,

Scarborough, July 1. J. MELFORD.

To Dr. LEWIS.

I HAVE not found all the benefit I expected at Scarborough, where I have been these eight days—From Harrigate we came hither by the way of York, where we ſtayed only one day to viſit the Caſtle, the Minſter, and the Aſſembly-room. The firſt, which was heretofore a fortreſs, is now converted to a priſon, and is the beſt, in all reſpects, I ever ſaw at home or abroad—It ſtands in a high ſituation, extremely well ventilated; and has a ſpacious area within the walls, for the health and convenience of all the priſoners, except thoſe whom it is neceſſary to ſecure in cloſe confinement—Even theſe laſt have all the comforts that the nature of their ſituation can admit. Here the aſſizes are held, in a range of buildings erected for that purpoſe.

As for the Minſter, I know not how to diſtinguiſh it, except by its great ſize and the height of its ſpire, from thoſe other antient churches in different parts of the kingdom, which uſed to be called monuments of Gothic architecture; but it is now agreed, that this ſtile is Saracen rather than Gothic; and, I ſuppoſe, it was firſt imported into England from Spain, great part of which was under the dominion of the Moors. Thoſe Britiſh architects, who adopted this ſtile, don't ſeem to have conſidered the propriety of their adoption. The climate of the country, poſſeſſed by the Moors or Saracens, both in Africa and Spain, was ſo exceedingly hot and dry, that thoſe who built places of worſhip for the multitude, employed their talents in contriving edifices that ſhould be cool; and, for this purpoſe, nothing could be

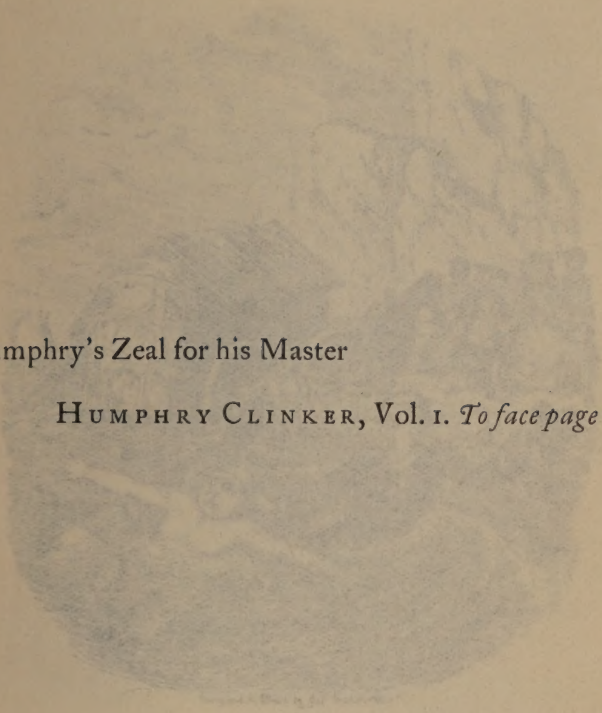
better adopted than those buildings; vaſt, narrow, dark, and lofty, impervious to the sun-beams, and having little communication with the scorched external atmosphere; but ever affording a refreshing coolness, like subterranean cellars in the heats of summer, or natural caverns in the bowels of huge mountains. But nothing could be more prepoſterous, than to imitate such a mode of architecture in a country like England, where the climate is cold, and the air eternally loaded with vapours; and where, of consequence, the builder's intention should be to keep the people dry and warm—For my part, I never entered the Abbey church at Bath but once, and the moment I ſtept over the threshold, I found myself chilled to the very marrow of my bones—When we consider, that in our churches, in general, we breathe a gross ſtagnated air, surcharged with damp from vaults, tombs, and charnel-houses, may we not term them so many magazines of rheums, created for the benefit of the medical faculty? and safely aver, that more bodies are loſt, than souls saved, by going to church, in the winter especially, which may be said to engross eight months in the year. I should be glad to know, what offence it would give to tender consciences, if the house of God was made more comfortable, or less dangerous to the health of valetudinarians; and whether it would not be an encouragement to piety, as well as the salvation of many lives, if the place of worship was well floored, wainscotted, warmed, and ventilated, and its area kept sacred from the pollution of the dead. The practice of burying in churches was the effect of ignorant superſtition, influenced by knavish prieſts, who pretended that the devil could have no power over the defunct, if

he was interred in holy ground; and this, indeed, is the only reason that can be given for consecrating all cemeteries, even at this day.

The external appearance of an old cathedral cannot be but displeasing to the eye of every man, who has any idea of propriety and proportion, even though he may be ignorant of architecture as a science; and the long slender spire puts one in mind of a criminal impaled, with a sharp stake rising up through his shoulder—These towers, or steeples, were likewise borrowed from the Mahometans; who, having no bells, used such minarets for the purpose of calling the people to prayers—They may be of further use, however, for making observations and signals; but I would vote for their being distinct from the body of the church, because they serve only to make the pile more barbarous, or Saracenical.

There is nothing of this Arabic architecture in the Assembly Room, which seems to me to have been built upon a design of Palladio, and might be converted into an elegant place of worship; but it is indifferently contrived for that sort of idolatry which is performed in it at present: the grandeur of the fane gives a diminutive effect to the little painted divinities that are adored in it, and the company, on a ball-night, must look like an assembly of fantastic fairies, revelling by moon-light among the columns of a Grecian temple.

Scarborough seems to be falling off in point of reputation—All these places (Bath excepted) have their vogue, and then the fashion changes—I am persuaded, there are fifty spaws in England as efficacious and salutary as that of Scarborough, though they have not yet risen to fame; and, perhaps, never will, unless some medical encomiast should find an interest in displaying



Humphry's Zeal for his Master

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Designed & Etched by Geo Cruikshank

their virtues to the public view—Be that as it may, recourse will always be had to this place for the convenience of sea-bathing, while this practice prevails; but it were to be wished, they would make the beach more accessible to invalids.

I have here met with my old acquaintance, H——t, whom you have often heard me mention as one of the most original characters upon earth—I first knew him at Venice, and afterwards saw him in different parts of Italy, where he was well known by the nick-name of Cavallo Bianco, from his appearing always mounted on a pale horse, like Death in the Revelations. You must remember the account I once gave you of a curious dispute he had at Constantinople with a couple of Turks, in defence of the Christian religion; a dispute from which he acquired the epithet of Demonstrator—The truth is, H—— owns no religion but that of nature; but, on this occasion he was stimulated to show his parts, for the honour of his country—Some years ago, being in the Campidoglio at Rome, he made up to the bust of Jupiter, and, bowing very low, exclaimed in the Italian language, "I hope, sir, if ever you get your head above water again, you will remember that I paid my respects to you in your adversity." This sally was reported to the cardinal Camerlengo, and by him laid before pope Benedict XIV. who could not help laughing at the extravagance of the address, and said to the cardinal, "Those English heretics think they have a right to go to the devil in their own way."

Indeed H—— was the only Englishman I ever knew, who had resolution enough to live in his own way, in the midst of foreigners; for, neither in dress, diet, customs, or conversation, did he deviate one tittle from the man-

ner in which he had been brought up. About twelve years ago, he began a Giro or circuit, which he thus performed—At Naples, where he fixed his head-quarters, he embarked for Marseilles, from whence he travelled with a voiturin to Antibes—There he took his passage to Genoa and Lerici; from which last place he proceeded, by the way of Cambratina, to Pisa and Florence—After having halted some time in this metropolis, he set out with a vetturino for Rome, where he reposed himself a few weeks, and then continued his route for Naples, in order to wait for the next opportunity of embarkation—After having twelve times described this circle, he lately flew off at a tangent to visit some trees at his country-house in England, which he had planted above twenty years ago, after the plan of the double colonnade in the piazza of St. Peter's at Rome—He came hither to Scarborough, to pay his respects to his noble friend and former pupil, the M—— of G——-, and, forgetting that he is now turned of seventy, sacrificed so liberally to Bacchus, that next day he was seized with a fit of the apoplexy, which has a little impaired his memory; but he retains all the oddity of his character in perfection, and is going back to Italy, by the way of Geneva, that he may have a conference with his friend Voltaire, about giving the last blow to the Christian superstition—He intends to take shipping here for Holland or Hamburgh; for it is a matter of great indifference to him at what part of the continent he first lands.

When he was going abroad the last time, he took his passage in a ship bound for Leghorn, and his baggage was actually embarked. In going down the river by water, he was by mistake put on board of another vessel under sail; and, upon inquiry, understood she was bound

to Petersburgh—"Petersburgh,—Petersburgh—(said he), I don't care if I go along with you." He forthwith ſtruck a bargain with the captain; bought a couple of ſhirts of the mate, and was ſafe conveyed to the court of Muſcovy, from whence he travelled by land to receive his baggage at Leghorn—He is now more likely than ever to execute a whim of the ſame nature; and I will hold any wager, that, as he cannot be ſuppoſed to live much longer, according to the courſe of nature, his exit will be as odd as his life has been extravagant.*

But, to return from one humouriſt to another; you moſt know I have received benefit, both from the chalybeate and the ſea, and would have uſed them longer, had not a moſt ridiculous adventure, by making me the town talk, obliged me to leave the place; for I can't bear the thoughts of affording a ſpectacle to the multitude—Yeſterday morning, at ſix o'clock, I went down to the bathing-place, attended by my ſervant Clinker, who waited on the beach as uſual—The wind blowing from the north, and the weather being hazy, the water proved ſo chill, that when I roſe from my firſt plunge, I could not help ſobbing and bawling out, from the effects of the cold. Clinker, who heard me cry, and ſaw me indiſtinctly a good way without the guide, buffetting the waves, took it for granted I was drowning, and ruſhing

*This gentleman croſſed the ſea to France, viſited and conferred with Mr. de Voltaire at Fernay, reſumed his old circuit at Genoa, and died in 1767, at the houſe of Vanini in Florence. Being taken with a ſuppreſſionof urine, he reſolved, in imitation of Pomponius Atticus, to take himſelf off by abſtinence; and this reſolution he executed like an ancient Roman. He ſaw company to the laſt, cracked his jokes, converſed freely, and entertained his gueſts with muſic. On the third day of his faſt, he found himſelf entirely freed of his complaint; but refuſed taking ſuſtenance. He ſaid the moſt diſagreeable part of the voyage was paſt, and he ſhould be a curſed fool indeed, to put about ſhip, when he was juſt entering the harbour. In theſe ſentiments he perſiſted, without any marks of affectation, and thus finiſhed his courſe with ſuch eaſe and ſerenity, as would have done honour to the firmeſt Stoic of antiquity.

into the sea, clothes and all, overturned the guide in his hurry to save his master. I had swam out a few strokes, when hearing a noise, I turned about and saw Clinker, already up to his neck, advancing towards me, with all the wildness of terror in his aspect—Afraid he would get out of his depth, I made haste to meet him, when, all of a sudden, he seized me by one ear, and dragged me, bellowing with pain, upon the dry beach, to the astonishment of all the people, men, women, and children there assembled.

I was so exasperated by the pain of my ear, and the disgrace of being exposed in such an attitude, that, in the first transport, I struck him down; then running back into the sea, took shelter in the machine, where my clothes had been deposited. I soon recollected myself so far as to do justice to the poor fellow, who, in great simplicity of heart, had acted from motives of fidelity and affection—Opening the door of the machine, which was immediately drawn on shore, I saw him standing by the wheel, dropping like a water-work, and trembling from head to foot; partly from cold, and partly from the dread of having offended his master—I made my acknowledgments for the blow he had received, assured him I was not angry, and insisted upon his going home immediately, to shift his clothes; a command which he could hardly find in his heart to execute, so well disposed was he to furnish the mob with further entertainment at my expence. Clinker's intention was laudable without all doubt, but, nevertheless, I am a sufferer by his simplicity—I have had a burning heat, and a strange buzzing noise in that ear, ever since it was so roughly treated; and I cannot walk the street without being pointed at, as the monster that was hauled naked a-shore upon the beach

—Well, I affirm that folly is often more provoking than knavery, aye and more mischievous too; and whether a man had not better choose a sensible rogue, than an honest simpleton for his servant, is no matter of doubt with

Yours,

Scarborough, July 4. MATT. BRAMBLE.

To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, *Bart., of Jesus college, Oxon.*

DEAR WATT,

WE made a precipitate retreat from Scarborough, owing to the excessive delicacy of our 'squire, who cannot bear the thoughts of being *prætereuntium digito monstratus.*

One morning, while he was bathing in the sea, his man Clinker took it in his head that his master was in danger of drowning; and, in this conceit, plunging into the water, he lugged him out naked on the beach, and almost pulled off his ear in the operation. You may guess how this atchievement was relished by Mr. Bramble, who is impatient, irascible, and has the most extravagant ideas of decency and decorum in the œconomy of his own person—In the first ebullition of his choler, he knocked Clinker down with his fist; but he afterwards made him amends for this outrage, and, in order to avoid the further notice of the people, among whom this incident had made him remarkable, he resolved to leave Scarborough next day.

We set out accordingly over the moors, by the way of Whitby, and began our journey betimes, in hopes of reaching Stockton that night; but in this hope we were disappointed—In the afternoon, crossing a deep gutter,

made by a torrent, the coach was so hard ſtrained, that one of the irons, which connect the frame, snapt, and the leather sling on the same side, cracked in the middle —The shock was so great, that my ſiſter Liddy ſtruck her head againſt Mrs. Tabitha's nose with such violence that the blood flowed; and Win Jenkins was darted through a small window, in that part of the carriage next the horses, where she ſtuck like a bawd in the pillory, till she was released by the hand of Mr. Bramble. We were eight miles diſtant from any place where we could be supplied with chaises, and it was impossible to proceed with the coach, until the damage should be repaired —In this dilemma, we discovered a black-smith's forge on the edge of a small common, about half a mile from the scene of our diſaſter, and thither the poſtillions made shift to draw the carriage slowly, while the company walked a-foot; but we found the black-smith had been dead some days; and his wife, who had been lately delivered, was deprived of her senses, under the care of a nurse, hired by the parish. We were exceedingly mortified at this disappointment, which, however, was surmounted by the help of Humphry Clinker, who is a surprising compound of genius and simplicity. Finding the tools of the defunct, together with some coals in the smithy, he unscrewed the damaged iron in a twinkling, and, kindling a fire, united the broken pieces with equal dexterity and dispatch—While he was at work upon this operation, the poor woman in the ſtraw, ſtruck with the well known sound of the hammer and anvil, ſtarted up, and, notwithſtanding all the nurse's efforts, came running into the smithy, where, throwing her arms about Clinker's neck, "Ah, Jacob! (cried she) how could you leave me in such a condition?"

This incident was too pathetic to occasion mirth—it brought tears into the eyes of all present. The poor widow was put to bed again; and we did not leave the village without doing something for her benefit—Even Tabitha's charity was awakened on this occasion. As for the tender-hearted Humphry Clinker, he hammered the iron and wept at the same time—But his ingenuity was not confined to his own province of farrier and blacksmith—It was necessary to join the leather sling, which had been broke; and this service he likewise performed, by means of a broken awl, which he new-pointed and ground, a little hemp, which he spun into lingels, and a few tacks which he made for the purpose—Upon the whole, we were in a condition to proceed in little more than an hour; but even this delay obliged us to pass the night at Gisborough—Next day we crossed the Tees at Stockton, which is a neat agreeable town; and there we we resolved to dine, with purpose to lie at Durham.

Whom should we meet in the yard, when we alighted, but Martin the adventurer? Having handed out the ladies, and conducted them into an apartment, where he paid his compliments to Mrs. Tabby, with his usual address, he begged leave to speak to my uncle in another room; and there, in some confusion, he made an apology for having taken the liberty to trouble him with the letter at Stevenage. He expressed his hope, that Mr. Bramble had bestowed some consideration on his unhappy case, and repeated his desire of being taken into his service.

My uncle, calling me into the room, told him, that we were both very well inclined to rescue him from a way of life that was equally dangerous and dishonourable; and that he should have no scruples in trusting to his gratitude and fidelity, if he had any employment for him,

which he thought would suit his qualifications and his circumstances; but that all the departments he had mentioned in his letter, were filled up by persons of whose conduct he had no reason to complain; of consequence he could not, without injustice, deprive any one of them of his bread—Nevertheless, he declared himself ready to assist him in any feasible project, either with his purse or credit.

Martin seemed deeply touched at this declaration—The tear started in his eye, while he said, in a faultering accent—"Worthy sir—your generosity oppresses me—I never dreamed of troubling you for any pecuniary assistance—indeed I have no occasion—I have been so lucky at billiards and betting in different places, at Buxton, Harrigate, Scarborough, and Newcastle races, that my stock in ready-money amounts to three hundred pounds, which I would willingly employ in prosecuting some honest scheme of life; but my friend, justice Buzzard, has set so many springs for my life, that I am under the necessity of either retiring immediately to a remote part of the country, where I can enjoy the protection of some generous patron, or of quitting the kingdom altogether—It is upon this alternative that I now beg leave to ask your advice—I have had information of all your route, since I had the honour to see you at Stevenage; and, supposing you would come this way from Scarborough, I came hither last night from Darlington, to pay you my respects."

"It would be no difficult matter to provide you with an asylum in the country, (replied my uncle); but a life of indolence and obscurity would not suit with your active and enterprizing disposition—I would therefore advise you to try your fortune in the East Indies—I will give

you a letter to a friend in London, who will recommend you to the direction, for a commission in the company's service; and if that cannot be obtained, you will at least be received as a volunteer—in which case, you may pay for your passage, and I shall undertake to procure you such credentials, that you will not be long without a commission."

Martin embraced the proposal with great eagerness; it was therefore resolved, that he should sell his horse, and take a passage by sea for London, to execute the project without delay—In the mean time he accompanied us to Durham, where we took up our quarters for the night—Here, being furnished with letters from my uncle, he took his leave of us, with strong symptoms of gratitude and attachment, and set out for Sunderland, in order to embark in the first collier, bound for the river Thames. He had not been gone half an hour, when we were joined by another character, which promised something extraordinary—A tall, meagre figure, answering, with his horse, the description of Don Quixote mounted on Rozinante, appeared in the twilight at the inn door, while my aunt and Liddy stood at a window in the dining-room—He wore a coat, the cloth of which had once been scarlet, trimmed with Brandenburgs, now totally deprived of their metal, and he had holster-caps and housing of the same stuff and same antiquity. Perceiving ladies at the window above, he endeavoured to dismount with the most graceful air he could assume; but the ostler neglecting to hold the stirrup when he wheeled off his right foot, and stood with his whole weight on the other, the girth unfortunately gave way, the saddle turned, down came the cavalier to the ground, and his hat and periwig falling off, displayed a

head-piece of various colours, patched and plaiſtered in a woeful condition—The ladies, at the window above, ſhrieked with affright, on the ſuppoſition that the ſtranger had received ſome notable damages in his fall; but the greateſt injury he had ſuſtained aroſe from the diſhonour of his deſcent, aggravated by the diſgrace of expoſing the condition of his cranium; for certain plebeians that were about the door, laughed aloud, in the belief that the captain had got either a ſcald head, or a broken head, both equally opprobrious.

He forthwith leaped up in a fury, and ſnatching one of his piſtols, threatened to put the oſtler to death, when another ſquall from the women checked his reſentment. He then bowed to the window, while he kiſſed the but end of his piſtol, which he replaced; adjuſted his wig in great confuſion, and led his horſe into the ſtable—By this time I had come to the door, and could not help gazing at the ſtrange figure that preſented itſelf to my view —He would have meaſured above ſix feet in height, had he ſtood upright; but he ſtooped very much; was very narrow in the ſhoulders, and very thick in the calves of his legs, which were caſed in black ſpatterdaſhes—As for his thighs, they were long and ſlender, like thoſe of a graſshopper; his face was, at leaſt, half a yard in length, brown and ſhrivelled, with projecting cheek-bones, little grey eyes, on the greeniſh hue, a large hook-noſe, a pointed chin, a mouth from ear to ear, very ill furniſhed with teeth, and a high, narrow fore-head, well furrowed with wrinkles. His horſe was exactly in the ſtile of its rider; a reſurrection of dry bones, which (as we afterwards learned) he valued exceedingly, as the only preſent he had ever received in his life.

Having ſeen this favourite ſteed properly accommo-

dated in the ſtable, he ſent up his compliments to the ladies, begging permiſſion to thank them in perſon for the marks of concern they had ſhewn at his diſaſter in the court-yard—As the 'ſquire ſaid they could not decently decline his viſit, he was ſhewn up ſtairs, and paid his reſpects in the Scotch dialect, with much formality—"Leddies, (ſaid he), perhaps ye may be ſcandaleezed at the appearance my heed made, when it was uncovered by accident; but I can aſſure you, the condition you ſaw it in, is neither the effects of diſeaſe, nor of drunkenneſs; but an honeſt ſcar received in the ſervice of my country." He then gave us to underſtand, that having been wounded at Ticonderoga, in America, a party of Indians rifled him, ſcalped him, broke his ſcull with the blow of a tomahawk, and left him for dead on the field of battle; but that, being afterwards found with ſigns of life, he had been cured in the French hoſpital, though the loſs of ſubſtance could not be repaired; ſo that the ſcull was left naked in ſeveral places, and theſe he covered with patches.

There is no hold by which an Engliſhman is ſooner taken than that of compaſſion—We were immediately intereſted in behalf of this veteran—Even Tabby's heart was melted; but our pity was warmed with indignation, when we learned, that in the courſe of two ſanguinary wars, he had been wounded, maimed, mutilated, taken, and enſlaved, without ever having attained a higher rank than that of lieutenant—My uncle's eyes gleamed, and his nether lip quivered, while he exclaimed, "I vow to God, ſir, your caſe is a reproach to the ſervice—The injuſtice you have met with is ſo flagrant—" "I muſt crave your pardon, ſir, (cried the other, interrupting him), I complain of no injuſtice—I purchaſed an

ensigncy thirty years ago; and, in the course of service, rose to be a lieutenant, according to my seniority—" "But in such a length of time, (resumed the 'squire), you must have seen a great many young officers put over your head—" "Nevertheless, (said he), I have no cause to murmur—They bought their preferment with their money—I had no money to carry to market—that was my misfortune; but no body was to blame—" "What! no friend to advance a sum of money?" (said Mr. Bramble) "Perhaps I might have borrowed money for the purchase of a company (answered the other); but that loan must have been refunded; and I did not choose to incumber myself with a debt of a thousand pounds, to be paid from an income of ten shillings a-day." "So you have spent the best part of your life, (cried Mr. Bramble), your youth, your blood, and your constitution, amidst the dangers, the difficulties, the horrors and hardships of war, for the consideration of three or four shillings a-day—a consideration—" "Sir, (replied the Scot, with great warmth), you are the man that does me injustice, if you say or think I have been actuated by any such paltry consideration—I am a gentleman; and entered the service as other gentlemen do, with such hopes and sentiments as honourable ambition inspires—If I have not been lucky in the lottery of life, so neither do I think myself unfortunate—I owe no man a farthing; I can always command a clean shirt, a mutton-chop, and a truss of straw; and when I die, I shall leave effects sufficient to defray the expence of my burial."

My uncle assured him, he had no intention to give him the least offence, by the observations he had made; but, on the contrary, spoke from a sentiment of friendly regard to his interest—The lieutenant thanked him

with a ſtiffness of civility, which nettled our old gentleman, who perceived that his moderation was all affected; for, whatsoever his tongue might declare, his whole appearance denoted diſſatisfaction—In ſhort, without pretending to judge of his military merit, I think I may affirm, that this Caledonian is a ſelf-conceited pedant, aukward, rude, and diſputacious—He has had the benefit of a ſchool education, ſeems to have read a good number of books, his memory is tenacious, and he pretends to ſpeak ſeveral different languages; but he is ſo addicted to wrangling, that he will cavil at the cleareſt truths, and, in the pride of argumentation, attempt to reconcile contradictions—Whether his addreſs and qualifications are really of that ſtamp, which is agreeable to the taſte of our aunt, Mrs. Tabitha, or that indefatigable maiden is determined to ſhoot at every ſort of game, certain it is ſhe has begun to practiſe upon the heart of the lieutenant, who favoured us with his company to ſupper.

I have many other things to ſay of this man of war, which I ſhall communicate in a poſt or two; mean while, it is but reaſonable that you ſhould be indulged with ſome reſpite from thoſe weary lucubrations of

Yours,

Newcaſtle upon Tyne, July 10. J. MELFORD.

END OF VOLUME I

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